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THE
CHRISTIAN REMEMBRANCER.

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ART. I.—1. *The Principles of Divine Service. An Inquiry concerning the true Manner of understanding and using the Order for Morning and Evening Prayer, and Administration of the Holy Communion.* By the Rev. PHILIP FREEMAN, M.A., formerly Fellow and Tutor of S. Peter's College, Cambridge; late Principal of the Theological College, Chichester. Part I. 1855. Introduction to Part II. 1857.

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3. *The Communion of the Laity.* By W. E. SCUDAMORE, M.A. Rector of Ditchingham. Rivingtons: 1855.

THERE is probably no writer of the present day of whom the *Nihil quod tetigit non ornavit* is truer than it is of Mr. Freeman. The first part of his 'Principles of Divine Service'—as superior to the '*Origines Liturgice*' of Mr. Palmer as that was to the preceding works on a similar subject—could not but excite the greatest interest in the Church of England. The author there, for the first time, boldly worked out the principle, that it is to the Sarum, and not to the Roman, offices, that we are to look for the explanation and right understanding of our own; and, however transcendental might be some of his discoveries, however often he might see a deep mystery in a casual coincidence, or base a weighty theory on so minute a fact as to remind one of the old so-called scholastic question, How many angels would simultaneously stand on the point of a needle?—still, even in his very extravagancies, the author was instructive, and perhaps nowhere to be read with more profit than where maintaining a theory which to common apprehensions was perfectly untenable. As all English liturgical scholars know, Mr. Freeman's line is one of the most unbounded admiration of the present English Prayer-book. For all its peculiarities he comes boldly forward with some primitive authority; his affection sees a deep and hidden meaning

where others have seemed to themselves to perceive the marks of negligence and hurry; and even of the Eucharistic Office he is not afraid to say,—‘It has appeared on carefully comparing the positions maintained by her, with those of the ancient Church for a thousand years, that no departure from the true standard, either in the way of deficit or excess, can properly be charged upon her. . . . She is perfectly at one with herself; no proper contradiction between her doctrines and her ritual practices, or between one of her Eucharistic dogmas and another, can be pointed out. With the exception of one or two bodies in the East, there is not a Church in the world that can say as much.’

This is a tolerably bold assertion, and as ingeniously supported as Mr. Freeman’s deductions always are. We propose to follow him in his account of the Eucharistic controversy, pointing out where and why we cannot agree with him, but always treating him with the respect due to one who, by the confession of all, is among the first liturgical scholars of the day, and whose opinions, even when we may dissent from them, are always deserving of respect and attention.

Even in the first volume of his work, Mr. Freeman had enunciated two principles which would go far, in our judgment, to vitiate any true conception of the history of the blessed Sacrament. He affirms—

1. That the Holy Eucharist is, in its nature, an institution, not intended for daily celebration, but merely for festivals; that this was the primitive use; that the opposite practice had its origin not earlier than the third century; and that simultaneously with the daily oblation of the Sacrifice, the frequency of Communions began to decrease.

2. That, according to primitive use, none but communicants ought to be present during the celebration; that the opposite practice in the Eastern and Western Churches is a corruption, and that the revival of that practice among ourselves is a grievous error.

On both of these points we intend to offer some remarks. The first, indeed, is one which is at present of little practical importance. It is clear that we are as yet far enough from that general weekly, which must of necessity precede a more frequent, celebration; while those who have the unspeakable privilege of a daily Eucharist have a better argument in themselves for its celebration than the most learned dissertations of Mabillon, or Muratori, or Arnould, could possibly afford. But the non-presence of those who do not intend to communicate is a question which is daily becoming of more vital moment in the English Church; and it would be well, if possible, that

once for all it should be set at rest. It is important, however, that the arguments used in its defence should be such, and such only, as will bear the strictest test; for Mr. Freeman is far too good an advocate of what we must consider a bad cause, to permit the employment of inferior reasonings, in attacking his theories. As Condé said to Don John of Austria, before the battle of Dunkirk, with reference to Turenne,—*On ne fait pas impunément des fautes devant un si grand homme.* Before, however, adverting to these topics, we will first follow our author's example in giving a sketch of the various controversies connected with the Eucharist; and having briefly examined the two heads to which we have already alluded, we shall then say a few words on the author's very peculiar theory, 'a theory not only his own, but too much his own,' (as Hackett said of some statement of S. Augustine,) with respect to the adoration due to the blessed Sacrament; a subject which naturally introduces the admirable Charge of the Bishop of Brechin, which stands second in our list.

Mr. Freeman has very well observed, that, for the first thousand years after its institution, there was scarcely any real opposition in the different views held on this great mystery. There were, indeed, fierce disputes between the Eastern and Western Churches on the employment of azymes; but this was only an outside question, which in no way affected the essence of the Sacrament. The Iconoclast controversy was, to a certain degree, connected with the question, how far the terms 'figure' or 'type' might be applied to the Holy Eucharist, as representing our Lord's Body. S. John Damascene, the last of the Eastern Fathers, most earnestly protested against the employment of these words, notwithstanding the admitted fact, that they had been used by some writers of great eminence in the Church. The great pseudo-council of Constantinople, in 754, which was attended by 338 bishops, although very unsound in its teaching on the Incarnation, nevertheless took pains to guard itself against asserting the blessed Sacrament to be *merely* a type of our Lord's Body. 'The true image of Jesus Christ,' say they, 'is that which He made Himself, when in the same night in which He was betrayed, He took bread, gave thanks, blessed, brake, and gave to His disciples, saying, Take, eat, for the remission of sins, This is My Body. . . . Therefore, as the natural Body of Jesus Christ is holy by reason of His Divinity, so that which is *His Body* by institution, that is to say, His holy Image, is sanctified in a certain manner, and made divine by grace. For this is what Jesus Christ willed to do; to the end that, as He made divine the flesh which He took, by a sanctification which is proper and natural to it by

'virtue of the union, thus the bread of the Eucharist, as being 'the true image of the natural flesh, becomes a divine body, 'being sanctified by the descent of the Holy Ghost, and the 'mediation of the priest who makes the oblation, and renders 'holy that bread which was common.' This language, if not very satisfactory, is at all events not formally irreconcilable with the general teaching of the Church. The Eucharistic controversy of the ninth century foreshadowed the graver differences of the eleventh; but Paschasius Radburtus on the one side, and Ratramnus, with Hrabanus Maurus, on the other, rather held divergent than opposing views. In the ninth and tenth centuries, it would appear that question was for the first time mooted, which had hitherto been permitted to sleep. Then, for the first time, the doctrine of the annihilation of the substance of bread and wine by the act of consecration, was more fully worked out; then, too, the question was more seriously discussed, what became of the elements after their reception by the communicants; and then, also, as a means of reconciling difficulties, the theory of Impanation was first started.

After this, in the eleventh century, we have the celebrated controversy, in which Berengarius distinguished himself as the leader of those whom ordinary Church historians have always esteemed the forerunners of Calvinists and Zuinglians, but whom Mr. Freeman, with an ingenuity worthy of a better cause, represents as the maintainers of the old teaching of the Church, against the innovations of the Schoolmen. Our author, in commenting on the new Eucharistic doctrines which then had their rise as dogmas, draws the conclusion that they who propounded them were the innovators, and they who opposed them the maintainers of the old doctrine. And while we allow that among a certain party in the Church, which found its mouth-piece in Berengarius, there was a tendency to depreciate the blessed Sacrament to the mere level of a type or sign, there was also a tendency among those who held truer and deeper views, to push what they believed the logical consequences to an extreme; as when it was affirmed that Christ's presence on the altar was natural and local, instead of, as the Roman Church has with almost one accord taught, supernatural and super-local. Let us see, however, what was the history, and what the doctrine, of the man who raised a flame of controversy over the whole of Europe.

We must remember, then, that the doctrine of Paschasius Radburtus, in a sense true and Catholic in itself, 'the Body 'of Jesus Christ in the blessed Sacrament is the same which 'was born of the Virgin, which hung on the cross, and which 'rose again from the dead,' had been pushed by some of

his disciples to an extreme from which every natural feeling recoiled. They affirmed it to be the same, not only in its essence, but in the form and manner of its essence, as the natural Body of Jesus Christ, and thus made it not only received to the spiritual welfare of the faithful, but subject like other food to digestion, and assimilated with the human body. Against this system, the great men of that age, as Gilbert, and Hrabanus Maurus, protested. The writings of Scotus are said by Berengarius to have formed the basis of his system.

At the time when Berengarius first came into notice, he was archdeacon of Angers, and at the head of the school of Tours. This school was by him raised to the highest pitch of reputation; and the scholars of Berengarius became noted all over France. In an evil hour for their master, the celebrated Lanfranc arrived in France, and was placed at the head of the school of the Abbey of Bec. As he passed through Tours, Lanfranc held a kind of scholastic tournament with Berengarius, whom he vanquished at all points; the reputation of the school of Tours fell instantly, and that of Bec succeeded to its prestige. Berengarius, mad with vexation at being reduced to a secondary position, where he had so long occupied the first place, gave up his former studies of grammar and philosophy, for that—in which he had, till then, been a complete stranger—of theology. His was just the character out of which heretics are formed:—some learning, with the reputation of much more than he possessed, considerable eloquence, and an easy flow of words, which concealed a great shallowness of meaning, inordinate vanity, and deep mortification at the success of a rival. If we call to mind the principal heretics by whom the Church has been troubled, we shall find something of the same character in all; Arius, Nestorius, Pelagius, Huss, each of them present to us the same disposition. Perhaps the case of Berengarius responded more closely with that of Nestorius than with any other. It is carefully to be remembered that this writer, whom Mr. Freeman represents as maintaining the ancient and traditional faith of the Church, had confessedly not turned his attention to theology till considerably past the middle age—was from his previous studies more likely to take pleasure in striking out a new, than in defending an old, system—and, by the consent of all, propagated his views on the Eucharist with the express intention of injuring the reputation of his old rival and antagonist, Lanfranc. ‘Brother Lanfranc,’ he wrote, ‘Engelramn of Chartres reports that you disapprove and treat as heretical the sentiment of Scotus, touching the Sacrament of the Altar, inasmuch as it opposes that of Paschasius, which you defend. Brother, if this be so, I tell

‘you frankly that it is unworthy of you to reason thus, for you are not without intelligence. It is easy to see that neither you, nor your disciples, are as yet sufficiently versed in the knowledge of Scripture. Although I myself have no especial ability in that science, I could wish, if it were possible, to hear you discuss this point before such judges and auditors as you might choose. Meanwhile, attend to this; if you treat Scotus, whose doctrine I approve, as heretical, you must give the same appellation to Ambrose, Jerome, and Augustine, to say nothing of many others.’

This rather straightforward than polite letter failed for the moment in its purpose of bringing on a disputation. Lanfranc was on his way to, if not already at, Rome, summoned thither by Leo IX. to a proposed Council. Receiving no reply, Berengarius addressed a second epistle to his rival, in which he claimed the honour of having brought him over to his own opinion. At Rome, the question of the Eucharist was debated: Lanfranc himself incurred some suspicion from the second letter which Berengarius had addressed to him, but justified himself, and procured the condemnation of the doctrine of Scotus. In the meantime, the Archdeacon of Angers, proud of his supposed triumph, disputed his way through Normandy, and visited, among other important personages, Duke William, afterwards to become the conqueror of England. William's taste inclined him to anything but theological studies; he, however, convened an assembly at Brionne, for the discussion of the question. It was held in the church of S. Denys: Lanfranc had not yet returned from Rome, but two of his scholars supplied the place of their master so well, that Berengarius retired with great confusion. His chagrin was increased when, on his arrival at Chartres, he learned his condemnation at Rome, and his summons to a council convoked on the subject of the Eucharist, at Versailles, for the autumn of 1050. In the hope of somewhat retrieving his cause, Berengarius published a letter to Ascelin, one of his opponents at the Council of Brionne, which gives us a little insight into his character. Mr. Freeman will have it that Berengarius was merely supporting the old doctrine: that, to quote his words, ‘he must have found the mass of men in that opinion already.’ Now, we have already seen Berengarius professed not to have paid any attention to the subject of theology; as good as professed that his object in provoking the disputation was a personal feeling against Lanfranc, and the desire of vindicating the reputation of the school of Tours over that of Bec: and he now tells us in this letter, that the works of Scotus, whose defence he had undertaken with so much zeal, had only been in part read

by him; and, which is of much more importance, we see that he was desirous of lowering the whole doctrine of the blessed Eucharist, and that,—Mr. Freeman will do well to notice it,—not merely as to its theory, but as to its reception. In this letter he excuses himself, as it were, for not ‘exclaiming more vehemently against that damnable and sacrilegious proposition of William: Every man ought to approach the table of the Lord at Easter.’ And this was the man who, according to our author, was standing in the old paths, contending for, and persecuted for holding, the ancient faith! So lamentably cold had love become, and so relaxed was discipline, in the ninth century, that then first it was found necessary to compel the faithful to occasional Communion. Even then, the minimum was fixed at three times a year; but discipline went on relaxing, and in the eleventh century it was usually held sufficient to communicate at Easter. This Easter Communion was, as every one knows, made obligatory by the Lateran Council under Innocent III., and has since that time been the rule, and in too many instances the sole practice, of the Latin Church. But even against this Berengarius objected as too strict; while it is further to be observed that William’s statement of doctrine was not as he gives it. ‘Every man,’ said the scholar of Lanfranc, ‘ought to communicate at Easter, unless, on account of some sin, he considers himself unworthy to do so; and of this unworthiness his confessor and not himself is to be the judge.’ Will any man believe that he was standing up for the ancient faith, who thus spoke of Easter Communion as a thing which might very possibly be unadvisable, and which was not to be insisted on?

But it ought also to be noticed that Berengarius was publicly accused of attacking infant baptism, and of following the Manichæans in condemning marriage. Deoduinus, Bishop of Liège, and Guimond, next to Lanfranc the most celebrated opponent of the innovator, publicly and repeatedly made this charge, and it was never denied. Mr. Freeman dwells on the point that Berengarius had been the pupil of Fulbert of Chartres; as if to insinuate that from that great and good man he had received the doctrine which he taught. How does a fellow-pupil of his, Adelman, afterwards Bishop of Brescia, conjure his friend, ‘by the memory of our dear Fulbert, not to trouble the peace of the Catholic Church, for which so many thousand martyrs and holy doctors have combatted, and which they have so defended that heretics have ever since remained confounded?’

Again, Mr. Freeman makes much of expressions like these in his work ‘*De Sacra Cœna*,’ for the first time published in 1834, at Berlin: ‘Be perfectly certain that I affirm that the bread and wine of the altar after consecration are indeed the Body

'and Blood of Christ.' And again: 'That the bread and wine after consecration are changed into the true Body and Blood of Christ, is the sentence of the Evangelists, Apostles, and authentic Scriptures.' But let him explain his own words. 'I say,' thus he writes to Adelmann, 'that, according to Scripture, the bread and wine become the Body and Blood of Jesus Christ; consequently, I cannot deny that, after the consecration, the bread and wine are, FOR FAITH AND FOR UNDERSTANDING, the true Body and Blood of Christ.' It is clear that no Calvinist would object to sign Berengarius's profession of faith, with Berengarius's explanation. Why then does he so often and so ostentatiously employ the words, the true Body and the true Blood of Christ? He shall inform us himself. 'You have heard,' he says, in the same letter that we have just quoted, 'that I do not hold that in the Eucharist the true Body and true Blood of Christ exist. Be certain that I have always rejected the opinion of the *Manichæans*.' Berengarius, that is, was falsely accused of teaching that our Lord's Body itself was not a real and true, but merely a fantastical, Body. Against this accusation he successfully defends himself; and, in so constantly using his favourite expression, he means, that the blessed Eucharist was a sign or figure, not of an imaginary, but of a real, Body; and in so far as it was a sign of it, might, 'to faith and intelligence,' be called a real Body. The opinion of the *Manichæans* had nothing in the world to do with the Eucharistic question which we are considering. Berengarius's argument, if fairly expressed, would be this: 'If I say that in any sense the bread and wine become the real Body and Blood of our Lord, meaning thereby that they become the sign of the real Body and Blood of our Lord, I cannot be a *Manichæan*; for with those heretics the Holy Eucharist can only be the symbol of a fantastic and unreal Body.'

The rest of the varied life of Berengarius, his repeated submissions to the Church, and retractations, the nine Councils held on the question he had excited, in eight of which he was condemned,—these things are less to our purpose than was the origin and rise of his teaching, because they are of less use in determining whether that teaching were an innovation or a resistance to innovation. The works of Lanfranc and of Guimond remain to testify to the faith of his opponents. For himself, it is well known that he, after five distinct and explicit professions of his faith in the real and substantial change of the bread and wine into the Body and Blood of our Lord, retracted every one, and was only permitted to end his days in peace through the personal friendship of Gregory VII. His affectionate scholar, Hildebert, afterwards Archbishop of Tours,

affirms that he died in the Catholic faith; but that which is by others said to have been his dying declaration will probably be remembered by many of our readers in its versified form by Coleridge:—

: ‘ No more ’twixt conscience struggling and the Pope,
 Shall I at length before my God appear:
 By Him to be acquitted, as I hope;
 By Him to be condemned, as I fear.’

However much we may join in the hope, we cannot think that this vain, irritable, vacillating man, can bring much support to any cause; and surely never was character which bore less resemblance to that of a confessor for primitive faith and unbroken tradition.

Before proceeding to the consideration of the two subjects we have mentioned,—a daily Eucharist and the presence of non-communicants at the Sacrifice,—let us give a glance at the very earliest sources of liturgical information on which we may rely. We deeply regret that Mr. Freeman's second volume—which, it appears from references to it, will embrace a consideration of this question—has not yet appeared. It is exactly the subject to suit our author's talents; and we are quite certain that its publication will add a volume of no small importance to our scanty English store of liturgical treatises. In the meantime, and for the better elucidation of what is to follow, we will offer a few remarks on the general subject of Liturgies.

Our author, in both the published parts of his work, has dwelt most clearly and forcibly on the inestimable importance of the ancient Liturgies themselves for the elucidation of Eucharistic doctrine. Most cordially we agree with him where he says:—‘ In determining Eucharistic questions, Liturgies are ‘ greater than Fathers. The Fathers, in truth, ever deferred ‘ to, or do but expound, the Liturgies.’ In looking, then, at these Offices themselves, it becomes of the utmost importance to determine which are they which we may be absolutely certain to be primitive. And, first, let us see what liturgical traces we discover in the New Testament; an inquiry to which we hope to find Mr. Freeman's attention directed in the second volume of his great work, but on which it is absolutely necessary to say a few words in this place.

It is clear from the general tenor of S. Paul's Epistles, that he was in the habit of laying down a particular form of discipline and ritual for his newly converted Christians. Compare such passages as these:—1 Cor. iv. 17: ‘ For this cause have ‘ I sent unto you Timotheus, who is my beloved son, and faithful ‘ in the Lord, who shall bring you into remembrance of my

'ways which be in Christ, as I teach every where in all Churches.' 1 Cor. vii. 17: 'And so ordain I in all Churches.' 1 Cor. xi. 2: 'Now I praise you, brethren, that ye remember me in all things, and keep the ordinances, as I delivered them unto you.' 2 Thess. ii. 15: 'Therefore, brethren, stand fast, and hold the traditions which ye have been taught, whether by word, or our epistle.' 2 Thess. iii. 6: 'Now we command you, brethren, in the name of our Lord Jesus Christ, that ye withdraw yourselves from every brother that walketh disorderly, and not after the tradition which he received of us.' And so also we may perhaps take such texts as:—'But speaking the truth in love, may grow up unto him *in all things*,' &c. And again, Phil. iii. 16: 'Whereto we have already attained, let us walk by the same rule, let us mind the same thing.' And iv. 9: 'Those things, which ye have both learned, and received, and heard, and seen in me, do.' 1 Tim. ii. 12: 'I suffer not a woman to teach, but to be in silence.' And so again the rule about widows, in 1 Tim. v. 9—11; and yet more strikingly, 2 Tim. i. 13: 'Hold fast the form of sound words, which thou hast heard of me,'—that is, an unwritten, liturgical tradition. Neither is it an unlikely, though certainly not a positive hypothesis, that 'the cloak which was left at Troas with Carpus, and the books, but especially the parchments,' were a liturgical vestment, and books connected with the service of the altar. If we now turn to details, we shall find a more striking proof of our assertion.

Taking therefore, the general norm of all early Liturgies, and dividing it into two grand portions, the mass of the Catechumens and the mass of the faithful, our accounts will stand somehow thus:—

The reading of the Scriptures of the Old Testament (afterwards generally called the *Prophecy*).

The Epistle. Col. iv. 16: 'And when this epistle is read among you, cause that it be read also in the church of the Laodiceans; and that ye also read the epistle from Laodicea.'

1 Thess. v. 27: 'I charge you by the Lord that this epistle be read unto all the holy brethren.'

The Gospel.

Hymns. Eph. v. 19: 'Speaking to yourselves in psalms and hymns and spiritual songs.'

Col. iii. 16: 'Admonishing one another in psalms and hymns.'

S. James v. 13: 'Is any merry? let him sing psalms,' (which, be it remembered, comes in immediate juxtaposition with the *rites of the Church*. 'Is any sick among you?' &c. And 'Confess your faults one to another,' &c.)

2 Tim. ii. 11 : ' It is a faithful saying :

*' For if we be dead with Him,
We shall also live with Him :
If we suffer,
We shall also reign with Him :
If we deny Him,
He also will deny us.'*

Eph. v. 14 : ' Wherefore he saith,

*' Awake, thou that sleepest,
And arise from the dead,
And Christ shall give thee light.'*

We believe that a very remarkable circumstance connected with this hymn has never been noticed. Every one must notice the anacreontic rhythm of the original :—

*ἐγείραι δ̄ καθεύδων,
καὶ ἀνάστα ἐκ τῶν νεκρῶν,
[καὶ] ἐπιφάνσει σοὶ ὁ Χριστός.*

It would appear also on the very face of the thing, that this hymn was, in some way or other, connected with Baptism. ' Christ shall give thee *light*,'—the well-known illumination of the early Church. Now in the most ancient Roman Use we find a baptismal hymn of the remotest antiquity written in the same metre :—

*' Audite voces hymni :
Et vos qui estis digni
In hac beatâ nocte
Descendite ad fontes,' &c.*

Knowing, as we do, how the early Western Church borrowed its melodies and rhythm from the East, can we doubt that the apostolic quotation is indeed from a hymn the melody of which was common to both East and West, and which was used at the Easter or Whitsuntide Baptism ?

The Creed.

Though this does not appear to have been of so early or universal use in the Liturgy, we have a remarkably clear quotation from one in 1 Cor. xv. 3—5 : ' *I delivered unto you first of all that which I also received.*'

' Christ died for our sins according to the Scriptures ; and was buried, and rose again the third day according to the Scriptures ; and was seen of Cephas, then of the twelve.'

The Sermon.

Acts xx. 7 : ' When the disciples came together to break bread, Paul preached unto them.'

The Offertory.

1 Cor. ix. 13, 14 : ' Do ye not know that they which wait at

‘the altar are partakers with the altar? even so hath the Lord ‘ordained,’ &c.

1 Cor. xvi. 2. ‘Upon the first day of the week let every one of you lay by him in store, as God hath prospered him.’

The Kiss of Peace.

Rom. xvi. 16: ‘Salute one another with an holy kiss.’ So 1 Cor. xvi. 20; and, 2 Cor. xiii. 12; 1 Thess. v. 26—‘Greet the brethren with an holy kiss:’ 1 Pet. v. 14, ‘Greet ye one another with a kiss of charity.’

The words of Institution.

‘For I have received of the Lord that which also I delivered unto you, That the Lord Jesus, the same night in which He was betrayed, took bread; and when He had given thanks, He brake it, and said, Take, eat; this is my Body, which is broken for you: this do in remembrance of Me. After the same manner also He took the cup, when He had supped, saying, This cup is the new testament in My Blood: this do ye, as oft as ye drink it, in remembrance of Me.’

The great Intercession for quick and dead.

Every one knows that this Intercession occupies, in different liturgies, four different positions. Between the Invocation of the Holy Ghost and the Lord’s Prayer, which is the Eastern Use generally; before the Commemoration of Institution, which is S. Mark’s Use; partly before, partly after that Commemoration, which is the Roman Use; and after the Invocation, which is the Nestorian. Now then, bearing in mind that it is a Western custom by which the Intercession is made to precede consecration, and this Intercession is for the living only, we find the most remarkable force in S. Paul’s reference to it,—‘I exhort, therefore, that FIRST OF ALL’—that is, before the Consecration itself commences—‘supplications, prayers, intercessions, and giving of thanks be made for all men, for kings and for all that are in authority,’ where this last clause shows that the words ‘all men’ are here to be taken in the sense of all living men. S. Paul is, therefore, not only alluding to the liturgical intercession, but his expression gives us very good grounds for concluding that even as early as A.D. 65 there were already different liturgical families, and that the Petrine then, as now, commemorated the living before the act of consecration.

The Lord’s Prayer.

[S. Gregory, Epistles 7, 64. ‘Orationem Dominicam idcirco post *preces* dicimus, quia mos fuit Apostolorum ut ad ipsam solummodo Orationem Oblationem nostram consecrarent.’]

We may divide the whole body of Liturgies into five distinct families:—the Roman, or that of S. Peter; that of Hierosolymitan, or that of S. James; the Ephesine, or that of S. John;

the Eastern, or that of S. Thaddeus; and the Clementine. Of these the Roman, though influencing all the Western forms, has, strictly speaking, no offshoots. The Ephesine, transplanted by early missionaries into France, gave rise, on the one hand, to the Gallican (and, therefore, the Early British), on the other hand to the Mozarabic, originating also, though less decidedly, the Ambrosian and Aquilæan, or, as it was called, Patriarchine rite. The Hierosolymitan can boast the largest offspring;—in one direction, the Liturgies of S. Basil and S. Chrysostom; in another, the Sicilian Office; in a third, the Syriac Liturgy of S. James and its forty Syro-Jacobite derivatives. The Eastern family embraces its three Nestorian rites. That of S. Mark, its own three offices, and the twelve of the Ethiopic Church. And there is then, finally, the Clementine, whether or not it were ever actually used in any Church.

Now the question of all questions for the liturgical scholar is this: What is the date which may be assigned to the framework of the earliest of these liturgies? The main grounds on which we have to go are:—the Catechetical Lectures of S. Cyril, which show that in the early part of the fourth century the Liturgy of S. James was in all essentials the same as we have it now; that the Apostolic Constitutions prove the so-called Liturgy of S. Clement to have existed at the beginning of the third, its type being precisely the same with those of other apostolic liturgies, except in the one remarkable omission of the Lord's Prayer; that one of the Gallican Liturgies, Number 5 in the edition of Messrs. Neale & Forbes, is attributed on very strong grounds to A.D. 176; that several of the intercessory prayers in the Liturgy of S. James seem to be clearly of an earlier date than the final destruction of Jerusalem after the revolt of Barcochebas in 115. If we also take into consideration that the intercessory prayer in S. Mark's Liturgy, where supplication is made for the Roman Emperor, bears the strongest impress of at least equal antiquity, and so assume these two to have been in use, as to their main parts, as early as the year 100, we have the strongest grounds for pushing their antiquity to a still higher point. S. James himself, according to the most probable chronology, suffered martyrdom in the year 60; S. Mark in the year 62. Now in these two Liturgies, confessedly of the most primitive antiquity, we find a difference of some importance. The General Intercession for quick and dead occupies, in the Liturgy of S. James, and in all its derivatives, a position between the invocation of the Holy Ghost and the Lord's Prayer. But in S. Mark's and its family alone it is prefixed to the words of Institution. And in the Roman Liturgy, deriving its fabric from the master of S. Mark, this same intercession is broken into two parts,

so that the living are commemorated before, the dead after, the words of Institution. Again, in the Nestorian Liturgies, and in them only, the intercession is placed between the words of Invocation and the Institution. Now, surely, no post-apostolic liturgists would have ventured to make so startling a change from whatever, supposing the original arrangement to have been the same, that original arrangement might have been. In these three Liturgies, then, we see the actual work of three of the Apostles; and although we know that none of them committed their Liturgies to writing, we may well believe that in all their main portions these rites are verbally the same with those which they used. There can be little doubt that at the very beginning, when, as S. Luke says, 'They, continuing daily with one accord in the Temple, did break their bread from house to house,' S. James, for example, used his own extempore form of liturgy, inweaving into it those of the Temple prayers which most suited this Sacrament, and to which his auditors were daily accustomed, (for, except so far as the blessed Eucharist was concerned, their daily service was still in the Temple,) but giving the more peculiar parts of the Office in a form always very much the same, and which in time, from frequent repetition, must have become absolutely the same. Of this form S. James's disciples had indeed no written copies, but they knew it by heart, and whatever little varieties might have been employed by the 'Brother of the Lord' while he lived, his usual words, as they were remembered by those who had ministered with him, must have been crystallised, so to speak, when the Apostle was taken away from them. We never can doubt that the very form of the invocation of the Holy Ghost is that which S. James himself employed. There is a life and freshness in the reference to the descent of the Holy Ghost, as to a thing in which the author had been personally interested, which we shall seek in vain in liturgies of even so early a date as that of S. Basil. Compare the two:—S. James,—'Who descended in the form of a dove on our Lord Jesus Christ in the river Jordan, and rested upon Him. Who descended upon Thy holy Apostles in the likeness of fiery tongues, in the upper room of the holy and glorious Sion, on the day of Pentecost. Send down the same Most Holy Ghost, upon us, and upon these proposed gifts,' &c. S. Basil;—'Lord, who didst send down Thy Holy Ghost at the third hour on the Apostles, take Him not from us, but renew Him in us who pray to Thee.' Again, the wonderful similarity in arrangement between the Alexandrine and the Roman Liturgy can only be explained by the connexion between S. Peter and S. Mark, a fact which of itself carries us back to the most primitive of all times. Into these

points, and such as these, we hope that Mr. Freeman will direct his attention in the forthcoming volume of his work, and more especially we recommend to his notice the question, To what extent all the early Liturgies, but more especially that of Jerusalem, were influenced by the Temple Service? Another topic, too, which, so far as we know, has never yet been discussed, namely, What are the liturgies which the Arians used? and whether any traces or fragments of them still survive? It is clearly impossible that they could have used any Liturgy which we at present have, without considerable alteration, and they who changed the doxology were certainly not likely to hesitate at any other change.

It is time, however, to turn more especially to our author himself; and let us, in the first place, consider the arguments which Mr. Freeman adduces in support of his assertion, that a daily Eucharist is contrary to the spirit of the primitive Church. We will allow him to make his own statement in his own words:—

‘I venture to affirm, first, that the Holy Eucharist is, in its proper nature, a festival thing; by which I mean, a high, occasional, and solemn one, not every-day or common; and, secondly, that in the very earliest, and surely the wisest and holiest age, celebration, though never less than weekly, was seldom more frequent than that; never, that we know of for certain (though at high seasons it possibly may have been so) daily; and that in these considerations, not in any *à priori* arguments as to the excellence of the rite, is to be laid the basis of a right estimate as to the frequency of celebration which is either to be expected or desired.’

Mr. Freeman allows that as early as A.D. 250 daily celebration was, if not the use, at least a general practice, in the Church of Carthage. This is, surely, a reasonably early date; but, if our author is to be believed, it was, early as the epoch might be, a corruption which was afterwards to bring forth sad fruit. To the beginning of the fifth century he refers the universal prevalence of a daily Eucharist.

Now we think that he dismisses far too lightly the vexed question about apostolic practice. He says that the celebrated verse (Acts ii. 46), ‘They, continuing daily with one accord in the Temple, and breaking bread from house to house,’ is not a decisive proof, because it may possibly only be intended to affirm that the attendance of the Apostles in the Temple was daily, while, in addition to that, the Holy Eucharist was also, at certain times, celebrated. It is certainly just possible that the words themselves might admit that meaning; but, surely, if taken in their plain literal sense, the visit of S. Paul to Troas affords most decided proof of daily celebration. In the first place we read: ‘Upon the first day of the week, when the

'disciples came together to break bread, Paul preached unto them, ready to depart on the morrow, and continued his speech until midnight.' If these words mean anything, they surely mean this—that on that Sunday there was a celebration; very probably, as the early custom was, in the afternoon or evening; that, this celebration over, the Apostle preached, and that he continued his discourse till midnight. S. Luke proceeds to relate the death of Eutychus and the miracle wrought by S. Paul, and then continues: 'When he therefore was come up again, and had broken bread and eaten, and talked a long while, even till break of day, he departed.' Surely this must mean, that there was a second celebration early on the Monday morning, in addition to that which had been on the Sunday afternoon or evening. We do not mean to say, that, if this were the whole evidence of apostolic practice, it would be absolutely decisive. But we have these three facts: 1. That in their *primâ facie* sense, and as they would be taken by an ignorant person, the passages in the Acts assume a daily celebration. 2. That, to use Mr. Freeman's own words, 'it is commonly said, and the saying passes from mouth to mouth without inquiry, that the first Christians communicated every day.' 3. That as early as 250 a large portion of them did confessedly enjoy a daily Eucharist. Now, the question is surely unanswerable; granting a weekly Eucharist to have been the apostolic institution, how came it to pass that so tremendous a change was made in the whole economy of the Church without calling forth one word of remonstrance, of warning, or—from those who agreed in the change—of approbation? An argument of Mr. Freeman's may be turned with irresistible force against himself:—

'Whence the rule that none should participate in the eucharistical elements oftener than once in the same day? Why not twice or thrice a-day, or even hourly? There is nothing in the world that can account for this prohibition on the part of the Church but her strongly entertained mind that participation more than once a-day would evacuate the great rite of some important and indispensable feature. And what can that be? Its sacramental efficacy? Surely not. The reason manifestly is this: that in daily participation the eucharistic act is carried to the utmost limit it is capable of, consistently with its character as the high festival of Christianity.'

But surely the argument lies the other way. If no consideration of convenience or devotion could, even in the middle ages, induce a celebration more frequent than once a-day, because that was felt to be the standing rule and order of the Church, how is it possible that in primitive times, with their far higher appreciation of, and greater deference to, apostolic precedent, a daily could have been substituted for a weekly Eucharist? Were

medæval ritualists so much more tenacious of ancient practice than S. Cyprian and the other saints and doctors of that illustrious epoch? A change such as Mr. Freeman indicates, from Sunday to daily celebration, could scarcely have been of less moment than the question about the other great sacrament—the validity or non-validity of Baptism by heretics. Why should the Cyprianic age be full of the one discussion, and have left not a syllable with respect to the other?

Let it be considered that everything in mediæval times would have encouraged a more frequent than daily celebration. The very disjunction of the Sacrifice from the Communion rendered it most easy; while the number of masses offered either for the dead or the living would have made it, to mediæval eyes, most desirable. What, then, prohibited the change? Surely, the deep feeling that from the beginning a daily Eucharist was the rule. And have we not this law of daily celebration given at a period even yet more primitive than the time of the Apostles? Does it not stand inscribed at the very beginning of the Gospels as an everlasting inheritance to the Christian Church? The *lex orandi*, it is always allowed, forms the *lex credendi*; and while that petition shall stand in the Lord's Prayer, 'Give us this day our daily bread,' understood as it has been from the very beginning in its principal and highest sense of the blessed Eucharist, it surely goes far towards settling the question in itself. It is wonderful that Mr. Freeman, whose mind is of the class to which such arguments speak most powerfully, should not have alluded to the Lord's Prayer as connected with his subject.

If from the testimony of Scripture we turn to that of Liturgies, while we can hardly expect any decided proof one way or the other, we must confess that we cannot see any evidence on Mr. Freeman's side in the single passage he quotes. It is from the first prayer in the Liturgy of S. Mark, a prayer to which we agree with him, and with Mr. Neale, in attributing the most remote antiquity. 'We thank Thee,' is the passage, 'that Thou hast shielded us, helped us, preserved us, and led us through the past time of our life, until this hour; and hast vouchsafed that we should again stand before Thee in Thy holy place, asking remission of our sins, and propitiation for all Thy people. And we beseech Thee, and call upon Thee, O good God and Lover of men, grant to us to accomplish this holy day, and all the time of our life, without sin, with all joy, health, safety, and all sanctification, and thy fear.' From the expression 'this holy day,' Mr. Freeman argues that a Sunday or festival must be intended. But, in the first place, the phrase by no means implies so much. A sense of the holiness of every day is strongly impressed in more passages than one of these

very Liturgies; and certainly, besides the general sanctity of every Christian day, that day is more especially holy, whatever it be, on which the blessed Eucharist is celebrated. Or, granting that the expression does refer to a festival, the whole prayer may have been originally—as so many others in various Liturgies—appointed for Sunday only, and the absence of rubric may have caused it to appear as an integral part of the service at all times. Or, from having been recited on the Sunday, it may have come into ordinary week-day use from a general sense of appropriateness, just as in the Western Church the hymn *Jam lucis orto sidere*,—originally, beyond doubt, intended for a fast,—is said daily at Prime, notwithstanding its express allusion to abstinence.

And to pass from Liturgies to the earliest writers. What do the references given by Bingham and Mr. Freeman prove beyond this, that a daily Eucharist was not universal in the second and third centuries? At all events, let these passages prove what they may, they are as much against Mr. Freeman's theory of a weekly Eucharist, as against daily celebration. For Tertullian recognises celebration on Saturday as well as Sunday, and S. Basil, additionally, on Wednesday and Friday. Contending, therefore, for communion once a-week, our author has no right to quote canons or authors which enjoin it twice or four times. But, in point of fact, these references prove only (which no one can doubt) that the Saturday and Sunday celebrations were far more numerous than those of other days. Mr. Freeman refers to a restriction laid on the faithful by Timothy, Patriarch of Alexandria, with respect to Saturday and Sunday, 'based upon the ground that upon these the Spiritual Sacrifice is offered to the Lord.' Hence he concludes, as Bingham had done before him, that it was offered only on those days. But, in point of fact, another canon of the same Timothy proves Bingham to have entirely misapprehended his author. The Patriarch being asked whether one of the faithful, if subject to possession, may receive the Holy Communion, replies, "If he can do so without betraying the mystery, or otherwise blaspheming, let him communicate, BUT NOT EVERY DAY, for the Sunday will be sufficient." We expect, therefore, that in the forthcoming portion of his work Mr. Freeman will retract the following sentence, vol. i. p. 191:—"Throughout the Church of Alexandria, so late as the end of the fourth century, the Eucharist was only celebrated on Saturdays and Sundays;" nothing being more manifest from the author alleged in support of this sentence, than that it was celebrated daily.

Let it be remembered, then:—

1. That the plain natural sense of the apostolic account in the Acts *implies* a daily Eucharist.

2. That it has been so understood from the beginning.
3. That as early as A.D. 250 we find a daily Eucharist, if not universally, at least widely, the practice.
4. That we find no trace whatever of any remonstrance against, or comments of any kind on, so momentous a change as that from a weekly to a daily Eucharist.
5. That the passages quoted in support of the opposite hypothesis are susceptible of another interpretation, or may only be the exceptions which prove the rule.
6. That our Lord's own teaching, 'This do ye, as oft as ye drink it, in remembrance of Me,' and His own law of prayer, 'Give us this day our daily bread,' speak most emphatically in favour of a daily Eucharist.

To us it seems utterly impossible to withstand the force of these arguments, backed as they are by the whole weight of universal tradition.

We now come to the other question—the presence of non-communicants during the celebration. And we cannot but think that Mr. Freeman's theory of a weekly Eucharist was partly invented as an outwork to support his yet more favourite hypothesis, that non-communicants should not be present during the Sacrifice; for the two, as he himself allows, have an intimate connexion. It is utterly impossible, even in primitive times, that every Christian could have received daily. If, therefore, daily communion were the use, either the attendance of the faithful at the Divine Service must have been irregular and less frequent, or non-communicants must have remained through the whole.

Here, however, we shall do well to turn to another writer on the same subject, Mr. Scudamore, whose work on the 'Communion of the Laity' Mr. Freeman considers decisive on the subject, and to whom we will most willingly concede the praise of having mustered a host of plausible authorities on his side of the question, and having made the very best of his cause.

In the first place, we remark that the voice of the present English Church is as clear and definite in favour of the presence of non-communicants as any judgment well can be. We know, as a point of fact, that, till the last revision of the Prayer-book, these words occurred in the second exhortation:—

'And whereas ye offend God so sore, I admonish, exhort, and beseech you, that unto this unkindness ye will not add any more; which thing ye shall do if ye stand by as gazers and lookers on them that do communicate, and be not partakers of the same yourselves. For what thing can this be accounted else, than a further contempt and unkindness to God? Truly it is a great unkindness to say Nay, when ye be called; but the fault is much greater when men stand by, and yet will neither eat nor drink this Holy

Communion with other. I pray you what can this be else but even to have the mysteries of Christ in derision? It is said unto all, Take ye and eat. Take and drink ye all of this. Do this in remembrance of Me. With what face then, or with what countenance shall ye hear these words? What will this be else but a neglecting, a despising, and mocking of the Testament of Christ? Wherefore, rather than you should so do, *depart you hence*, and give place to those that be godly disposed.'

It is also matter of fact, that, in the last revision, this passage was entirely omitted. And, to make the alteration more striking, the exhortation itself remained the same with this one single exception. What can be more clear? Before the last alteration the Prayer-book discouraged the presence of non-communicants; at the last revision that discouragement was formally withdrawn. But, says Mr. Scudamore, we know, from other sources, that those who were chiefly concerned in that revision held to the principle that non-communicants ought to depart; and, therefore, 'the warning to depart was withdrawn at the last revision because no longer necessary, and therefore not appropriate.' Now, in this single argument there are three distinct misstatements. 1. In receiving a book, we are not to receive it according to the supposed intention of the author or authors, but according to the plain and literal meaning of the words. Cranmer and his fellows said to the non-communicant, 'You shall not stay in church;' Cosin and his companions said to him, 'You may.' If any Roman Catholic were to urge the supposed belief of Cranmer or Latimer as a proof against the orthodoxy of our Communion Office, Mr. Scudamore would be the first to say, and that most justly, 'What we have to do with is the written letter, and not the supposed intention.' While, therefore, the present Prayer-book stands as it does, compared with its predecessor, so long we are bound to hold that non-communicants are designedly not excluded—to say the very least—from remaining through the service. 2. But it is not the fact that the last revisers did entertain these sentiments. Mr. Scudamore finds fault with the late Archdeacon Wilberforce for misrepresenting those of Cosin: the reader shall judge with how much justice. Cosin had said: 'Better were it to endure the absence of the people than for the minister to neglect the usual and daily sacrifice of the Church, by which all people, whether they be there or no, reap so much benefit; and this was the opinion of my lord and master, Dr Overall.' Can any words be stronger as to Cosin's own belief? And on what ground, can the reader suppose, does Mr. Scudamore reject their positive testimony? Because the same Bishop Cosin, in the 'Particulars to be considered, explained, and corrected,' in the Book of Common Prayer, pointed out that the exhortations 'were

'more fit to be read some days before the Communion than at the very same time when the people are come to receive it,' because 'they that tarry are not negligent, and they that be negligent are gone, and hear it not.' They that tarry! Yes; but who told our author that this means they who tarry to receive? With Bishop Cosin's known and proved sentiments on the benefit which non-communicants receive from being present at the sacrifice, it must mean—it can mean nothing else than—they that tarry, whether to receive or only to assist: we are all agreed that they who do neither '*are negligent.*' But was this a sufficient ground on which to accuse Archdeacon Wilberforce of misrepresentation? Again: Laud; as the founder of the school of Cosin, is quoted by our author as a witness on his own side. And yet this same Laud, in his order for the Coronation Service, expressly lays down that no one is to receive except some eight or ten of the great officials concerned in the rite. Wren, too, equally claimed by our author, merely ordered on one particular occasion that non-communicants—whose presence during the celebration he distinctly recognises—should not be permitted to remain in the choir. 3. And then, what a reason is this, that the dismissal in the exhortation was dropped because the practice had gone out of fashion! We know that twenty-three years before the revision the practice remained in its full strength. Now, notice that when the Scotch Office Book was introduced in 1637, there had been no such practice since the Reformation, and yet the dismissal has its place in that rite. Were twenty years sufficient to eradicate in England that which sixty—and that sixty of so far more turbulent change—had been unable to uproot in Scotland? Or rather, is not the whole argument brought forward for the sake of saying something where there is nothing to be said? But, 4. Granting that it was the practice for non-communicants to retire, while the exhortation in question was retained, they had a time given them at which to do so, namely, directly after the conclusion of that exhortation. It is clear, then, that had the revisers contemplated their retiring as matter of necessity, they would have inserted a rubric to the effect that 'they who do not intend to communicate are now to leave the church.' They did no such thing, and why? Because, while they did not intend to force them to remain, they would not facilitate their retiring by making any provision for it.

We will now follow Mr. Scudamore in another of his arguments; where, however, it is not so easy to reply to him and to Mr. Freeman together. For the latter, as we have seen, strenuously denies that a daily Eucharist was the primitive custom. The former affirms, that if not universal, it was at

least general; the latter asserts that from the very beginning there was a daily sacrifice of prayer and praise, totally unconnected with the Liturgy. Mr. Scudamore 'can see no trace 'during the first three centuries of any service provided by 'authority, and conducted by the Bishop or Presbyter in the 'usual place of common worship, at which the Holy Eucharist 'was not celebrated.' Nevertheless, some remarks may serve as a common answer to both.

And granting that, at the very beginning, every one who could attend Divine worship at all was present at the Holy Eucharist, and every one present received, what consequence can be drawn from those great and wonderful ages as regards our own? While the Church had not yet embraced the world, while 'the Israelites pitched before them like two little flocks of kids, but the Syrians filled the country,' while the life of every Christian was held by so doubtful a tenure as the will of the magistrate in calling him to sacrifice, what amount of holiness and devotion might not reasonably be expected? We know that in Apostolic days all that believed had all things in common; it would be as reasonable to expect that this regulation also should have continued, as that others, equally the result of constant persecution, constant expectation of death, and a belief in the almost immediate return of the Lord, should also be permanent. For those who were desirous of acting up to the primitive life, the early Church soon made provision in her monasteries; for the rest she was compelled, through no fault of her own, but through a changed order of things and an extended sphere of usefulness, to relax her discipline. Even S. Paul in one passage clearly points out that the case must be so: 'I wrote unto you in an epistle,' &c.; but he is compelled to confess that, if his injunctions were taken in the strictest and largest sense, 'then must ye needs go out of the world.' You have to legislate for a changed system, and it is absurd to stickle for one piece of primitive discipline, (supposing it indeed to be primitive,) while you give up all the rest.

Nothing is easier than to quote passages from the Fathers which dwell in the strongest possible manner on the necessity of receiving the blessed Sacrament as often as it was celebrated. But those who are principally referred to, such as S. Chrysostom, S. Ambrose, S. Jerome, and their contemporaries,¹ lived at the precise period when the intermixture of the world with

¹ We must protest against Mr. Scudamore's use of the barbarous word *cotemporary*. He should have remembered Bentley's reply to the unfortunate Boyleans, 'So that the Examiner's *cotemporary* is a word of his own *composition*, for which the learned world will *cogratulate* him.'

the Church, and the consequent lowering of the standard of Christian life, was becoming more and more painfully visible. Yet even here, notice how these Fathers assumed that there would be many occasions in which non-communicants would rightly be present. 'If this bread is daily offered to you,' says S. Ambrose, 'why do you receive it yearly, as is the wont of the Greeks in the East?' He distinctly assumes that the faithful neither would nor could receive the Bread of Life daily; he does not blame them for not communicating always when they remained, but for remaining without communicating every day in the year but one. Again, S. Augustine expressly lays down that they who do not communicate daily are no more to be blamed than they who do. 'For neither Zaccheus,' says he, 'nor that centurion, disputed with each other, nor preferred himself the one to the other, when the one received the Lord into his house with joy, and the other said, Lord, I am not worthy that thou shouldest enter under my roof. Both honouring the Saviour in different and contrary ways, both wretched in sins, obtained mercy. For the one, through honouring the Sacrament, dares not receive it daily; and the other, through honouring it, dares not omit a single day in receiving it. Contempt is the only thing which that Food mislikes, as the manna misliked the loathing of the Israelites.' 'Whether,' as it has been well remarked, 'the custom of walking out after the sermon, or of remaining without receiving, most indicates contempt of the Sacrament, there can be hardly any doubt.'

Then there is another class of persons whose non-presence Mr. Scudamore would enforce, whereas S. Chrysostom exults and glories in their being present—we mean children. Is it not a mere mockery to refer to primitive usage in support of the retirement of non-communicants,—granting that usage to be in favour of the practice,—when a return to this practice would involve the dismissal of those whose enforced absence all antiquity would have regarded with horror? Is there any fact more certain than this, that the Communion of infants was, if it cannot be absolutely proved an Apostolic, at least an Isapostolic practice; that a child so communicated did not receive again, till it had arrived at years in which it could understand somewhat of the nature of the Sacrament,—say seven, eight, or nine, as the case might be,—and that from thenceforth it was equally a communicant with any other member of the congregation? Is it not a fact that this practice has remained unchanged in the East till the present day, though the age of recommencing communion may be somewhat later? Is it not equally a fact that the disuse of infant communion in the West, scarcely preceded by 200 years

the denial of the chalice to the laity, and was originally a Pelagian development? These things cannot be denied, and being as they are, they utterly invalidate an appeal like Mr. Scudamore's to primitive antiquity. Grant—which we do not for a moment grant—that non-communicants were compelled to retire; still a large proportion of the congregation who would now, by the operation of that rule, be thrust out, were not only invited and encouraged in primitive times to stay, but were the subjects of peculiar welcome. Let us assume that the average age of first communion in England is fifteen; let us also assume that in primitive times, the average age of the commencement of regular communion, was eight. For seven long years, then, those who think with Mr. Scudamore, would drive from their celebrations those of whom S. Chrysostom writes: 'For as we know our own faults, we cry in behalf of those who have sinned grievously, and who are liable to sin; that innocent infants, the imitators of whose simplicity look for the kingdom of heaven, pray for us.' Take a parish of a thousand souls. Between the ages of eight and fifteen, there would out of these be about a hundred. And these hundred would, Sunday after Sunday, be expelled from the table and the banquet of Him, Who said, 'Suffer the little children to come unto Me, and forbid them not;' and whose example in this respect the early Church delighted so faithfully to follow.

On the whole, then, we think that the more the subject is examined, the more it will appear:—

1. That even in the most primitive times, it was very usual for non-communicants to remain during the whole of the celebration.

2. That naturally, when first love began to cool, and first fervour to abate, the great doctors of the Church spoke in the strongest terms against the habit of remaining without communicating; meaning thereby, not to condemn remaining as against departing, but merely to censure remaining without communion as against remaining for communion.

3. That other passages condemn the being present during the celebration and then departing, not simply nor absolutely, but with the notion of contempt of the blessed Sacrament, or riotous or unruly behaviour; neither of which questions enters into our present subject.

4. That every argument which may be used in favour of episcopacy having existed from the very beginning, may be used also in favour of the system of the non-retirement of non-communicants, having been likewise from the beginning. If it had not been so, at what age of the Church could it have come in without the solemn protest of some Father, or some Council?

Let our opponents produce the Father, or the Council, and seeing will be believing.

There is yet one other point on which Mr. Scudamore dwells, and which he shall state in his own words. It is to the effect that the Sacrifice is identical with the Communion; that it cannot be offered except by Communion:—

‘IV. This identity of the Sacrament with the commemoration, of the Communion with the Sacrifice, is constantly recognised in the language of the early Christian writers. With them, to have a part in the Sacrifice was to receive, and to “offer” was the same thing as to communicate. We have already seen this in Tertullian, when he advises those who scrupled to communicate during a fast to reserve the Sacrament until the fast was over; by which means, he says, they would both “participate in the sacrifice,” and fulfil their other duty. S. Basil directs that certain penitents shall only stand with the faithful for a time “without partaking of the oblation,” but when the time has expired, shall “partake of the Sacraments.”’

‘The early Christians believed unanimously that remission of sin was one of the graces imparted to the penitent faithful through the holy Eucharist. Now, if the distinction which Mr. Wilberforce adopts between the sacrifice and sacrament be truly ancient and legitimate, we should expect to find this gift especially connected with the sacrificial part of the ordinance. Propitiation, or the impetration of favour, confessed to be undeserved, which includes, of course, forgiveness, has been the main object of sacrifice in all ages, and among all nations of the world; and it was emphatically and especially the end and effect of that sacrifice, which is commemorated in the Eucharist. But is it under this aspect that we find the Eucharist affirmed by ancient writers to convey the pardon of our sins?—Far from it. Sometimes, indeed, they ascribe the gift in general terms to the Divine ordinance as a whole, but far more frequently to the communion of the Body and Blood of Christ which it imparts: and never, unless I am strangely deceived, to any supposed sacrifice distinct from that communion.’

‘The inference which I would draw from the universality of belief has been already intimated, viz. that the early Christians knew nothing of that distinction, for which Mr. Wilberforce and his followers contend, between the Sacrifice and the Sacrament. If they had thus divided the institution of Christ into a communion and a sacrifice available even to those who do not communicate, the very nature of a sacrifice would have compelled them to ascribe the gift of pardon, which it conveys, to the propitiatory power of the oblation, rather than, as they did, to an actual reception of the Sacrament.’

On which we may remark how little the passages quoted from the Fathers have to do with Mr. Scudamore's point. To ‘participate in the sacrifice;’ ‘to be partakers of the oblation,’ does not mean, to have a share in the benefit of the sacrifice, but merely to receive that which is the material of the sacrifice. We wonder that an experienced writer could bring forward quotations which only prove what we are all agreed on. Again, if the Communion cannot be separated from the Sacrifice, how could the reservation of the Holy Mysteries have been, as

we know it was, a primitive practice? As it has been well observed, 'those who allow partaking of the reserved gifts 'without presence at the sacrifice, cannot consistently refuse 'presence at the sacrifice without partaking.' And here, too, the Scotch Office—though some of its compilers agreed in Mr. Scudamore's views, (witness Bishop Torry's notice to the same effect,)—is directly against his argument. For *before* the Communion that passage occurs, 'Although we be unworthy, 'through our manifold sins, to offer unto Thee any sacrifice, 'yet we beseech Thee to accept this our bounden duty and service.' Whereas, according to our author, there is as yet no sacrifice to be accepted. But it would be wasting words to dwell longer on this subject.

We will now follow Mr. Freeman into another part of his book, the question of the adoration due to Christ in the blessed Sacrament. And here we must allow him to state his own hypothesis:—

'But what *did* Christ say? And certainly He said not of either element, "This is God;" no, nor yet, "This is Myself;" "This is the Son of God;" or "The Son of Man." No, He said, "This is My Body which is being given for you," "This is My Blood which is being shed for you." He said *no less* than this;—but He said *no more*. Nor did His Apostles in any way amplify or supplement that primary declaration. S. Paul, for example, does not say, "The bread which we break" is Christ, nor even that it is "the communication or partaking of Christ," but "of the Body of Christ;" nor that "the cup which we bless" is Christ, or even "the partaking of" Christ, but "of the Blood of Christ." He might, indeed, with all truth have used the second of these forms of speech, with reference to the participation of Christ himself, consequent upon the participation of those elements, which are His Body and Blood. But it is worthy of remark, and may well have been a divinely provided safeguard against error, that he does not say so; but here and elsewhere reproduces, as the strict and true account of what is *directly* partaken of in Eucharistic reception, the same as Christ Himself had given; namely, that it is His Body and Blood that are received.

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'Christ did not, then, in terms, and in so many words, nor did His Apostles after Him identify the consecrated elements with Himself. He announced, indeed, a very awful and mysterious truth concerning them; but this was not the truth that He, in words, announced. Whether this lay hid and was included in what He did declare, is of course a further and most legitimate question. But the fact as to the overt statement of Scripture is as has been here represented.

* * * * *

'What, then, is the fact in the case of any ordinary human being? Now, it is true, that as long as a man is alive, he may be said, in some sort, to consist of his body and blood: his body and blood (the latter containing his life) do in a manner make up the man. But when these two are sundered from each other, and from the soul, by a violent death, do we any longer say that the body and blood, without the soul, make up the man, or that they are the man? We do not. And let us not doubt, albeit we speak of great mysteries, that in this point, as in all others belonging to our nature, sin only excepted, Christ was even as we are. His Death being as

real as any man's. His broken Body and His Blood poured out in Death, were no more the Man Christ Jesus, than the body and blood of any other man are that man. True it is that from neither His Body nor His Soul was His Divinity ever separated, but was so present with both that neither could the One be left in hell nor the Other see corruption. But this took not away, nor modified, any of the phenomena in which Death consists; else would there have been no death at all. It did not abrogate the unchangeable law of death, that the body and soul should be truly separated, so as no longer, for the time being, to make up one man. The Divinity, by its contact, preserved in their separated estate both Body and Soul; but did not, for the time then being, cause Them to coalesce into One Man. That effect of the Divinity was reserved for the Resurrection. To doubt this is to deny the unity of the Manhood of Christ, and the proper reality of His Death.

* * * *

'Far from being anxious, therefore, to represent that the living and entire Christ is present by reason of the consecration, we ought very earnestly to contend that He is not; lest, while we seek prematurely to secure the Living Presence of our Redeeming Lord, we lose hold of the very means and instruments of our redemption.

'The idea of Christ's resurrection or risen life does, it is true, enter into the rite; but not at this stage of it, or purely perspectively; whence in some ancient communion offices it is said, "we show forth His Death and confess His Resurrection." And belief in that Resurrection was further symbolized by commixture of a portion of the Elements. But both the rite itself and our attention are properly concentrated, for the time being, on the fact of Christ's Death, as set forth by His Body and Blood.'

And the natural consequence of this theory is expressed in the following passage, the doctrine of which we had rather not characterise:—

'But the same account is to be given of this—our Lord's dwelling in the flesh—as of the former cases of Divine Indwelling. The purpose of it in those cases was, we saw, in the creatures, for their maintenance in being; in particular places, for designation of place, for honour, and sanctification;—for these ends, not to provide a centre, or centres, of worship. And even so the Indwelling of God in Christ in the days of His Flesh, although it might well supremely command, and did accept, worship, yet was strictly, at that time, in order to a work and design then to be accomplished,—the Economy of Human Redemption. Until that was finished, He was pleased, so far as was possible for Him, to empty Himself of His glory; not indeed alienating from Himself—which could not be—the attributes of Divinity, but waving by a gracious self-denial in His then estate, and as on earth (after the analogy of meaner indwellings of deity,) the worship belonging to Him everywhere and in all conditions. Not even after His Resurrection, in His glorified and spiritualized Body, does He depart from this law. This worship is indeed offered and accepted more frequently, but still never enjoined. For the glory-throne, whither He was speeding, He reserves both the sacramental touch, and the full and satisfying adoration of His glorious Body. "Touch Me not, for I am not yet ascended to My Father: but say unto My brethren, I ascend to My Father and to your Father, to My God and your God."

Such is the theory which Mr. Freeman endeavours to support. We shall merely remark that, to us, it appears to involve a difficulty far surpassing that of transubstantiation. It may be

possible to conceive the conversion of one substance into another, provided that other has a real existence. But how is it possible to conceive the conversion of one substance into another, which not only does not exist, but which has not existed since the night of that first Easter Eve,—which, in its nature, although preserved by God's almighty power from corruption, was yet corruptible: a conversion which no sect or individual ever imagined from the day of Pentecost till the publication of 'Principles of Divine Service?' A question was discussed in the Middle Ages, whether our Lord's Blood remaining on the Cross was to be worshipped with the worship due only to the Trinity; a question of which Fleury drily remarks, that had Peter and John discussed it on their way to the sepulchre, it might to them have been practicable and profitable. But to tell those who seek in the blessed Sacrament for a Living, that they only receive a Dead, Christ,—this is indeed a novelty, which we hope may continue so. To the other remarks of Mr. Freeman on the subject of the adoration due to Christ in the Sacrament, we would contrast the following noble passage from the Bishop of Brechin's late charge:—

'The word Adoration may be taken in very different senses. Two of these need to be specially distinguished. There is a certain adoration (*προσκύνησις*), which may imply a very inferior kind of respect, and which will vary very much with the habits and idiosyncrasy of a nation. Southern and Eastern nations will use forms which are quite unreal to the colder Northerners. Of this nature is the homage paid even among ourselves to Royalty, and of this nature is the reverence due to the Altar as inculcated by the Caroline Divines, and still practised in some of the English Cathedrals, or the genuflexions mentioned by S. Chrysostom as having been made in his time to the elements or gifts before they were consecrated.

'The other kind of adoration is that prostration of the soul and spirit before the awful Majesty of God, which may or may not be accompanied by any external manifestation, but which is the incommunicable *λατρεία* due to the Very and Eternal God. Of this, of course, there can be no degree *in genere*. The only degree associated with it must be the capacity of the adoring creature.

'Between these two kinds of adoration the gulf is immense. The first is as nothing in comparison with the second. The first may be used to express the second; but they are substantially different in kind, and must not be confounded.

'Now to apply this to the present case. If the blessed Sacrament be really what we believe it to be; if the Body and Blood of Christ are verily and indeed *taken* and received by the faithful, that Body and that Blood, in some supernatural mode, must be *there* really, to be so taken. And if the Body and the Blood be there really, (inasmuch as the Humanity of our Lord hypothetically united to the Divinity is itself an object of worship), it follows that supreme adoration is due to the Body and Blood of Christ, mysteriously present in the gifts which yet retain their own substance.

'The worship is due not to the gifts, but to Christ in the gifts, and this seems to be what Bishop Andrewes means when he says:—"Christ, the inward part of the Sacrament, in the Sacrament, and out of the Sacrament,

wheresoever He is, is to be worshipped;" and our own great theologian, Bishop William Forbes, of Edinburgh, quoting the Bishop of Spalato, says, "Christ in the Eucharist is to be adored with Divine worship, as His living and glorified Body is present therein." How any belief in the Divine gift in the Holy Eucharist can exist without this prostration of soul and spirit, I am at a loss to conceive. It seems to be a logical necessity. Either Christ is present, or He is not. If He is, He ought to be adored; if He is not, *Cadit questio*.

'And yet, making due allowance for the colder temperament of the North, it cannot be doubted that even a certain degree of the external *προσκύνησις* is due in the Divine Mysteries. Why should so much stress have been laid upon the reception in the posture of kneeling, which was so objected to by the Puritans, if it did not mean this? If it was a mere decent ceremony it was cruel to make it in effect a test of communion or non-communion; it was hard measure to cut off from the Body of Christ every one who scrupled to do so. Surely then it really meant more than this, taken as we must take it, with the strong implicit belief in the Sacrament of the Altar that still remained in the mind of the Church. Then look at the Rubric at the end of the Communion Service, how cautiously it avoids committing itself against the Adoration of Christ in the Gifts; for, condemning the Lutheran error of Ubiquity, which imputed to our Lord's Humanity the properties of His Divine nature, and enunciating S. Thomas Aquinas's doctrine of the supra-local nature of the Body of Christ in the Sacrament, it goes on to affirm that "no adoration is intended, or ought to be done"—to what? to Christ verily and indeed taken and received? No: but first to the Sacramental Bread and Wine; and secondly, to any corporal (that is, material,) Presence of Christ's Flesh and Blood. I say corporal means material, for it was substituted for the words "real and essential" at the last revision; the Divines of that day holding that there was a real and essential Presence, though not a corporal one; and that the Presence was not the Presence of Christ's natural Flesh and Blood, as was held by some crude believers in the Middle Age, but of His heavenly and glorified Body, which as Bishop Andrewes says, is that of Him who sitteth on high with the Father, and is here, unseen, present with us; for as S. Paul bears witness, "There is a natural body, and there is a spiritual body." There are two other circumstances, which, in considering this question, ought to be weighed. They may not have been intended to bear upon the question, but providentially they may have been ruled by God towards that end. It may not be safe to press them too far, but they may go so far as to show that our Church never intended to condemn the Adoration of Christ in the Sacrament, while she pronounced against the worship of the Sacrament itself. In the Post-Reformation Prayer-Book, why should the "Gloria in excelsis" have been removed from the beginning of the Service, which is its natural place, to the position it occupies,—after the public thanksgiving prayer, but before the consumption of the residue of the consecrated gifts,—if the Church had wished to condemn this practice? If it did so, it was putting a very great stumbling-block in the way of believers. Knowing what was the deep faith of the people in the gift of the Sacrament at the time of this arrangement, it was cruel to put a prayer into a place which must at once tempt them to an act which it is assumed the Church thought wrong; for who, firmly believing that our blessed Lord, while sitting at the Father's right hand, is set forth there as the Mystical Propitiation, could fail to apply to Him, as there Present, those heart-stirring and wondrous words, "O Lord, the only-begotten Son, Jesu Christ: O Lord God, Lamb of God, Son of the Father, That takest away the sins of the world, have mercy upon us!"

'It is also very observable that in one significant act the English Church

goes beyond the practice of mediæval times ; in that the Priest himself is accustomed to receive kneeling ; whereas in old time, and now on the Continent, he stands while receiving. Before the Reformation, over the whole Christian world, the celebrant communicated standing. He did so because Christ is the one Priest and Consecrator. What he did was in the Person of Christ. But at the Reformation the custom came in that he should do so kneeling. Now, why this innovation on the universal practice of Christendom if some special reverence were not intended ? Why should our Church, so cautious about unnecessary alterations, go out of her way to introduce a new practice never heard of before, if she did not wish to express her special reverence for this holy and life-giving mystery ?

We now proceed to consider the difficulty which Mr. Freeman raises with respect to the prayer of intense adoration : that its very position, at a distance from the consecration, proves it not to be addressed to our Lord in the Sacrament, but on the Right Hand of the Father.

Let us see what this prayer really is.

And first of its position. This is generally between the Lord's Prayer and the Sancta Sanctis. There are, however, exceptions. Thus the Ethiopic Canon entirely omits the prayer : so does the Nestorian rite of All Apostles. Among the Syro-Jacobite Liturgies, that of Philoxenus of Mabug : and it can scarcely be said to exist in that of Michael of Antioch, nor of Dionysius Barsalib, nor of John, surnamed Acœmetus. It is generally prefaced by an explanation from the Deacon, of which that in the Syro-Jacobite Liturgy of S. James may be considered as the norm. 'Bow down your heads before the merciful God, before the propitiatory altar, and before the Body and Blood of our Saviour, in which life is laid up for those that receive them, and accept the blessing of the Lord.'

But, in point of fact, to understand the aim and object of this prayer, we must take into consideration not merely and not chiefly the written words, but the unwritten ritual. If it be asked, why the prayer of adoration should be postponed so long after the consecration, the answer is easy, if we only remember the arrangement of an Oriental Church. We must recollect that during the words of institution, the Invocation of the Holy Ghost, and the prayers which follow, the Bema has been absolutely shut up from the eyes of the worshippers : and now, when it is thrown open for the reception of the Holy Mysteries, the prayer finds a most appropriate place, which would before, as far as ritual was concerned, have been utterly meaningless. It is, in short, a prayer which has nothing in the world to do with the change wrought in the elements, but merely with the worthy reception of them by the partakers. Take that which is, perhaps, the most ancient of all, S. James : 'To Thee, O Lord, we Thy servants have bowed our necks before

‘Thy holy Altar, waiting for Thy rich mercies: send down upon us, O Lord, Thy grace and blessing, and sanctify our bodies, souls, and spirits, that we may become worthy partakers and communicants of Thy holy mysteries, to the forgiveness of sins and eternal life.’ Or, in the venerable Armenian rite: ‘Thou, O Holy Ghost, Who art the author and source of life, and the giver of good things, have mercy upon these Thy people, who, prostrate, worship Thy Godhead; keep them free from sin, and imprint in their souls that same image they bear in their body, that they may possess and inherit the good things to come.’ Or take any of the numerous Syro-Jacobite Liturgies: we shall see most distinctly that the prayer refers to the effect of the holy gifts upon the worshippers, not to the nature of the change wrought in themselves. Thus speaks S. Ignatius: ‘With every nature and creature, both celestial and terrestrial, which adores Thee, O Lord, we also offer to Thee true adoration, with the bowing down of our necks; and beseech of Thy great charity that Thou wouldest illuminate our souls with Thy truth. Cleanse us with thy hyssop: sanctify us with Thy sanctity: convert us to Thy fear: be pleased to send down upon us Thy blessings; and while Thou enrichest us in such a manner, and with such good things, suffer not that we should approach unworthily to this quickening communion of the Body and Blood of Thine only-begotten Son.’ Or again, in the Liturgy of Dioscorus: ‘Before Thee, O Lord, Thy servants bow down their necks, because they expect the celestial gift. But do Thou, O good God, Who art full of mercy and alone gracious, hear their prayers forthwith, and crown them with the crown of incorruptible glory: enlighten their minds and souls with the light of Thy knowledge, and grant them that they may acknowledge the majesty which lies hid in Thy holy of holies. Let not salvation and the purification of their souls be withheld from them at this hour when they need it.’ Such is the tenor of all these prayers: supplications, not so much of faith, as of humility. And against Mr. Freeman’s inference from the procrastination of this act of adoration, may be set the universal practice of all Eastern Liturgies, the anticipative adoration of the unconsecrated elements, at the Great Entrance: a practice which Oriental ritualists have found it hard to defend from the charge of idolatry. If then the Eastern worshippers do not adore the Body and Blood of our Lord immediately after its consecration, at all events they have done so, by their strange rite of anticipation, immediately before, *when the adoration is professedly directed to the elements, and not to our Lord seated in His Majesty in heaven.*

But in order to bring the Eastern Liturgies into union with

his own theory, Mr. Freeman is obliged to invent an explanation of another of their most universal and striking rites, which probably never entered into the mind of any other writer, and which for a certain perverse ingenuity appears to us unrivalled. It is this: that the solemn proclamation,—*Tὰ ἁγία τοῖς ἁγίοις*,—*Sancta Sanctis*, which every Liturgical scholar has hitherto taken in the sense of ‘Holy things for holy persons,’ does not really mean this, but is to be interpreted, ‘The holy things are lifted up to the holy places.’ It will be worth our while to enter a little more minutely into the proclamation itself, and to show from the very structure of the Liturgies themselves that the usual interpretation is the right one. In the first place, the mistake, if it be one, is of primitive origin. S. Cyril in his catechetical lectures thus writes: ‘After this the priest saith, ‘Holy things to holy persons. Holy are the things lying on the ‘Altar, and expecting the coming down of the Holy Ghost: ‘holy also are you, having been thought worthy to receive the ‘Holy Ghost: the holy things, therefore, are correlative to ‘the holy persons.’ And in the same way, Greek ritualists have ever explained these words. Simeon of Thessalonica, the celebrated commentator who flourished in the eleventh century, after describing the rite itself, proceeds: ‘The priest invites all ‘holy persons to the holy and living food of that holy table. ‘And the reply, One Holy Father, &c., sets forth to us, in the ‘first place, that holiness of God by which He is essentially ‘holy, and proclaims Him as the author of sanctity to those ‘that are sanctified, and is also an expression of humility; as if ‘it were said, Which of us is pure and holy? One only is holy, ‘Jesus Christ, Who will of His mercy sanctify us.’ So again, in the standard exposition of Nicolas Bulgari: ‘The holy things ‘are only given to holy and just Christians. As S. Chrysostom says: ‘If any one be not holy let him not approach.’ He saith not merely free from sin, but holy. Now simple liberation from sin cannot make a man holy, but the presence of the Holy Ghost, and wealth of good works. And the people answer, ‘We are not holy, we are sinners, and unworthy of such a ‘name. One is holy, and the Lord; Jesus the God-man.”

And let us see what interpretation the context of the Liturgies themselves necessarily fastens on these words. Most of the Mozarabic Liturgies, which alone of Western offices have this explanation, explains it for itself. ‘Holy things for holy persons, and the conjunction of the Body of our Lord Jesus ‘Christ, be pardon to us who receive and drink, and rest to the ‘departed faithful.’ In this rite it is *possible* that the *Sancta* may refer to our Lord’s Body, the *Sanctis* to His Blood; the explanation being made at the moment when the first particle

is put into the chalice. The Spanish commentators, however, take it in the usual Eastern sense. And, anyhow, there is not the least vestige of Mr. Freeman's interpretation. The great Eastern Liturgies, S. James, S. Mark, S. Chrysostom, S. Basil, the Clementine, give the words simply without any addition or development. The Nestorian Liturgies, which claim the very next place to the highest, in point of antiquity, have this formula: 'Holy things for holy persons as is fit in perfection.' This, in the Malabar Liturgy, is still further expanded into 'The holy thing to holy persons is fit, O my Lord, in perfection'—a phrase; the exact meaning of which it is not easy to explain. The Coptic Liturgies are perfectly simple in this proclamation. In the Syro-Jacobite, the very genius of which leads them to amplification, we find several developments. S. James has, 'the holy thing is given to holy persons in perfection, purity, and holiness:' and this seems to be followed in most of the Liturgies of that family. That of Dioscorus reverses the usual order by prefixing, 'There is one Holy Father, &c.' to the *Sancta Sanctis*. One or two, as that of Philoxenus of Mabug, seem to omit the exclamation altogether. But neither in these, nor in any other existing rite, is there the least countenance to Mr. Freeman's explanation. And we would put it to him, appealing seriously from the ingenious inventor of a new hypothesis, to the earnest inquirer after historical truth, whether it is possible that from the time of S. Cyril downward, the whole Church can have been utterly mistaken in the meaning of one of its most solemn rites, and that it was left to an English writer in the year 1857, to correct the mistake of at least fourteen centuries?

The immense importance which has been attached ever since the controversy between Claude and Arnauld to the testimony of the Eastern Church on the subject of the blessed Eucharist, must make every ecclesiastical scholar sensitively alive to any event which is likely to, or which by possibility may, elicit from her a new definition of faith. For, although her later symbols and articles can only be valuable so far as they bear witness to her unwritten tradition, yet still it is not true to assert, as Mr. Freeman does, that the decrees of the Council of Jerusalem are a dead letter. Such an occasion seems now arising within her Communion, from an event which may lead to consequences of which it is impossible to foresee the importance. It is well known that, for the last two hundred years, the Russian Church has had to contend with a powerful and influential body,—the Raskolniks. When, in the middle of the seventeenth century, the great patriarch Nikon ascended the throne of Moscow, he found that, partly owing to

her isolation, partly to the ravages of the Tartars, and partly to the decadence of the Œcumenical See under Mahometan domination,—to which must be added the horrible cruelties and devastation exercised by the Poles in White Russia,—the Slavonic Church Books had become so exceedingly corrupt, that in some places they inculcated heresy, in many more expressed nothing but pure nonsense. With all the energy of his nature, this great and ill-requited patriarch set himself to the correction of these Office Books; and, with no small exertion, overcame the *vis inertiae* of the dignitaries of his Church, and put forth a series of Church-books corrected from the best Greek authorities. Instantly arose the cry that he was innovating on the faith of the Church: that, in place of services handed down from immemorial times, Nikon was intruding on the Church his own novelties. A large body of priests and laity broke off into schism: and for some time their separate communion was able to support itself. But as their priests began to die off, the question arose how the Sacraments were to be procured for the separated body. Not one of the Russian Bishops had joined the secession; and though repeated applications were made to the needy prelates, who, both in Turkey and in Asia Minor, were constantly expelled from their Sees, at the will of their Mahometan tyrants, to the great honour of the Churches of the East, not one could be found to confer Episcopal consecration on any Raskolnik priest. That body in consequence split up into two parties,—the Popoffchins, and the Bezpopoffchins,—that is, the Presbyterians and the non-Presbyterians, answering respectively, by a rude kind of resemblance, to the Lutherans and Calvinists of the great Western Schism. The Popoffchins supplied themselves with priests in a way more ingenious than edifying; they kept a look out for every priest of dissolute life or suspected doctrine in the National Church; as soon as his deprivation became probable, made him a handsome offer to take charge of one of their congregations; and in that way they have succeeded in supplying themselves with valid Sacraments down to the present time. The Bezpopoffchins, on the contrary, stigmatising such conduct as unworthy, and yet at an equal loss to procure the Sacraments, devised a still more extraordinary method. They procured, or affirmed that they procured, a consecrated ‘Lamb,’ dipped in the Chalice, and by perpetually kneading up this host with fresh dough, distribute at least a resemblance of the blessed Eucharist to their congregations. Thus the two schisms continued, and to a certain extent flourished: they had, and have, their monasteries and convents, the principal employment of the inmates being the perpetual transcription of the antiquated and corrupted

Office books; but always taunted by the Russian Church with their separation from all Episcopal supervision, and their consequent failure to establish their claim to be regarded in any sense as true Churches. The reply of the Raskolniks was ever the same: that God in His own time would restore Episcopacy among them. And so affairs stood till the summer of the present year.

It was in the year 1689 that Arsenius Tchernovitch, then Metropolitan of Servia, joined the Emperor Leopold in his attempt to expel the Ottoman power from Europe; on the failure of that attempt, he passed over into Hungary with thirty-seven thousand families, and there, after receiving great privileges from the imperial favour, became Metropolitan of Carlovitz. That See has gradually extended its influence till now it numbers ten suffragans, and nearly three millions of the faithful. Within these few years, the Bishop, not content with his title of Metropolitan, has assumed that of Patriarch: and in fact, 'the orthodox Church' in Austria has become something of an *imperium in imperio* with respect to the rest of the Eastern Church. To this dignitary the schismatics applied for a Bishop; and, to the utter violation of all canons, their request has been granted. The schismatical prelate thus consecrated is said to have infused wonderful vigour into the Raskolniks; and in those parts of Russia where they abound, their proselytisms are very frequent. It is impossible but that, ere long, this subject, as well as that to which in a late number we alluded, the grave differences between the Churches of Constantinople and Russia, on the subject of Baptism, must come for decision before the united Eastern Church. Then, probably, some new definition of doctrine will be to future times what the Canons of the Council of Bethlehem are to ours.

One remark has been perpetually suggested to us by the constant reference to ancient Liturgies, which is the peculiar characteristic and excellency of Mr. Freeman's work. It is this: the extreme difficulty which a common ecclesiastical scholar would find in procuring a complete copy of these Liturgies. Let us see how he would set to work. We will suppose him to possess a Roman Missal, and Mr. Maskell's parallelised edition of the four English uses. For the leading Greek ones he may either procure the *Codex Liturgicus Ecclesiæ Orientalis* of Dr. Daniel; or Mr. Neale's *Tetralogia Liturgica*: the high price and rarity of Goar's *Euchologion* puts it almost out of the question: and Bishop Rattray's book is even still more difficult to be obtained. The Armenian rite must be procured at Venice: the Georgian and Slavonic at S. Petersburg. In the other branch of this family, one or two of the Syro-Jacobite

Liturgies may be found in the original in Asseman's very large and expensive, but ill-printed and unsatisfactory work. But for by far the greater number, five or six and thirty, the student must be satisfied with Renaudot's Latin version. Thanks to the recent edition of Leslie, this book is procurable, but still at a considerable price. There are about six Syro-Jacobite Liturgies which have never been printed at all. If we turn to the Alexandrian family, the Liturgies of S. Mark may be found either in Doctor Daniel's or Mr. Neale's works, as well as in Renaudot. Of the three Copto-Jacobite Liturgies, S. Basil is translated in Mr. Neale's General Introduction: it, as well as the two others, namely, S. Gregory and S. Cyril, are given, but in their Greek version only, by Renaudot: for their Coptic original we must go to Asseman. The three Nestorian Liturgies are, but in a translation merely, by Renaudot; that of S. Adæus is translated by Dr. Daniel; that of Nestorius by Mr. Neale; and that of the Holy Apostles by Mr. Etheridge, in his book called *The Syrian Churches*; he also gives the Syro-Jacobite Liturgy of S. James. If we turn to the West, we find the Mozarabic and Ambrosian Liturgies in the first volume of Dr. Daniel's work: he also gives the husk or shell of the Gallican: but for the latter, it is necessary to have recourse to Mabillon's work, or the Abbé Migne's reprint of it: and, in addition to that, to Mone's transcript of the Reichenan Palimpsest: these, however, are now being incorporated together in '*The Gallican Liturgies*,' now publishing by Messrs. Forbes and Neale.

But what an apparatus does all this involve! How many volumes, how much expense, and how much repetition of matter in different works, partly the same and partly varying! What we want are two different publications; the one perfectly within the power of any publisher: the other a gigantic task, which would indeed be a national work wherever it might be undertaken.

We want, in the first place, the five or six most ancient and venerable Liturgies put within the reach of every priest who wishes to possess them. Say, for example, those of S. James, S. Basil, S. Chrysostom, S. Mark, and the Clementine. If published in the same type, size, and paper, in which Mr. Parker is now publishing his series of Classics, they might probably be sold at one shilling a piece. And it is certainly a shame to the Church of England, that while editions of the Greek and Latin Classics issue from our presses fresh every year, there has scarcely even been one edition of any of these most venerable monuments of Christian antiquity. The other work would be best described by the name of Panliturgion: to contain every Liturgy in use,

whether in the East or West, before the fall of Constantinople : each in its original language, and accompanied by a Latin translation, and such a body of notes as might be found requisite. For each that should be attempted, which Goar effected—at least, as far as the knowledge of that century permitted—for the Liturgies of S. Chrysostom and S. Basil. This would involve the labours, not only of competent Liturgical scholars throughout the whole world, but of competent editors, whether native or not, for the Slavonic, Georgian, Armenian, Syriac, and Coptic Liturgies ; to say nothing of those rites which are celebrated in Turkish and Wallachian. Here is a field, indeed, for Liturgical studies, which we shall probably never see entered upon ; but the very glance at which—the thought that such a thing is possible—is a pleasure. For, consider that such a work would not involve merely the latest appearance of these offices ; not merely ‘the divine Liturgy of S. Chrysostom,’ as said in ‘the Great Church and in the Holy Mountain ;’ not merely the Ordinary of the Roman Mass as daily heard in every Continental Church ; not merely the Mozarabic rite as now recited in that quaint Chapel at Toledo ; but an inquiry, such as that which Rattray attempted with no great success, in what form the office that bears his name left the hands of S. Chrysostom, and the Mozarabic those of S. Leander or S. Isidore ; while the Gelasian and Gregorian developments of the original Roman Liturgy, and all subsequent additions, should be carefully traced. This would indeed be a *monumentum ære perennius* : and the very idea may, perhaps, savour to some of the celebrated resolution of the Chapter of Seville before the erection of their Cathedral : ‘Let us build ‘such a Church that they who come after us may take us to ‘have been mad.’

We have wandered far from Mr. Freeman, and we can only return to him again to express our admiration—much as we have been compelled to disagree with him—of the interest and learning of his present volume, and the eager anticipation with which we look for its successor.

[The Editor of the ‘Christian Remembrancer’ feels it to be only fair to the writer of the preceding article, to remark that a portion of the historical argument, as originally drawn out, has been retrenched, on the Editor’s responsibility.]

ART. II.—*Biographies of Distinguished Scientific Men.* By FRANÇOIS ARAGO, Member of the Institute. Translated by ADMIRAL W. H. SMYTH, D.C.L., F.R.S., &c., the Rev. BADEN POWELL, M.A., F.R.S., &c., and ROBERT GRANT, Esq., M.A., F.R.A.S. London: Longman, Brown, Green, Longmans and Roberts. 1857.

No one, probably, will find fault with the editor and translators of this work for the choice which they have made of three lives of Englishmen out of the nine biographies contained in this volume. It contains a selection from the celebrated *éloges* of M. Arago. Whether the rest will ever appear in an English translation, will probably depend materially upon the reception with which these shall meet. We must own, we do not expect to see many more volumes of this series of the works of this distinguished author. We had occasion in the pages of this Review, some months ago, to notice the volume on 'Popular Astronomy,' and we are sorry to observe that we have the same fault to find with the present volume. It is much to be regretted that the three eminent men whose names appear on the titlepage, should be so little acquainted with the French language, or at least should have taken so little trouble in representing the ideas of the original in an English translation. The work is not, indeed, equally badly done throughout; but even the best translator of the three has been very unsuccessful in making a book readable for English people. The difficulty of executing a good translation is admitted by all who have ever made the experiment. In philosophical subjects it is sometimes next to impossible to convey to the readers of a translation, anything more than a more or less close approximation to the meaning of the original. Yet the tone of thought in France and England is not so distinct as to prevent the possibility of popular works written in the one language being produced in the other, so that ordinary readers could never detect which was the original and which the translation.

In the present instance, the chief fault of which the translators have been guilty, is that of rendering common French phrases, such as are in every-day use, too literally; and this in cases where the two languages have precisely equivalent expressions for the same idea. However, if the reader can get over his first prejudice on the subject of style, much of the matter contained in these biographies is very interesting, and is not to be found elsewhere.

We question the advantage of prefixing Arago's autobiography to the volume; and there was the less reason for doing so, inasmuch as it has appeared before in the series published under the title of the 'Traveller's Library.' Again, the reader who expects to meet with an account of the interior life of any of the men of science, whose *éloges* were composed by M. Arago, will certainly be disappointed. If he would see the difference between a life and an encomium, we recommend him to compare the accounts given in this volume, of Dr. Young with the interesting biography by Dr. Peacock, which we noticed at some length in a previous number of this Review. It is true that M. Arago has by no means confined his attention to the scientific part of his subject. He has, on the contrary, interspersed a variety of amusing anecdotes, which he must have been at some pains to collect; and thus we are supplied with some incidents of family life which serve to enliven the scientific details of the volume; but of the real character of most of the subjects of these memoirs we are left quite in the dark. It is evident, throughout, that the sympathy of the biographer is wholly with the intellectual part of his subject. The moral does not appear to affect him in the slightest degree. The chief interest of the volume, therefore, lies in what the translators in their preface truly say that the reader will find, viz. 'a luminous, eminently simple, and popular account of the 'discoveries of each of these distinguished individuals, of a kind 'constituting, in fact, a brief history of the particular branch of 'science to which he was devoted.' Thus the first three lives comprised in this volume, contain a tolerably copious account of the science of astronomy from the state in which Newton left it, down nearly to the present day. Bailly, Herschel, and Laplace were all born in the middle of the last century; and strange as it may seem, though the 'Principia' had been published more than fifty years before the birth of the eldest of these three astronomers, little progress had been made in Physical Astronomy, and still less addition made to the experimental and practical part of the subject till the discovery of Uranus in 1781, by Herschel, and the memoir of Laplace on the invariability of the mean motions and distances of the planets which was communicated in 1773. It must not be forgotten that a great deal was being done, on the continent and in England, both in the way of computation and observation; but there is no very striking discovery during this interval, excepting that of the nutation of the earth's axis, and the aberration of the fixed stars by Bradley.

The grand discovery of Newton was the simple truth which almost every one can understand, that the force of gravity

varies inversely as the square of the distance. Yet simple as the announcement of this truth seems, and complicated as are the phenomena of which, even in Newton's time, it afforded an adequate solution, the doctrines of the 'Principia' were a long time in making their way in the world. He was the founder of a new science, that of Physical Astronomy; but it was long before the science took deep root, and put forth vigorous shoots. That system has been upon its trial ever since, and we shall endeavour, in following M. Arago's accounts of the labours of Herschel and Laplace, to point out some of the wonders of modern observation, of which it is the only adequate exponent.

The career of Sir William Herschel is particularly interesting, as an instance of persevering industry and energetic devotion to a subject overcoming all obstacles, showing, as it does, that the greatest eminence can be attained, perhaps we ought to say, generally is obtained, in spite of the greatest disadvantages of position and education. He was the son of an eminent musician at Hanover, born on the 15th of November, 1738. At the age of twenty-one he came over to England in the capacity of a teacher of music. He met with little success for some years, till at length he was appointed, by Lord Durham, master of the band in an English regiment quartered on the borders of Scotland. After this he gained an employment as an organist at Halifax, in 1765. There he devoted the time which he could spare from professional engagements with pupils, to educating himself. Here he learned Latin and Italian, and something of Greek; and at the same time studied the theory of music in a work by R. Smith, which he found required a knowledge of algebra and geometry, which he did not possess. This was no difficulty in his way, for he immediately set to work at mathematics, and soon acquired more than enough for his purpose. In the course of the following year he removed to Bath, upon his appointment as organist to the Octagon Chapel there. We should have been glad to know more of the accidental circumstances which first turned his attention to the subject of optics, and of the manner in which he first became acquainted with the instrument, with the use of which his name has become indissolubly connected. His biographer mentions that he first looked at the stars with an instrument of two feet focal length; and that, not satisfied with the power of this telescope, he endeavoured to procure one of larger dimensions. Fortunately for him, as well as for science in general, the price demanded for such an instrument as he required was beyond his means; and thus thrown back on his own resources, he devotes himself to its construction; and, after eight years, he was in possession of a telescope of four feet focal length, entirely

constructed by himself. It is necessary here to inform the reader that this instrument, though a reflector, was not exactly of the same kind, though constructed on nearly the same principles with the large instrument afterwards so well known at the Slough observatory. There are several different classes of reflecting telescopes, all proceeding on the same principle of catching the light from a distant object, and reflecting it from the polished surface of a concave mirror, and thus forming an image of the object somewhere within the tube in front of the mirror, that is, between the object to be seen and the surface of the mirror. The difficulty which has to be got over is, how to view this image with an eye-glass, without placing the head so as to intercept the light, as it first proceeds from the object down the tube of the telescope. The four methods adopted for avoiding this difficulty derive their names from Cassegrain, Gregory, Newton, and Herschel. In Newton's construction there is a plane mirror, inclined at an angle of 45° to the axis of the telescope, which reflects the image to the eye of an observer stationed so as to look sideways into an opening in the tube. The objection to this arrangement consists, as it does also in the telescopes of Cassegrain and Gregory, which we must not here describe at length, in the loss of light consequent upon two reflexions. This was the kind of instrument to the construction of which Herschel devoted nearly eight years. It is, perhaps, difficult now to estimate the perseverance which was necessary in testing the different kinds of metallic alloys to be used for the mirrors, and in choosing the best mode of polishing their surfaces. The difficulties no doubt were great; and, probably, had they not been encountered, we should never have heard of the enormous telescope afterwards erected at Slough.

In the construction which is named after Herschel, the observer looks down the tube at the image formed in the focus of the large concave reflector; and to avoid the difficulty of intercepting the light, by the interposition of the head of the observer, the mirror is placed somewhat obliquely to the axis of the tube, so that the image is formed not on the axis, but very near the outer edge of the tube. The obliquity of the reflexion distorts the image of the object, but enables the observer to dispense with a second reflexion, though there is still some loss of light occasioned by a portion of the observer's head being between the object and the reflectors. This kind of telescope, the idea of which occurred to Herschel in 1776, he calls a front-view telescope. In that year he failed in the attempt to construct a ten-foot telescope; and, eight years later, was again unsuccessful in the construction of a twenty foot telescope of the same description. The idea was Herschel's own. But M. Arago, who is indefatigable in

raking up pieces of information from all sources, and is by no means unwilling to draw unfavourable contrasts between our men of science and his own countrymen, found that the same construction had been previously adopted by Lemaire, and a description of it inserted in the sixth volume of the collection entitled 'Machines and Inventions approved by the Academy of Sciences.' Lemaire's instrument must, however, have been practically useless, as it was very small, and the obliquity was so great that the image was formed beyond the outer edge of the tube. M. Arago truly observes, that the *front view* construction is only admissible in very large telescopes. The great telescope at Slough was commenced in 1785, and completed in 1789, and its first discovery was made on the day on which it was first used, August 28, 1789, when the sixth satellite of Saturn was observed. Its focal length was forty feet, and the diameter of its speculum four feet. It must not be supposed that this was the instrument with which Herschel made all, or even the greater part of his discoveries. To say nothing of the difficulty of managing so large an instrument, which requires the observer to have three assistants constantly at work, it must be remembered that such a telescope, if it magnifies real objects, enlarges in equal proportion the apparent irregularities arising from atmospheric refraction. And Herschel himself computed that such an instrument, with a magnifying power of a thousand, could not be used more than an average of a hundred hours throughout the year. Enormous as this telescope was, very exaggerated ideas of its size have been entertained: and M. Arago, in one of those amusing sallies for which his book is famous, observes that 'Such dimensions are enormous compared with those of telescopes made till then. They will appear but small, however, to persons who have heard the report of a pretended ball given in the Slough telescope. The propagators of this popular rumour had confounded the astronomer Herschel with the brewer Meux; and a cylinder in which a man of the smallest stature could scarcely stand upright, with certain wooden vats as large as a house, in which beer is made and kept in London.'

If M. Arago had had any view of illustrating what indomitable perseverance can do, and how necessary this quality is to success in any position in life, he would not have omitted to mention that Herschel constructed above four hundred Newtonian reflectors.

Herschel had the good fortune to commence his astronomical career with the discovery of the planet Uranus. In looking at some stars in Gemini, he observed one whose apparent diameter sensibly increased when examined under a high magnifying

power. He was soon convinced that it was not a fixed star by its change of place, and at first imagined it was a comet, and it was some time before the true nature of the planet was discovered. It is curious to observe that the discovery is spoken of in the volume of 'Philosophical Transactions' for 1781 as of a comet; and in a letter published in the 'Transactions' of 1783, the discoverer speaks of it as having been pronounced by other astronomers to be a planet, and suggests the name of *Georgium Sidus*. This name, as well as that of the Herschel, by which it was sometimes called, has now become a matter of history, the learned as well as the vulgar having universally adopted the name of Uranus.

From this day, March 13th, 1781, Herschel's reputation as an astronomer begins to date. He was soon afterwards placed at Slough, and a pension of three hundred a year assigned to him. M. Arago says, 'We may confidently assert relative to the little house and garden of Slough that it is the spot of all the world where the greatest number of discoveries have been made. The name of that village will never perish; science will transmit it religiously to our latest posterity.'

This was the first discovery of our great observer. It can scarcely be said to have done much in establishing the theory of Newton, which long before this time was in undisturbed possession of the field; but it showed that the attraction of the sun was sensibly felt at a distance nearly double that at which it had hitherto been known to act. The discovery tended, singularly enough, to confirm the strange empirical law of Bode, who observed that the planets were each at distances from Mercury nearly equal to double the distance of the next interior planet. This law, which seemed further to be confirmed by the discovery of the four asteroids a few years later, may be considered to be exploded since the discovery of Neptune; and we suppose it will disappear from our elementary books of astronomy, in all of which it at present holds a conspicuous place. M. Arago concludes his 'anecdotic life,' as he calls it, of Herschel, with the following well-turned compliment to his illustrious son. He says, 'William Herschel died without pain on the 23d of August, 1822, aged eighty-three. Good fortune and glory never altered in him the fund of infantine candour, inexhaustible benevolence, and sweetness of character with which nature had endowed him. He preserved to the last both his brightness of mind and vigour of intellect. For some years Herschel enjoyed with delight the distinguished success of his only son Sir John Herschel. At his last hour, he sunk to rest with the pleasing conviction that his beloved son, heir of a great name; would not allow it to fall into oblivion, but adorn it with

'fresh lustre, and that great discoveries would honour his career 'also. . No prediction of this illustrious astronomer has been 'more completely verified.' The volumes of the 'Philosophical Transactions' for nearly forty years, commencing with the year 1780, bear witness to the labours and successful industry of Sir William Herschel. In the course of twenty years he discovered as many as eight secondaries. But, perhaps, the most useful of all his investigations are those on the subject of multiple stars, and the proper motion in space of the solar system. The latter had been hinted at by Fontenelle in 1738. This conjecture was rendered certain by Herschel, who proved moreover that the sun's motion was towards a point in the constellation Hercules. His calculations, both on this point and on the motions of the double stars, have met with a remarkable verification from subsequent observations.

And first, of the proper motion of the sun in space. We have agreed to call the stars by the name of fixed stars, a name which is significant enough, and which need not be changed, though it should be proved that they all have small proper motions of their own. These changes are so minute, that they require the lapse of centuries for their determination, and the difficulty is further increased by our not being able to fix the limits of error in observations performed with the rough instruments which alone the ancients possessed. Halley was the first who noticed that an interval of 1850 years had produced a motion southward in the stars Sirius, Arcturus, and Aldebaran, of more than half a degree in latitude; and it has been tolerably ascertained of above three hundred stars, that they have a proper motion of not less than half a second a year, whilst to two have been assigned the more appreciable amount of nearly eight seconds respectively annually, whilst six others have motions varying between two and seven seconds. Now, a motion of the fixed stars, though only probable, involves the probability of a motion of translation of the sun in space: such motion would be indicated by an apparent average motion of all the stars towards the part of the heavens which the sun is leaving; and the conclusion that Sir William Herschel arrived at before the end of the last century, has been most remarkably confirmed by the observations of subsequent astronomers, both in the northern and southern hemispheres. There is one point in these investigations that leads to a surprising result. It was to be expected that the brightest stars, as being probably nearest to us, would have exhibited the greatest amount of motion. This is far from being the true state of the case. The two stars referred to above, as having the largest annual displacement, being of not more than the sixth magnitude; whilst the motion of most of

the stars of the first magnitude, where it has been detected, is in most instances very small. The reader will easily perceive how nicely accurate must be these observations, when it is observed that a motion of a few seconds in the course of a year is thought a very considerable displacement; it ought, moreover, to be borne in mind that the movements of the stars themselves in space have to be distinguished from those apparent motions which are due to the sun's motion in the opposite direction. Herschel was not the first to whom the idea of this proper motion of the sun occurred. There is a remarkable passage by Bradley, written as early as 1748, in which—though, after all, it is a mere unsupported conjecture—he speaks of the possibility: ‘If,’ he says, ‘we imagine that our solar system shifts its position in space, it will be possible that, in the lapse of ages, this will occasion an apparent variation in the angular distance of the fixed stars. In that case, the positions of the stars which are nearer to us being more affected than those which are more remote, their relative positions may appear to undergo more extensive changes, although all the stars may in reality continue immovable. On the other hand, if our system is at rest, and if some stars are really in motion, there will arise from this cause also variations in the apparent positions of the stars so much greater as the movements will be more rapid, more suitably directed in order to be well seen, and as the distance of the stars from the earth will be found to be less. The changes in the relative positions of the stars being thus dependent on so great a variety of causes, the observations of many ages will probably be necessary before we shall succeed in discovering their laws.’

Herschel may also be considered as the earliest observer who noticed the double stars. Certainly he was the first who bestowed attention enough on the subject to classify them: and before his death he was acquainted with more than five hundred, somewhat less than a sixth part of the number known at the present day. He adopted what must be considered an awkward mode of classification, according to their distances from each other. Thus the first class contains those whose distance was less than 4 seconds, and the other classes contain respectively those between 4 and 8 seconds, between 8 and 16, and between 16 and 32 seconds. The clumsiness of this arrangement, which has however not yet been discarded, is owing to the fact that these distances are now ascertained to be variable, owing to the revolutions of these stars round each other. Thus the star τ *Serpentarii*, which is classed as a double star by Herschel, can no longer be seen as such with the best instruments, owing to the relative change of position of the two components; whilst on the contrary,

ζ Orionis, which Herschel decided to be single, is now recognised as a double star. And now it may fairly be asked what light do these observations throw upon the subject of universal gravitation? There is, perhaps, nothing more wonderful in the whole history of observation than the accuracy with which the changes of position of these stars have been determined. It is such as to enable astronomers to decide that they obey Kepler's laws; and that consequently Newton's law of gravitation extends to other regions and systems besides that of which this earth forms so small a part. Let us warn the reader against the supposition that this law is hereby proved to be *universal* in the strictest sense of the word, and against the foolish assertion made by some astronomers, that it is an *inherent* property of matter. There can be little doubt that these observations will soon lead to a determination of the masses of some of the fixed stars, if ever the distance of such double star from us shall be satisfactorily ascertained; but this part of astronomy is scarcely as yet sufficiently free from probable errors of observation to enable mathematicians to pronounce any opinion which can be regarded as approaching to certainty. The method of calculation is easy to understand. Observation supplies the angular dimensions of the orbit of the less star round the greater, which we will suppose fixed, merely for the purpose of illustration. The real state of the case is, that any two mutually attracting bodies revolve round their common centre of gravity. However, if we suppose one fixed, and observation supplies us with the angular velocity of the smaller body round it, we should know the actual velocity of the body if we knew the radius, or to speak more accurately, the major axis of its orbit; and hence should be able to compute the value of the force by which it is retained in its orbit. But before we can draw any conclusion as to linear dimensions from observed angular dimensions, it is necessary for us to know the distance from which those angles are observed: and this distance, which is gathered from the parallax of the fixed stars, is only doubtfully ascertained in a small number of cases. Suppose, for instance, as M. Arago has put the case in his 'Popular Astronomy,' that 61 Cygni is a double star (a fact, however, which itself has been called in question), and suppose we admit the truth of the observations which establish a length of five hundred years for the periodic time, that is, the time of a complete revolution, it is obvious that the linear dimensions of this enormous orbit will depend entirely on the distance at which 61 Cygni is from the place of observation. Now the parallax of 61 Cygni has been tolerably well ascertained to be somewhat greater than one-third of a second, which will give 56 millions of millions of miles for its distance,

a distance which may be rendered more intelligible by saying that it would take more than nine years for light to traverse, supposing it to travel from us to the sun in about eight minutes. These are the results of modern discovery, but to Herschel is due the honour of first calling attention to the subject. The 'Philosophical Transactions,' for the years 1803 and 1804, give an account of the changes that had happened during the preceding twenty-five years in the relative situations of double stars, with an investigation of the cause to which they are owing.

Amongst his other discoveries, however, must not be omitted the satellites of Uranus, a seventh satellite of Saturn, and the oblate figure of the planet Mars.

We have noticed above, that the half century which followed the publication of the 'Principia' was not productive of much addition to our theoretical or practical knowledge of Astronomy. Speaking of this period, M. Arago observes—

'The heart aches when, upon studying the history of the Sciences, we perceive so magnificent an intellectual movement effected without the co-operation of France. Practical Astronomy increased our inferiority. The means of investigation were at first inconsiderately entrusted to foreigners, to the prejudice of Frenchmen abounding in intelligence and zeal. Subsequently, intellects of a superior order struggled with courage, but in vain, against the unskillfulness of our artists. During this period, Bradley, more fortunate on the other side of the Channel, immortalised himself by the discovery of aberration and nutation.

'The contribution of France to these admirable revolutions in Astronomical Science, consisted, in 1740, of the experimental determination of the spheroidal figure of the earth, and of the discovery of the variation of gravity upon the surface of our planet. These were two great results; our country, however, had a right to demand more: when France is not in the first rank, she has lost her place.'—P. 200.

During the following half century, France amply atoned for her backwardness in Astronomical Science of the preceding period. The names of Clairaut, D'Alembert, Lagrange, and Laplace, are amongst the most illustrious names of science in any age or nation. The solution of the celebrated problem of three bodies was communicated to the Academy of Sciences, independently, at the same time, by Clairaut and D'Alembert. Newton had given a complete solution of the problem of two bodies attracting each other, with forces varying directly as the mass, and inversely as the square of the distance; and thus had proved, *à priori*, the truth of Kepler's wonderful empirical discoveries, that the planets describe ellipses round the sun in their common focus; that equal areas are described round the sun in equal times, and that the squares of the periodic times vary as the cubes of the mean distances from the sun. These laws cease to be anything more than an approximation to the truth, when the disturbance effected by a third body is taken into

consideration. This discovery M. Arago ascribes to Clairaut. Its practical value, in the improvements which it led to in the lunar tables, need not be more than just alluded to. The next important investigation is due to D'Alembert. The precession of the equinoxes had been known as a fact from the time of Hipparchus. When the old theory of Astronomy was upset by Copernicus, a simple explanation of this as a fact was offered in the suggestion of a conical motion of the earth's axis; and Newton had conjectured, as M. Arago says, or, as the Translator more correctly states it, had demonstrated the physical cause of the phenomenon to be the action of the Sun and Moon on the redundant matter accumulated round the equator; in other words, he showed that the precession of the equinoxes was due to the spheroidal figure of the earth. It was reserved for D'Alembert to give a complete explanation of this minute motion, in virtue of which, the earth's axis describes a conical surface, the base of which is 50° in diameter in the space of 26,000 years.

The next phenomenon which the principle of universal gravitation was made to account for, was the retardation of Halley's comet by the action of Jupiter and Saturn. This investigation is also due to Clairaut, who assigned 518 days for the disturbance effected by Jupiter, and 100 for that of Saturn. And the comet appeared in the following year after the calculation had been made, after an interval of nearly 77 years. To Lagrange is due the explanation of the physical cause of the libration of the Moon. And this was the state of the case, when the subject fell into the hands of Laplace.

Perhaps the most striking result of analytical investigation is the demonstration of the stability of the Solar System.

It seems wonderful to the uninitiated that Mathematical Science should be able to compute the dimensions, the weight, the shape, and the position in space of the orbit of a single heavenly body—yet all these are known to the utmost nicety, and are continually being checked against observation. What a stupendous task does it appear to take into consideration at once all the bodies that are included in what is called the Solar System, and *prove* that the arrangements are so constituted as to insure its stability for an indefinite period! Let us not be mistaken as laying too much stress on the nature of the proof. There is already an intelligible hint that the abstract calculations do not entirely meet the case for which they seem to provide. The periodical recurrence of Encke's comet, always a little too soon, *seems* to show the existence of a medium, the effects of which, though at present imperceptible in the planetary motions, will undoubtedly, if the supposition be true, be considerable in the course of time. And here is at once a check

which ought to modify the language in which some astronomers allow themselves to speak of the certainty of the Solar System being 'constituted so as to endure for ever.' But the beauty of the abstract investigation is in no way impaired by its having nothing in the material world exactly to correspond to it. The arrangements of the planetary system are such as to ensure its continuance for countless ages, even though it should be true that, after millions of millions of years, the system shall have ceased to exist in the same form in which it now does. To our mind, there is a much more awful glimpse of the majesty of its Creator, in the knowledge we possess that this system of ours points to its own annihilation, than in the idea that it might, apparently, and for all we know to the contrary, last for ever. The latter view might suit the Pantheist or Materialist; but let it be remembered that the finite duration of the universe *may be* demonstrated; its eternity *must*, at the utmost, be a mere guess.

In speaking, then, of the stability of the planetary system, let it be understood that we are supposing what is not certain, the non-existence of any such medium as shall retard the motions of the heavenly bodies—and also, the non-interference of any external and unknown cause with the present laws and arrangements of the universe. With regard to the improbability of any such result, M. Arago observes, that Newton even went so far as to suppose that the planetary system did not contain within itself the elements of indefinite stability; he was of opinion, that a powerful hand must intervene, from time to time, to repair the derangements occasioned by the mutual action of the various bodies. Euler, although further advanced than Newton in a knowledge of the planetary perturbations, refused also to admit that the Solar System was constituted so as to endure for ever. It was as early as 1773, that Laplace had obtained the result that the mean motions and mean distances of the planets are invariable. Some years later, he established the invariability of the other elements of the System. Here were results produced by a refined analysis, which it was impossible for observation either to have suggested or verified. From the time of the earliest recorded observations, the excentricity of the orbit of the earth has been continually diminishing; at some future period, this diminution will cease and the excentricity will begin to increase. A necessary consequence of this diminution in the excentricity of the earth's orbit is an increase in the Moon's mean motion; which, therefore, has also been going on from the earliest ages. Both these changes were demonstrated by Laplace to be confined within certain narrow limits, and to be periodical. A similar result was obtained with

reference to the action of Jupiter and Saturn upon each other ; nearly a thousand years being the period of the development of the inequalities caused by their mutual perturbations.

The next triumph of analysis is the computation of the Sun's distance, from its effect in disturbing the motion of the Moon ; the value of these perturbations is ascertained by observation, and the resulting value of the Sun's distance from the earth, corresponds very nearly with that which was determined from observation of the transits of Venus in 1761 and 1769. Just such another confirmation of what had been investigated by laborious observations carried on in different countries, with regard to the figure of the earth, was obtained by analysis of two perturbations in the Moon's orbit which depend on the spheroidal figure of the earth.

With regard to these last two investigations, M. Arago says—

‘What are the elements which it has been found necessary to confront with each other in order to arrive at results expressed even to the precision of the smallest decimals ?

‘On the one hand, mathematical formulæ deduced from the principle of universal attraction ; on the other hand, certain irregularities observed in the returns of the moon to the meridian.

‘An observing geometer who, from his infancy, had never quitted his chamber of study, and who had never viewed the heavens except through a narrow aperture directed north and south, in the vertical plane of which the principal astronomical instruments are made to move,—to whom nothing had ever been revealed respecting the bodies revolving above his head, except that they attract each other according to the Newtonian law of gravitation,—would, however, be enabled to ascertain that his narrow abode was situated upon the surface of a spheroidal body, the equatorial axis of which surpassed the polar axis by a *three hundred and sixth part* ; he would have also found, in his isolated immovable position, his true distance from the sun.’—P. 218.

It is impossible to convey any clear idea, to readers who are not acquainted with mathematical analysis, of the methods by which these results were brought out. The point which we wish to illustrate is the wonderful way in which the Newtonian law of gravitation is pressed into the service of *Plane Astronomy*, sometimes verifying, sometimes connecting observations which were made long before it was ever known. We must, however, guard such of our readers as are unacquainted with this subject, against the notion that the two arguments of theory and observation are entirely distinct. Logicians know that this is impossible. In the present case, the comparison is instituted between the results of direct observation, assisted of course by all the methods of mathematical computation, independently of the adoption of any physical cause, or any law of force whatever,—and the deductions of mathematical reasoning from the assumption that every particle of matter in the universe is attracted by every other particle, by a force which varies inversely as the

square of the distance; this mode of reasoning of course also making use of such facts as have been, in whatever way, ascertained. If people will persist in regarding arguments as either *à priori* or *à posteriori*, the latter method is the one which must be entitled *à priori* and the other *à posteriori*; but Astronomy is the science which, as it is the most perfect, so it most perfectly illustrates the reciprocal action of these methods of inquiry. Even historically speaking, they are dovetailed into one another, in such way that it would be almost impossible to assign to each its proper limits, and in the case of an individual learner, this is even more obviously true. No one can say, at whatever point he may find himself in astronomical knowledge, how he has made what he has learned, his own; or, if his conviction depends upon what he has proved for himself, how far that conviction depends upon simple observation, or theoretical deduction.

The truth is, that the resulting mass of evidence from astronomical truths is so overwhelming, that the learner throws himself into it before he begins to learn, and never thinks of questioning any of the amazing facts on which popular books of astronomy delight to dwell. We are even afraid that people who are not remarkable for the subjection of reason to faith, in matters of high importance, are often remarkably credulous as to wonderful statements, quite on the outskirts of astronomical truth, which are recklessly made and as recklessly believed. It seems as if the human mind must have some outlet for its belief in the marvellous, and if it will not believe what it ought, is condemned credulously to assent to absurdities, or, at best, to propositions of very doubtful probability. The greediness with which such people devour geological theories, as they succeed each other, each appearing to annihilate that which preceded it, will be fresh in the recollection of many of our readers. Pascal said that people believed in Vespasian's miracle, in order that they might disbelieve those of Jesus Christ; and we think people adopt geological theories for the express purpose of showing their liberality in questioning the truth of the Mosaic cosmogony. An accurate knowledge of the elements of plane and physical astronomy is perhaps the best intellectual safeguard against such observations; and, indeed, we may take this opportunity of saying, that this science, even in its merest elements, is entitled to much more consideration than has been given it in recent educational schemes.

The contrast of the two methods of analysis and observation, used respectively by Laplace and Herschel, is well illustrated by M. Arago, in speaking of the subject of Saturn's rings. The improbability that such a body could remain in a state of equilibrium, if at rest, suggested to Laplace the rotatory motion, the

amount of which he subsequently calculated, and 'the velocity ' then found was exactly equal to that which Herschel subsequently deduced from a course of extremely delicate observations.' What adds to the interest of these discoveries is the fact that they are contemporaneous as well as independent. Laplace's memoir, in which he assigns the cause of the planes of the rings not being inclined to one another, was published in February 1789. The action of the sun would naturally have caused such an inclination if there were not a neutralising force in the ellipticity of Saturn, produced by a rapid motion of rotation; and the existence of this rotatory movement was announced by Herschel in November of the same year. It is the more remarkable, because analysis was here a-head of observation. It was pronounced that Saturn ought to revolve round an axis, before it was discovered that it really did so. This justifies M. Arago's remark that 'on certain occasions the eyes of the ' mind can supply the want of the most powerful telescopes, and ' lead to astronomical discoveries of the highest importance.'

Before we conclude this notice of Laplace, we must say one word as to his conjectures, which seem to partake somewhat of the nature of romance. M. Arago has not alluded to the profane remark of this great mathematician, that he could have placed the moon in a better position than that which has been assigned to it. The remark is quite worth preserving, if only in the light of an illustration of the bias which purely intellectual processes of mind receive from the moral state of the individual. Infidel philosophers are loud in their condemnation of the argument from final causes; yet, when it serves their purpose, they can make use of it most unscrupulously. Laplace observes that some partisans of final causes have imagined that the moon was given to the earth to afford light during the night; this he denies to have been the object, because we are frequently without the light of either sun or moon. Now, the only safe assertion on the subject is that it is *a* final cause; what other final causes may exist, either of this phenomena or of any other, we are in no condition to judge. An argument from final causes is perfectly good, when the physical cause and the effect are satisfactorily ascertained and connected together. It only becomes absurd when used to establish a preference for one unknown result over another. Theoretically speaking, the position of the moon at a distance beyond the earth four times as great as her present distance would have caused her to revolve round the sun, and to have appeared always full. What inconveniences (supposing the arrangement possible) might have resulted, we cannot tell—we only know that she would have appeared sixteen times smaller—we do not know whether the

stability of the system could have been preserved. This is not the only instance in which Laplace has been guilty of absurdity when he quitted this his proper sphere, which was the application of the higher analysis to the explanation of known or probable phenomena. His system of cosmogony is worth noticing also in this point of view. It is true, it is only proposed by him as a conjecture, and he does not pretend to assign to it anything of the force of demonstration. Yet it is professedly used with the view of substituting some physical primitive cause in place of 'the intelligent and powerful Being' whom Newton supposes the arrangements of the Solar System to make known to us. We need scarcely say how utterly beside the point such an argument would be, and how, in order to maintain it, the sceptic must explain what matter is, and account for its coming into existence. And having said thus much, we need only add that the cosmogony of Laplace *may* possibly be true; and if so, the admiration of the processes by which God works will be transferred from the separate arrangements of the Solar System to the one cause which was adequate to produce them all. The comparison of the periodic times of Jupiter and Saturn produces one of the most beautiful instances of design, in insuring the stability of the system. Surely, it does not detract from the evidence of design if it can be shown that this arrangement is not a separate and distinct fact, but only a necessary consequence of some previous arrangement which includes this and other phenomena in itself. Bearing in mind the fertility of the argument which it is alleged to support—the cosmogony of Laplace may be accepted or rejected according to the pleasure of the reader. We will only add, that it is very general, and will have to be supplied with an immense amount of proof substituted for hypothesis before it can be considered to have much probability.

Laplace's theory then is, that what is now called the Solar System, consisted originally of the sun revolving round an axis, from west to east, surrounded by an immense nebula of very high temperature, extending far beyond the orbit of Uranus, or, as it would have been expressed in the present day, far beyond the orbit of Neptune: that as this solar nebula cooled, it became gradually condensed, and, consequently, revolved with a continually increasing velocity. Thus, at the distance where the central attraction was no longer great enough to counter-balance the increase in centrifugal force, the molecules of the nebulous matter in the plane of the equator would fly off from the rest, and form a detached equatorial zone or revolving ring, such as on a smaller scale is still seen in the case of the planet Saturn. And perhaps the hypothesis derives its greatest degree

of probability from this single fact of the existence of Saturn's ring. If we conceive that these separations were made at distinct intervals of time, at different distances from the sun, we arrive at the condition of things represented by a central sun, with a series of rings revolving round it at different distances and with different velocities. Supposing this state of things to have existed, unless we could imagine these rings of vapour to possess perfect regularity of structure, they would necessarily break up into separate aggregations of particles—and these being endued with a motion of rotation coinciding in direction with the revolution of the whole system, would, in consequence of their being still fluid masses, assume a spheroidal form—and it is only to suppose one of these spheroids of a ring to be much greater than the rest, in order to account for its attraction and absorption of all the rest. Now, each of these planets so formed would manifestly represent over again, on a smaller scale, the original phenomena of the whole system, that is, a central nucleus with a nebulous atmosphere which, by a repetition of the process above mentioned, has produced in the case of Saturn the rings which are now seen by an ordinary telescope, and in the case of the other planets, the satellites revolving in the same direction with the planet itself.

'The system of which I have just given an imperfect sketch has for its object to show how a nebula, endued with a general movement of rotation, must eventually transform itself into a very luminous central nucleus (a sun), and into a series of distinct spheroidal planets, situate at considerable distances from each other, revolving all around the central sun in the direction of the original movement of the nebula; how these planets ought also to have movements of rotation operating in similar directions; how, finally, the satellites, where any of such are formed, cannot fail to revolve upon their axes, and around their respective primaries, in the direction of rotation of the planets and of their movement of revolution around the sun.

'We have just found, conformably to the principles of mechanics, the forces with which the particles of the nebula were originally endued, in the movements of rotation and revolution of the compact and distinct masses which these particles have brought into existence by their condensation. But we have thereby achieved only a single step. The primitive movement of rotation of the nebula is not connected with the simple attraction of the particles. This movement seems to imply the action of a primordial impulsive force.'—P. 233.

Now, hypotheses admit of all degrees of probability—from the very lowest up to the nearest approximation to certainty. And if anything more than a very low degree of probability is claimed for this hypothesis, we should have to object to it the great number of distinct facts, such as some planets having satellites, others having none; one only having a ring, whilst the others are without this appendage, &c. &c., of which it can give no

account, whilst we suppose the retrograde motion of the satellites of Uranus, and the inclination of their paths—perhaps also the existence of comets—must be considered as somewhat militating against the hypothesis. If, however, the hypothesis is adduced as substituting an efficient cause in place of the eternal and intelligent Mind which conceived the wondrous fabric, we can only wonder at the short-sightedness of its inventor; a short-sightedness which M. Arago—who was not likely to have any prejudice against such views as those of Laplace's—quite saw through. The question only recurs in another form; and we have to ask, How came the nebulous matter of the Sun into existence?—whence came its light and heat, and rotatory motion? And this will have to be followed up by the crowning question, Whence came the mind of man, endowed with faculties for understanding and discussing these truths?

The account of Laplace given by M. Arago, is singular in its omission of the particulars of his private life. It does not, in fact, form one of the *éloges*, but is part of a document presented to the Chamber of Deputies, on the report of a committee nominated in 1842, to determine on the expediency of re-publishing Laplace's works at the public expense. Accordingly, there is scarcely anything of anecdote in this account of the discoveries of Laplace, excepting the narrative of the interviews between Napoleon and himself. They are as follows:—

‘On the 27th Vendemiaire, in the year x., General Bonaparte, after having received a volume of the *Mécanique Céleste*, wrote to Laplace in the following terms: “The first *six months* which I shall have at my disposal will be employed in reading your beautiful work.” It would appear that the words “the first *six months*” deprive the phrase of the character of a common-place expression of thanks, and convey a just appreciation of the importance and difficulty of the subject-matter.

‘On the 5th Frimaire, in the year xi., the reading of some chapters of the volume which Laplace had dedicated to him, was to the General “a new occasion for regretting that the force of circumstances had directed him into a career which removed him from the pursuit of science.” “At all events,” added he, “I have a strong desire that future generations, upon reading the *Mécanique Céleste*, shall not forget the esteem and friendship which I have entertained towards its author.”

‘On the 17th Prairial, in the year xiii., the General, now become Emperor, wrote from Milan: “The *Mécanique Céleste* appears to me destined to shed new lustre on the age in which we live.” Finally, on the 12th of August, 1812, Napoleon, who had just received the *Traité du Calcul des Probabilités*, wrote from Witepsk the letter which we transcribe textually: “There was a time when I would have read with interest your *Traité du Calcul des Probabilités*. For the present I must confine myself to expressing to you the satisfaction which I experience every time that I see you give to the world new works which serve to improve and extend the most important of the sciences, and contribute to the glory of the nation. The advancement and the improvement of mathematical science are connected with the prosperity of the State.”

.. ‘I have now arrived at the conclusion of the task which I had imposed

upon myself. I shall be pardoned for having given so detailed an exposition of the principal discoveries for which philosophy, astronomy and navigation are indebted to our geometers.

‘It has appeared to me that in thus tracing the glorious past, I have shown our contemporaries the full extent of their duty towards the country. In fact, it is for nations especially to bear in remembrance the ancient adage, *Noblesse oblige!*’—P. 236.

In a scientific point of view, perhaps, this memoir of the writings and discoveries of Laplace is the most important in the volume; and, as we have said before, there is no life which, as a biography, we can estimate highly. There is one circumstance which we think will strike most readers, *vis.* the considerable part which scientific men in France have played in public affairs, compared with the quiet and retired life generally led by English men of science. The contrast will appear at once to any one who will only take the trouble to read over the table of contents. Here we find the history of Astronomy side by side with the election of its author to the Mayoralty of Paris, and this soon followed by his trial and execution; in another instance, we meet with the mathematical theory of heat mixed up with the expedition to Egypt, and the return of Napoleon from Elba; next comes the author of ‘Reflections on the Metaphysics of the Infinitesimal Calculus’ sitting in judgment on Louis the Sixteenth;—whilst the names of the three English philosophers who figure in this volume are entirely unconnected with political affairs, or indeed public matters of any description. So striking is the difference, that M. Arago commences his biography of Watt with an apology for its having nothing to do with battles and assassinations and political catastrophes. In some other respects, it is one of the most interesting lives in the volume.

Watt was born in 1736, and educated at Greenock, and his early years gave promise of that genius which afterwards developed in so extraordinary a way. M. Arago’s view in relating the details of his boyhood is in order ‘to show in what a humble position those projects were perfected that were destined to raise the British nation to an unheard-of degree of power.’ He was of delicate constitution, and, perhaps partly owing to this, his amusements were of a less noisy character than those of his companions; and, at six years of age, he was found occupying his leisure hours with geometrical figures and demonstrations. His love of investigation showed itself in the pulling of his toys to pieces and re-constructing them, sometimes even in making new ones. He seems to have been endowed by nature with a retentive memory, a gift which seems indispensable to success in any intellectual pursuit. His memory, moreover, was of the kind which does not overburden itself, easily discarding what was not likely to prove serviceable, and fastening upon the

important parts of everything presented to his notice. Considering the particular subject in which Watt was especially eminent, viz. mechanics, it is strange that he should have been physically of an indolent character. It needs scarcely be said that this defect was much more than counterbalanced by qualities of mind—as he was distinguished perhaps as much for mental activity as for his contemplative and meditative character. There was probably some truth in the observation of his grandmother, Mrs. Muirhead, when she reproached him in words which have evidently lost a great deal of their point by having been translated and re-translated :—

‘James, I never saw such an idle young man as you are. Do take a book and employ yourself usefully ! Upwards of half-an-hour has elapsed without your saying a single word. Do you know what you have been doing all this time ? You have taken off, and replaced, and taken off again the teapot-lid, and you have alternately held in the steam that came out, first, a saucer, and then a spoon. You have busied yourself in examining and collecting together the little drops formed by the condensation of the steam on the surface of the china and of the silver. Is it not disgraceful to waste your time in this manner ?’—P. 521.

The anecdote is sufficiently amusing from the fact which it relates, both of the occupation of the young engineer, and the rebuke which it met with ; but most English readers will smile at the thought of the precise language, and measured terms of rebuke, put into the mouth of an old Scotch lady of the lower ranks of life in the middle of the last century.

At his own desire, Watt was apprenticed, at the age of eighteen, to a mathematical instrument-maker in London ; but, for some unexplained reason, left his master’s within a year, and returned to Glasgow, where he had some difficulty in establishing himself, owing to his being looked upon as a stranger, who belonged to London, and not to Glasgow. The shop which he was allowed eventually to open was on ground belonging to the University of Glasgow, and from its contiguity to the buildings of the University, became the frequent resort of students and professors. Here he was noticed by Adam Smith, by Black, and by Simson ; and here Robison, then only a student, had the good fortune to become acquainted with him. To Robison we are indebted for a valuable testimony, both to the affection felt for his excellence of disposition, and the respect paid to his intellectual powers. From him we learn that Watt mastered two languages in his desire to obtain information from treatises on Mechanics, of which no translation had appeared in English ; and the same writer remarks, that ‘the ingenuous simplicity of the young engineer immediately procured for him the good-will of all who accosted him :’ adding, that he did not know of any other instance of such sincere and general attach-

ment felt for a man of such uncontested superiority, and which could have been conciliated only by the utmost amiability and candour in recognising merit in other men.

We need not follow M. Arago through his description of the steam-engine, or the history of the successive discoveries which led to the construction of such instruments, such as are now in use. The question of priority of invention cannot be decided as it is in Newton's great discovery, nor is it necessary that it should be. It is, after all, a mere question of words, though we think Watt's biographer certainly depreciates his claim in favour of those of Dennis Papin. The origin of the use of steam for mechanical purposes is, undoubtedly, much earlier than the birth of either of these philosophers; but it is equally certain that we owe to Watt the idea of that engine, which, to use M. Arago's words, was 'destined to raise the British nation to an unheard-of degree of power.' His capital invention—his happy idea of the possibility of condensing steam in a vessel separate from the cylinder in which the mechanical action goes on—was in 1765. Two years intervened between the original conception and the attempt to put it in execution; and for several years after that his time was occupied with engineering works of comparatively slight importance, and of only local interest. He had applied for a patent, which was granted him in 1769, the renewal of which for twenty-five years was not obtained from Parliament without considerable difficulty. He was at this time in partnership with Mr. Boulton of Soho, near Birmingham. They received a duty equal to the value of one-third of the coal saved by the use of their engines. But this involved him and his partner in expensive litigations. The Cornish mines were not very profitable speculations, and the proprietors availed themselves of every claim that could be put in by plagiarists to these or similar inventions, to obtain a release from their obligations.

The two other great improvements in the working of the steam-engine, namely, the *governor*, which is now called the *centrifugal regulator*, and the *steam-detent*, are also due to Watt. We must refer our readers, for a detailed account of these parts of the steam-engine, to ordinary books on the subject. For an estimate of the value of these inventions, we extract the following passage from M. Arago, which gives a very good idea of the liveliness of style which characterises these *éloges* :—

'Watt's regulator—and an intelligent use of the revolving principle—that is the secret, the true secret of the astonishing perfection of the industrial products of our epoch; this is what now gives to the steam-engine a rate entirely free from jerks. That is the reason why it can, with equal success, embroider muslins and forge anahors—weave the most delicate webs, and communicate a rapid movement to the heavy stones of a flour-mill. This

also explains how Watt had said, fearless of being reproached for exaggeration, that, to prevent the comings and goings of servants, he would be served—he would have gruel brought to him in case of illness, by tablets connected with his steam-engine. I am aware it is supposed by the generality of people that this suavity of motion is obtained only by a loss of power; but it is an error, a gross error; the saying, “much noise and little work” is true, not only in the moral world, but is also an axiom in mechanics. A few words more, and we shall reach the end of our technical details.

‘Within these few years great advantage has been found in not allowing a free access of steam from the boiler into the cylinder, during the whole time of each oscillation of the engine. This communication is interrupted, for example, when the piston has reached one-third of its course. The two remaining thirds of the cylinder’s length are then traversed by virtue of the acquired velocity, and especially by the *detention* of the steam. Watt had already indicated such an arrangement. Some very good judges esteem the economical importance of the *steam-detent* as equal to that of the condenser. It seems certain, that since its adoption the Cornwall engines give unhopd-for results; that, with one bushel of coals, they equal the labour of twenty men during ten hours. Let us keep in mind, that in the coal districts a bushel of coals only costs ninepence; and it will be demonstrated that over the greater part of England, Watt reduced the price of a man’s day’s work—a day of ten hours’ labour—to less than a sou (one half-penny) of our money.

‘Numerical valuations make us appreciate so well the importance of his inventions, that I cannot resist the desire to present two more improvements. I borrow them from one of the most celebrated correspondents of the Academy, from Mr. John Herschel. The ascent of Mont Blanc, starting from the valley of Chamouni, is justly considered as the hardest work that a man can accomplish in two days. Thus the maximum mechanical work of which we are capable in twice twenty-four hours is measured by transporting the weight of our body to the elevation of Mont Blanc. This work, or its equivalent, would be accomplished by a steam-engine in the course of burning one kilogram of coal. Watt has, therefore, ascertained that the daily power of a man does not exceed what is contained in half a kilogram of coal. (1 lb. Avs.)

‘Herodotus records that the construction of the great pyramid of Egypt employed one hundred thousand men during twenty years. The pyramid consists of calcareous stone; its volume and its weight can be easily calculated; its weight has been found to be about 5,900,000 kilograms (nearly 5000 tons).

‘To elevate this weight to thirty-eight metres, which is the pyramid’s centre of gravity, it would require to burn 8,244 hectolitres of coal (cubic metres). Our neighbours have some foundries where they consume this quantity every week.’—Pp. 553—555.

When Watt was residing at Soho, there was a small coterie of learned men in the neighbourhood, which counted amongst its members Priestley, Darwin, Withering, and Edgeworth. They formed a society, called the Lunar Society, because the days of meeting were fixed for the evenings of a full moon, in order to enable the members to find their way home better. At one of these meetings, Darwin suggested the idea of a pen with two points, which should write and copy at the same instant. Watt observed that he could solve the problem in a better way, and the next day put together a small model of the

copying-press, for which he obtained a patent in 1780, and which is still used in all merchants' counting-houses.

At the age of twenty-eight, Watt had married his cousin, Miss Miller. M. Arago imagines that 'the indolence, the melancholy, and the misanthropy that a nervous illness, and the 'injustice of man, threatened to render fatal,' would have prevented Watt from making many of his inventions public, if he had not been roused and cheered by the amiable disposition of his wife. She died at the birth of a third son; and Watt, after a few years, married again a lady who survived him. During the last twenty years of his life he retired from business; and the seclusion in which he lived is, perhaps, partly accounted for by grief at the loss of one of his sons; though, perhaps, it may be considered congenial to the temper of a man who said of himself that he knew only two pleasures, idleness and sleep.

Watt's knowledge was, by no means, confined to engineering; and though we cannot assent to his biographer's high-flown expressions, implying that he was a universal genius, yet the dispute, as to his claim to the discovery of the composition of water, proves him to have been well-skilled in chemistry; and there can be little doubt that he was at home in a considerable number of subjects; and one of his accomplishments appears to have been the power of telling stories and romances impromptu. Though so sickly in his childhood, his health strengthened with his years, and he retained, to the last, his power of mind undiminished. When more than seventy years of age, he made an experiment upon himself with the view of testing his powers, and devoted himself to Anglo-Saxon, and in a short time became tolerably well acquainted with that language. He died in 1819, at the age of eighty-three.

The biography of Watt is a very long one, and is full of discussions, which have no reference either to his private life and character, or to the history of mechanical science during his time. There is a long dissertation, in proof that machines are not, in the long run, detrimental to the welfare of the working-classes, and an account of the author's views, as to the propriety of raising to the peerage men who, like Watt, have ennobled their country by great inventions or discoveries. We do not know whether the author or the translator has been guilty of the greater absurdity—the former for anticipating a time 'when the foolish custom of dividing men into folds will no longer blot the institutions of a great nation'—or the latter for noticing that, though Newton was not a peer, he was a knight, and that at his interment six peers supported his pall. We must confess we should have received M. Arago's criticism on our institutions with the simple observation—'*Ne sutor ultra crepidam!*'

ART. III.—*Analecta Nicæna: Fragments relating to the Council of Nice. The Syriac Text from an ancient MS. in the British Museum.* With a Translation, Notes, &c. By B. HARRIS COWPER. London and Edinburgh: Williams and Norgate. 1857.

THIS work is remarkable for the worthlessness of much that it contains; for the author's over-estimate of the value of some of the pieces in it; and his apparent ignorance of the importance—the considerable importance, as evidence of some points of history—of one which he produces.

Mr. B. Harris Cowper is the gentleman who, under his initials B. H. C., obtained an unenviable notoriety in Mr. Cureton's 'Spicilegium Syriacum,' and will have his name handed down to future times, on almost every page of that work, as the perpetrator of an extraordinary blunder, either in the transcribing or translating of Syriac. We confess that at the time that work appeared, we thought B. H. C. hardly used: we considered Syriac learning so neglected a field, that it would have been becoming in so advanced and ripe a scholar as Mr. Cureton, to have encouraged and treated tenderly the humble attempts of a beginner: to have borne with his failures and been gentle about his mistakes, bad as they were.

But now, we fairly give him up, seeing that he wants the very first element of a scholar—knowledge of his own ignorance. Consciousness that he has much to learn, and humble endeavours to acquire that learning, are qualities in which B. H. C. seems quite deficient. He boldly publishes statements on subjects on which he has the merest smattering of information, as if he knew all about them. And all this we must regret the more, in proportion to the actual obligations that we are under to him for transcribing and publishing what contains a little of what is, in some degree, a contribution of real value to Ecclesiastical History.

'ANALECTA NICÆNA: Fragments relating to the Council of Nice. The Syriac Text from an ancient MS. in the British Museum.' How tempting a title is this to those (few, it may be, at this day) who take an interest in the facts of Ecclesiastical History! Important as the Council of Nicæa is, how much is there that we would gladly know respecting it! Its Acts: have they perished—the details of each Session, the discussions, the concessions, the points maintained and established, and the

points ~~that~~ were maintained and not established? Were they, ~~as~~ some have supposed, entered in the Imperial Register; and are these Registers, or any portion of them, still recoverable? Could we meet with a narrative of the Council from an Arian hand? or trace the influence of Constantine's will, and see how the firmness of the Christian Episcopate refused to listen to his schemes of peace; of peace to be purchased by the sacrifice of truth?

We might expect much from 'Fragments relating to the Council of Nice;' and might suppose that we should find something new. On opening the little pamphlet-like book, we find, with three exceptions, that it contains only Syriac translations, ancient it is true, and therefore valuable, of what was extant and known already in Greek and Latin.

A formal letter of Constantine, summoning the Bishops to the Council of Nice, of not more than a dozen lines when put into English; one short list of bishops present at a Council, and a page of Addenda, containing in English a Monophysite creed, falsely, as Mr. Cowper admits, attributed to S. Athanasius, and a Nicene Creed, of which three last the Syriac originals are not given, is all that is *new*.

Besides these, there is nothing which we had not before in a more genuine and perhaps better form. Such are (2) The decree of Constantine against the Arians; (3) The Nicene and (4) Constantinopolitan Creeds; (5) The subscribers to the Nicene Council then (6) The titles of the Canons of Nice, and some other things so precious that we print them for the information of our readers.

'6. *Title of the Canons of Nice, from fol. 16.*

'Ecclesiastical Canons of the great and holy Synod of 318 Bishops, which was assembled at Nicea, a city of Bithynia, and constituted those things which are written below.

(Here follow the Twenty Canons.)

'7. *Colophon, from 150, a.*

'There are contained in this book 193 canons which were drawn up in eight different Synods, and were translated from Greek into Syriac, carefully and clearly, in the city of Mabug, in the year 812 of Alexander.¹

'8-9. *Fragments from No. 14526, fol 38.*

'8. Again, a history of these Synods. Now the Synod of Nicea was assembled in the days of Constantine the Great; and its chiefs were Alexander, Archbishop of Alexandria; and, in the place of the *papa* of Rome, Vinto and Vicentius, presbyters of Rome.

¹ i.e. in A.D. 501. This is doubtless the date of the Manuscript, which was 270 years old when it fell into the hands of 'the sinner Abraham,' by whom it was disfigured. He erased part of the writing to enter the date at which he got the book.

'9. Again: Now the Synod of Nicea was assembled because of the affairs of wicked Arius, who alienated the Son from the nature of the Father; and in that he was begotten of the Father, they called him "made," and "a creature," and (said) that he was not of the same nature as the Father.'—P. 28.

Then (10) the sixth and (11) ninth Canons; then

'12. *Colophon*, 149 b.

'The end. Given in the month Thammuz, in the Consulship of *Herculanus*.'—*Ibid.* p. 28.

There are twenty pages filled with Syriac, eight more with translation—five being names of Bishops, and ten with Mr. Cowper's notes; then two with a supplement of names of bishops present at Councils, and the page of Addenda.

The points which we shall bring before our readers are three; on documents which Mr. Cowper publishes as new or superior to anything we had before:—1. 'The letter of Constantine summoning the Council of Nice,' which is quite new. 2. The list of subscribers to the Council, which, if not new, is, Mr. Cowper says, 'the most curious and complete yet brought to light.' It is a very early translation of the list already well known. 3. What he does not know the value of,—viz. the list of Bishops present at the Council of Laodicea.

I. The letter of Constantine is as follows:—

'*An Epistle of Constantine the King summoning the Bishops from Ancyra to Nice.*

'That there is nothing more honourable in my sight than religion, is, I believe, manifest to every man. Now because the Synod of Bishops at Ancyra, of Galatia, consented *formerly* that it should be so, it hath seemed to us now on many accounts, that it would be well for it to be assembled at Nice, a city of Bithynia, because the *Bishops of Italy*, and of the rest of the countries of Europe *are coming*, and because of the excellent temperature of the air, and because I shall be at hand as a spectator and participator of what is done. Wherefore, I signify to you, my beloved brethren, that ye all of you promptly assemble at the city I spoke of, that is at Nice. Let every one of you, therefore, diligently inquire into that which is profitable, in order that, as I before said, without any delay we may speedily come to be a present spectator of those things which are done by the same. God keep you, my beloved brethren.'—P. 21.

The chief importance of this letter in Mr. Cowper's judgment is, that it settles the question against the necessity of a General Council being summoned by the Pope. For while there did not exist in history any evidence that the Pope had had a share in summoning the Nicene Council, Roman controversialists maintained that if we only had the original letter summoning the Council, we should find that the Emperor had, at least, acted with the 'advice and concurrence' of the Pope. Now, Mr. Cowper says, the matter is settled; we have the

original letter, and the Bishop of Rome is not mentioned in it. Mr. Cowper very sagaciously observes, that they whom he would thus annihilate, might 'deny the genuineness of the letter;' but without attempting to prove it genuine, he wisely throws the burden of proof on his opponents; and requires them to disprove it: 'They,' he says, 'will have to account for its existence, and to explain away its internal marks of genuineness.' Eusebius says the Emperor wrote a letter: and here is a letter which says it is that which the Emperor wrote. What more can be desired? But the adversary, admitting its genuineness, might very well say (a), that it does not pretend to be the formal document summoning the Council. It is clearly only a letter to the Bishops of a particular part of the Church, inviting them to attend. This appears clear from the letter itself. It professes in its own title to be a letter summoning the Bishops from Ancyra to Nice; and speaks of the Bishops of Italy and Europe as a distinct body from those to whom it was addressed. He might also say with truth (b), that it *certainly proves some previous communication with the Bishops of Italy, and almost certainly the Pope's 'concurrence.'*

Mr. Cowper jests on the Emperor's reasons for choosing Nicæa, 'because it suited his own convenience; because it was a pleasant place, as everybody knew; and because he wished to have at the Council the Bishops of Italy, and the rest of Europe.' But 'the excellent temperature of the air,'—the '*cæli temperies*,'—refers probably to the healthiness of the place, not its pleasantness; no unimportant point, surely.

However, the letter raises another question.

What is meant by the words of the title, 'Summoning the Bishops from Ancyra to Nice;' and of the letter, 'Now because the Synod of Bishops at Ancyra, of Galatia, decided *formerly* that it should be so, &c.'?

Mr. Cowper has nearly a page of notes upon these words, which exhibit a mind involved in inextricable confusion. Two facts are notorious: I. There was a great and well-known Synod at Ancyra; II. S. Athanasius speaks of the Nicene Council as having agreed that 'the decisions of a previous Synod might be re-examined by a later one.' 'I think,' says Mr. Cowper, 'the words in Constantine's letter, taken in connexion with the words last quoted from Athanasius, sufficiently explain that this was an ancient custom; and that if we had a full account of the Ancyrene Synod, we should find that its members conformed to that custom by appealing to a future Council, which, therefore, the Emperor summons.' Well, this would be intelligible enough if the Synod of Ancyra had been held after the Arian troubles began, and had discussed

the subject of Arianism. And Mr. Cowper evidently thought this was so; he says, in note 1:—‘Perhaps the Fathers at Ancyra, not regarding their conclusions as final, *adjourned* with the intention of meeting there again; but Constantine overruled their decision for the reasons stated in his letter, and required the contemplated Council to be held at Nice in Bithynia. This view of the case invests the Ancyrene Synod with peculiar interest and importance; and I have, *therefore*, placed in the Supplement a list of those who were present, extracted from the same MS. The Epistle will, perhaps, not be very satisfactory to those who maintain the exclusive right of the Pope to call a General Council,’ &c. Mr. Cowper had much better have left the Pope and the General Council alone. He will have quite enough to do to keep his own ground.

The theory that there was a Synod at Ancyra on the Arian question, and that that Synod desired a larger Council to be summoned is, in itself, anything but impossible; and on the supposition of the genuineness of this letter, and of its title, would be almost certain, except for the one word ‘*formerly*.’ ‘The Synod of Bishops at Ancyra, of Galatia, consented *formerly*, that it should be so.’ But this imaginary Synod was not THE Synod of Ancyra, even supposing this theory true.

Mr. Cowper seems to consider received Ecclesiastical History unworthy of study: else he might have found that the date of the Synod of Ancyra, most probably, is A. D. 314—*eleven* years before the Council of Nice was summoned (too long for an adjournment); and five or six years before Arius broached his heresy. He would have found that the date rested on two lines of evidence. First, on internal evidence; the canons having been evidently made when the Church was fresh from persecution, and referring to the course to be adopted in regard to those who had lapsed. Secondly, from the names of the Bishops who subscribed the canons.

Now this latter kind of evidence ought to have had great weight with Mr. Cowper, because he had this list of names in his Syriac MS. And by considering it, he would have been shown,—what in fact, with the slightest care and observation, any one might see for himself—that several of the Bishops of various sees who were at Ancyra, are different from the Bishops of the same sees who were at Nice. Now he had taken so much pains as to mark with asterisks the names of the Ancyrene Bishops, which ‘are also in the Nicene list;’ but never seems to have inquired into, or thought of the difficulty of those bishops whose names are *not* in the Nicene list: but whose *sees* are named there, with other occupants. And these are very important sees, and occupied by very important prelates, whose

names stand out in the history of those times. Such are Antioch in Syria, the Parent Church of Gentile Christendom, ecclesiastically the Rome of the East. Vitalius was its Patriarch when the Council of Ancyra was held; Eustathius, a distinguished character in the history of the Nicene period, when the Council was held at Nice. Tarsus of Cilicia—(names these which carry us back to Apostolic times, to the hallowed memories of Saints and Martyrs; now, alas! trodden down by the followers of the great false prophet)—this see, Tarsus of Cilicia, was occupied by Lupus at the former, by Theodorus at the latter Council. Nicomedia, the imperial city, was represented by its bishop, Eusiteles, (*i. e.* Eustolius,) at Ancyra; by Arius' great advocate, Eusebius, at Nice. So were Iconium and Perga of Pamphylia, by Peter and Epidaurus, at Ancyra; by Eulalius and Calicles, at Nice. Mr. Cowper might have recognised some of these names in the lists of the bishops which follow on the same page of his book—those who were at Neocæsarea, and at Gangra; and so might have traced the order in which these Councils succeeded each other, by noticing the changes which successive years made in removing from the scene of their earthly labours and sufferings, these survivors of the last persecutions. But he has done nothing of the kind. Had he gone to the usual sources of information, the Collections of Councils, he would have found five more Bishops at Ancyra than the Syriac gives; and he would also have been able to correct his own or the Syriac's blunders; at least, he would have had those difficulties solved which he thus candidly states:—

'Basilus of Amas g r m n Major (*i. e.* *Amasea*, what the letters *g. r. m. n.* are meant for, I cannot divine.)'—*Analecta Nicæna*, p. 35.

They are meant for Armenia, as the reading in the margin of Labbè would have shown him (*Amasea* was afterwards the metropolis of the more recently-formed province of Helenopontus; hence the variations of MSS.), and Basilus of Amasea was by no means an unimportant person in the history of the time; and a re-inspection of the Syriac would have discovered the true reading. But, indeed, he need not have gone beyond his own list of Nicene subscriptions; for Eutychianus of *Amasea* occurs there among the Bishops of Armenia Major.

So in the next name—

'Philadelphus of Loliopolis of Galatia. (*Loliopolis is called Juliopolis in the Nicene List.*)'—*Ibid.* p. 35.

And so it is in correct copies of the Ancyrene. Mr. Cowper did not know of, or did not think it worth his while to consult, 'Ancient Maps,' or works on ancient or ecclesiastical geography,

where he would have found the correct names of places; or 'Bingham's Antiquities,' where one list (a *Notitia*) of Provinces and Sees is given, and other *Notitiæ* are there referred to; or the *Oriens Christiana*, where he would have found the lists of the Bishops under their different sees. Had he done so, he would have found the true use of these Syriac lists. They are not new, with one most important exception; they are not complete; they are simply valuable as any fresh and early MS. is, in adjusting the balance of evidence for readings where existing MSS. differ.

But a moment's reflection ought to have convinced Mr. Cowper that his theory, that the Ancyrene Synod,—which is thereby 'invested with so much interest and importance,' that he gives us the list of the Bishops who subscribed its canons,—'adjourned from Ancyra to Nice,' nay, actually occasioned the calling of the Nicene Council, is annihilated by the fact that most of the Bishops who, according to his own list, were at Ancyra, disappear in this process of adjournment, and that others rise up in their places. Out of the thirteen whom the Syriac list gives as at Ancyra, five only are found at Nice, while of the remaining eight, the sees of seven are represented at Nice, not indeed by the prelates who were at Ancyra, but by their successors.

Now, what pretensions has a person, so careless of evidence that is before his eyes and passing under his review—so ignorant too of all that is known on these subjects, and which may be found easily in common books of reference—what pretensions has he to discuss the question of the relation of the Synod of Ancyra to that of Nice, to investigate the meaning of the letter he has discovered, or to set right the world on points of ancient history on which hitherto they have been mistaken? He ought at least to read before he writes. But what are we to say of the letter itself? Why, thus much,—

I. If the words in the *title* of the letter be correct, then there was, no doubt, a synod at Ancyra, which suggested the assembling of a larger synod, and occasioned the Œcumenical Council of Nice: but it is not what the letter calls it, '*the Synod of Ancyra*;' it is a synod hitherto unknown to history: wholly unheard of; still, that there should have been such a synod, which produced the Council of Nice, if true, is an addition to our information most interesting and valuable: only we must remember that we have to account for that word 'formerly' in the letter.

II. If the title be not authentic—which of the two we think the better line for Mr. Cowper to take—then on the supposition of the genuineness of the letter, we must imagine that *the* Synod of Ancyra, which was a very important synod indeed, gathering

together as it did the Bishops of the chief Sees, from the Hellespont to the Euphrates, from Armenia down to Palestine, made some rule or expressed some judgment on the calling of larger synods to decide controversies between different branches of the Church; to which Constantine refers, as a reason for a general council. For thus much seems to be implied in this interpretation of the letter. This also would be a new fact: there is no trace whatever of it in the extant canons of the council; there is not a whisper breathed respecting it in ecclesiastical history. But is it true? Is the letter containing it authentic?

Yes, Mr. Cowper says, such a letter was known to have existed; Eusebius says Constantine wrote one. Why, this very circumstance is the temptation to the forger; it at once gives a colour to his invention: just as the lost Apology of Melito suggested a fictitious title for that other Syriac forgery, which Mr. Cowper and Mr. Cureton alike put forward as genuine.

Suppose the letter be not authentic, as the difficulties which hamper every possible explanation of these words about Ancyra suggest; and that the very clause which the forger inserted, in order to give his production the air of a genuine composition, proves it to be a forgery—and this no uncommon case in a false story. What then? Why, Mr. Cowper's discovery proves what is vulgarly known as a mare's nest; and the Pope may breathe freely again for a little while. His last chance is not gone. There may yet be a discovery of the true letter of Constantine, and it may contain the desired evidence of the Holy Father's exclusive right to advise or summon councils.

And we suspect the letter is a forgery, and that these words prove it; and that they were inserted for the very purpose of making it look genuine. Let it be remembered that these Syriac scribes were not well-informed historians, nor acute critics. They had but a limited stock of knowledge; but they had *lists* of councils and canons, and among these in this very volume of precious antiquity, they had, as Mr. Cowper informs us, the canons of Nice, Ancyra, Neocæsarea, &c., with the statement that the Council of Ancyra 'was held before that of Nice, which is placed first because of its importance.' This one bit of information they had; it is to be found in all the Collections of Canons; for those that Mr. Cowper finds in Syriac, he will find in all languages; they are the canons accepted by the universal Church (except that the unorthodox Syrian omits those of Ephesus); and among them the Canons of Ancyra were the earliest; and so there is this notice, as a kind of explanation why Nice is put first in order, though it was not first in time. 'This Council (of Ancyra) was held before that of Nice.' On this the forger builds his romance, and frames his letter of Constantine, and

makes the earlier Council of Ancyra agree to hold the Council of Nice; and in his heading represents Constantine as summoning the bishops from Ancyra to Nice. If this is not the true explanation, where is an explanation to be found which will make the title consistent with the letter, and both with the known facts of history?

We have done with Ancyra and the letter. But we think the Pope's friends may fairly ask Mr. Cowper to allege some arguments for its authenticity, stronger than the fact that it existed in Syriac, or even in Greek (for which last statement we do not see that he alleges any evidence whatever), in the sixth century.

But what are we to say of S. Athanasius's well-known words about one council re-examining what had been decided in an earlier one, hitherto supposed to refer to quite a different subject, which Mr. Cowper wishes to bring to bear on Constantine's letter? Mr. Cowper was not content with M. de Broglie's citation of it. He examined the passage himself (Apol. cont. Arian., ii. § 22), and rightly observes that Athanasius speaks of it as an *ἔθος παλαιον*, only noticed and recommended by the Council of Nice. But did he not observe that Athanasius is speaking of councils judging on *persons*, not *doctrines*, and having had their decisions re-examined and reversed? Whilst, by his theory, the Council of Ancyra asked to have a larger council, not to re-examine their own decision, if they had made any, but to confirm it: or, which would be more likely, to decide that which they felt themselves incompetent to determine; and that, *probably*, on a point of doctrine.

II. The other document which Mr. Cowper considers to be an important addition to the history of the Nicene Council, is a Syriac list of the Bishops who subscribed it. This list is undoubtedly valuable; just as the discovery of a new manuscript of such a list might be, in that it affords fresh readings, which may confirm, illustrate, or correct old ones. That is, so far as it is important to have a list of the names and sees of the subscribing bishops, exact in the spelling of their names, and in the designations of the cities where their churches were; so far it is important. And it is also, no doubt, important as confirming the authenticity of the lists previously known, and existing in many other MSS. In that way it corresponds to the Coptic list which was published many years ago, and reprinted in the 'Spicilegium Solesmense;' only that was not complete.

What we regret in Mr. Cowper's treatment of this subject, is his putting forth his Syriac list as superior to any previously extant, and suppressing any distinct statement respecting the

other lists. It certainly has not all the names which occur in the well-known Latin lists; and we think that the omission of some lies with the Syriac: so that we cannot subscribe to Mr. Cowper's statement, that this list is the most complete that has been published. The MS. which contains it does indeed appear to be earlier than any other; and this is a great advantage. But we should hesitate in assenting to the statement that it is the most correct. Of course, in lists of names of persons and places, and those foreign to the country of the successive transcribers of the MSS., blunders of all kinds will arise, and, accordingly, each extant copy has blunders of its own, and each is useful for correcting the rest. But we cannot undertake to say, if they were counted, which would have most blunders; but we do not see any pre-eminent accuracy in the Syriac. And the Greek and Latin names appear so strange in their Oriental dress, that we cannot but prefer them in Greek or Latin: Faustus and Quintus are more intelligible than Pontus and Conatus. The Syriac and the Coptic are certainly helpful in the Oriental and Egyptian provinces, as they give their own names to the places they mention: thus the Coptic has Cois, and Thmuis, and Siut, for Egyptian sees; and in the Syriac, Mabug and Tadmor, in the place of Hierapolis and Palmyra, the Greek names found in the other lists. So far the Syriac will be useful to some hard-working scholar who may, at a future time, rectify the errors of the different lists, and give us the true names of the bishops and their sees, with such illustrations of each as the fragmentary records of contemporary history supply.

Mr. Cowper has done very little in this way; and he is either ignorant of the sources of information respecting them, or carelessly or wilfully suppresses what he knows. It would have been only a business-like course to have said what lists are already extant, and where they were to be found. But he does nothing of the kind. He does not mention the Collections of Councils, in which any of his readers would find the lists as they were extant in Europe. We are left in utter ignorance of them by Mr. B. H. C., except that there is a Lat. 1 and a Lat. 2; and we might very reasonably suspect, that he knew nothing about Lat. 1 and Lat. 2 beyond what he found in the 'Spicilegium Solesmense,' where, and where only, so far as we know, the titles Lat. 1 and Lat. 2 are found. The fact is, that in Labbè's original edition of the Councils a list is given derived from four different MSS., the variations of which are noted in the margin. Another such list was printed from another MS. by Harduin, and both are reprinted by Mansi, with occasional corrections of the names of Bishops from such sources as Epiphanius and Athanasius. It would have been better if Mr.

Cowper had stated this, and that his Syriac list, so far from being new, is only in fact these lists (for they are substantially the same) in another language. This would have put the real value of the Syriac in its true light. In addition to these Latin lists, is the imperfect Coptic version of the same of which we have spoken. There is also a fragment in Greek put forth as a portion of the Subscriptions, which belongs to a much later council; it will be found in Mansi. And another wonderful list of exactly 318 names in Arabic, which was printed by Selden in his Eutychius, but which appears to have been made up by some forger of a late date, out of the real lists, out of historical notices, and not least of all out of his own imagination.

In the 'Spicilegium Solesmense' the Coptic and the Latin lists of Labbè and Harduin are given in three parallel columns, but without the variations of the MSS., which often supply the true reading. Mr. Cowper seems to have taken these lists, compared his own Syriac list with them, and so made notes of their agreement and difference. He seems scarcely to have used the Latin lists at all. If he had, he would have found other variations from the Syriac copy; *e.g.* he would have found four names more in the province of Pisidia, two in that of Isauria, and great differences in the later, the European provinces.

To have consulted the most obvious books of reference on the subject on which he is writing, is what may reasonably be expected of any one who publishes statements and investigations such as Mr. Cowper's notes contain. It would not be fair to expect more. We have therefore thus far confined ourselves to what might have been learnt in Labbè, Harduin, or Mansi. Beyond these we have not yet gone. Information as to what is extant on subjects of ecclesiastical antiquity is so scattered; the documents are found in places so unlikely; and there is so entire a want of catalogues of the dispersed knowledge, or of guide-books through its mazes, that a writer may well be ignorant of much that might be known. We mention, therefore, without imputing ignorance to Mr. Cowper, what is, if not, in the one copy that has been printed, 'the most complete and the most curious,' yet is, we apprehend, the most genuine form of the list of Bishops who were at the Council of Nicæa.

It is a Greek list, compiled or recorded by Theodore, a Reader in the Church of Constantinople, best known by his Latin title as Theodorus Lector. His extracts of Ecclesiastical History are found in the common collections of the Ecclesiastical Historians; but besides these he made an Epitome or Compendium of Church History by putting together extracts from Sozomen, and filling these up with shorter extracts from Socrates and Theodoret; thus making an *Historia Tripartita*. One copy

of this MS. had belonged to Leo Allatius, and was used by Valesius in his edition of the Ecclesiastical Historians, to settle the readings of the text; Montfaucon had another; a third is said to be in the Bodleian Library; and a fourth in the Library of S. Mark at Venice. Out of this list a catalogue of the Nicene Fathers was printed by Morelli the Librarian, in his *Bibliotheca MS. Græca et Latina*, pp. 225, sqq., in the pages preceding which the information we have given will be found.

Socrates in his 'Ecclesiastical History,' lib. 1, c. 13, says, 'I conceive it the part of a lover of knowledge to put down here the names of the bishops who assembled at Nicæa, so far as I have been able to find them, and of what province, and what city each was, and the time at which they assembled: "Hosius, Bishop of Corduba, of Spain, I so believe as is written above: of Rome, Vito and Vincentius, Presbyters; of Egypt, Alexander; of Antioch the Great, Eustathius; of Jerusalem, Marcarius; Harpocraton of Cynon;" and of the rest whose names are set down fully in the Synodicon of Athanasius, Bishop of Alexandria.'

We wish to draw Mr. Cowper's attention to the fact that when Socrates wrote, the names were extant in a complete list in a work of S. Athanasius. This fact (though it has to be reconciled with Theodore's incomplete list) has an important bearing on the question raised by Mr. Cowper, as to the numbers who were present at the Council. He will also observe that Socrates places first after Rome, the Bishops of the three great sees, Alexandria, Antioch, Jerusalem; and then follows the name found first among the Bishops of Egypt.

Now, in this place in the Compendium of Theodorus Lector, there is inserted a list of Bishops corresponding very nearly to the Latin list in the Councils, but still more to Mr. Cowper's Syriac. At the end of this Theodorus says, 'Of so many have we been able to find the names: but as yet we have not found the names of the others.' One of the most important circumstances in the list is the insertion of the name of Paphnutius among the Bishops of the Thebaid, but without the name of his see; and that of Nicolaus of Myra among the Bishops of Lycia; these are in no other lists.

The list is evidently the same as the Syriac. The order of the provinces is the same, and the order of the names in the provinces, with now and then a slight dislocation caused by the errors of some of the copyists. Thus, Eustathius, Patriarch of Antioch, is made Bishop of Seleucia in this way; the original list ran:—

'Eustathius of Antioch,
Zenobius of Seleucia.'

The copyist's eye deceived him; and 'of Antioch,' and 'Zenobius,' have slipped out. In Libya the Greek list has 'Lower Libya,' with 'Titus of Patronius' in it. It omits Marinus and Badonius in Phœnicia; Theodore of Tarsus, in Cilicia; the Chorepiscopi, Doron and Stephen, in Cappadocia; the title 'of Pisidia,' and Eulalius and Telemachus, the first two names in it. It omits Rufus and Eulalius in Bithynia. It supplies 'Aquila, Chorepiscopus,' as the last name but one in Isauria; a name obviously wanted in the Syriac to make up the 17 which the heading says there are.

We conclude that in this Greek copy we have a transcript, copied or printed carelessly, of the list which Theodore considered to be most genuine: and that the Syriac is possibly a very early translation of this list—since the MS., if of the date A.D. 501, was written in the lifetime of Theodore—or a translation of a list current at the time, which he also adopted. Into this he or some of his copyists inserted Paphnuthius as one known to have been at the Council, and Nicolas, because he was a great Bishop, said to be there. These additions seem, as we have said, to be peculiar to this Greek list. From the same source the Latin and Coptic translations are evidently derived. The Bodleian MS. of Theodore might supply the list in a still more perfect form. By such comparison the lists would by their variations mutually correct and supply the defects of each other; and vindicate themselves probably from the sneers which Mr. Cowper very foolishly throws out against them, as if the names were occasionally invented to try to fill the numbers.

For Mr. Cowper is not content with printing and translating, and briefly annotating on this Syriac edition of the names of subscribers to the Council. He has some views of his own respecting the number of Bishops who were present at the Council: and though he has not apparently made up his own mind on the subject, he communicates his suspicions to his readers, and the various conjectures which present themselves to him. This he does in the following passage, which is a note upon these concluding words of the Syriac list:

'The names of the Bishops and of their cities end, which are in all 220, because the names of the Western Bishops were not written.'¹¹⁰

'(110) The reason here assigned is the common one, but it is scarcely borne out by the facts. The names of several European bishops are actually found in the list. But what is most extraordinary is, that if we leave out the two *presbyters* from Rome, the actual number of episcopal signatures is two hundred and eighteen, and not three hundred and eighteen, as almost universally stated. This singular difference of a hundred reminds us of the Septuagint Chronology. There may have been

more present at the Council, as Eusebius himself gives about 250, and he knew something of it. But then, the names of not a few who are said to have been at Nice, are absent from this (and other) catalogues. Perhaps they were not there, as we are quite sure some were not, whose names are in the other catalogues, which bear the most palpable signs of having been tampered with. Even Pitra's editor exclaims, "In cauda venenum: Provinciæ omnes, quarum catalogus clare incipit, in tenebris desinunt." In other words, to serve a purpose, names of places and of persons have been invented to make up the number. How unlikely that the names of such as were there should be omitted! But we may reply again: that such as we do not find here, omitted to subscribe, because they left before the business closed, or for some other strong reason: Each of these explanations may apply to some, but there is every probability that the Syriac translator omitted no names which he found in his copy. Indeed, he distinctly affirms as much by saying, that they were 220 in all; and accounts for the absence of the rest. He therefore believed that 318 fathers were present.

'It is worth while to compare the explanation, "Because the names of the Western bishops were not written," with what the Emperor says in his circular letter. He fixes upon Nicea partly because he wishes to have the bishops of Italy and the rest of Europe. Of course they were there, and yet they alone, or nearly so, are not represented in the lists! If they were present, why did they not subscribe more generally? If they were absent, whose authority did they confess in the Church?

'As with the 318 of the Nicene council, so is it with the council of Chalcedon, with its fabulous twice 318, or 636 holy fathers: a list in our ancient MS. gives but 362. In the same way the 150 of Constantinople are reduced to 135, some of whom, as in the case of Chalcedon, were proxies. It is so with the smaller councils of Ancyra, Neocæsarea, Gangra, and Antioch, in the same volume; all give one result. The fact respecting Chalcedon is very significant, as the volume from which our extracts are made was translated from Syriac into Greek exactly half a century only after the council was held. It is a charitable supposition that the numbers invited have by inadvertence been put down for the numbers present.—*Analecta Nicæna: Fragments relating to the Council of Nice*, p. 34.

The observations we have already made, and the facts we have elicited in illustration of Mr. B. H. Cowper's acquaintance with ecclesiastical history, show how little weight is due to any opinion he may express. The *animus* of this passage is plain. He wishes to insinuate, at least, that the number who were present at the Councils is exaggerated by ecclesiastical historians.

The passage we have cited is a curious instance of thinking aloud; of changing one's mind, and taking a different view in every line one writes. But why should Mr. Cowper doubt the correctness of the number at Nicæa? Why, for these reasons:—

I. That if you deduct the two presbyters who signed as proxies of the Bishop of Rome, have then you 218 left; and as in the LXX. Chronology there is an alteration of a hundred years in every generation, so it is implied there may have been a similar alteration here.

II. That the number summoned may have been put for the number present.

What are these suppositions of bare possibilities when they are opposed to all facts, *except* the lists which remain, which are professedly deficient, and for some reason or other do not contain the names of some who were known to have been present? How could the number summoned be put for the number present, when the authorities distinctly say that so many *were present*: and how could 218 be the true number, when the lowest estimate of a contemporary is '*about 250*'?

This indeed Mr. Cowper allows: for it was so stated by 'Eusebius himself,' 'and he knew something of it.' Is Mr. Cowper aware how many others, who also knew something of it, have stated the number to have been far greater? Is he aware that the Emperor himself in his letter to the Christians of the empire from the Council, said that there were '*more than 300 Bishops*' present; and speaks again of the consent of 300.¹ It is hard to say what authority should weigh more with us than that of a public document, sent forth from the Emperor throughout the world; and that stating a fact of a most patent kind, which any one could have contradicted, if it had been such a palpable exaggeration. Another person who 'knew something of it' was Eustathius, the Patriarch of Antioch; and he, in a sermon to his own people just after the Council, set the number at 270, but said there were so many, that he could not speak with certainty.² Athanasius, too, 'knew something of it:' he, in his work on Synods, says there were 300; in his letter on the Decrees of the Synod, '300, more or less;' and in his letter to the Bishops of Africa says expressly that 318 were assembled (*συνελθόντων*). Pope Julius, in a public letter preserved in S. Athanasius, three times speaks of them as 300. Hilary, who took an active part in the Councils that followed, and was associated with many Bishops who were at Nice, of all parties, says, in his Historical Fragments, there were '300 and more;' and in his book against Constantius, that there were 318. These are the statements of contemporaries made at various times from the very day of the Council itself, almost continuously for thirty or forty years. The variations are only such as might be expected, when men spoke generally; and the vague statements must be determined by the precise ones. Epiphanius, writing just fifty years after the Council was held, expressly states that there were 318 Bishops present, and that their names were extant at his day. And 318, as it is the one precise number given, is uniformly

¹ Constantine's letter in Socrates' History, book i. chap. 8.

² Cited by Theodoret, H. E. i. 7.

stated as the true number during the next twenty years, by Pope Liberius, by S. Ambrose, by Paschasius, by Jerome, and Rufinus. Why then dispute the fact on the ground of these lists of subscribers; when we know that men who were at the Council, even most distinguished men, whose names will be preserved to all future ages, are not mentioned in the list? Paphnutius from Egypt, the distinguished advocate for clergy retaining their wives, and Spyridion, the noble but simple minded confessor from Cyprus, and Cyriacus of Mysia, mentioned by S. Athanasius. It is quite certain that the list is not complete: and many probable reasons may be assigned for this, as (a), on the supposition that our lists are taken from the *subscriptions*, that the signature of the Metropolitan should stand for those of his whole province; and this would be the true explanation of the note that the Bishops of Europe did not subscribe: which Mr. B. H. C. conceives is negatived by the fact that there are subscriptions of *some* western Bishops. Mr. Cowper says, 'of course they were there; yet their signatures do not appear, &c.' If he admit that they were there and did not subscribe, it is enough. That they of the West assented to the Creed is beyond all question. They were most influential in advocating it. Thus Cæcilianus of Carthage would sign for the African Church—the Bishop of Rome by his proxies for Italy; Hosius for Spain; Nicasius of Divio, whoever he was, for Gaul, including probably our own countrymen; and Theophilus for the Goths. It is certain, we repeat, that the Western Bishops were attached to the Creed; so that the non-appearance of their names must be attributed to some cause which we are not acquainted with. They may have left before the *Canons* were fully settled and the subscriptions made. It is well known that the detention of Bishops at Synods was a great inconvenience to them: and we may imagine what in those days must have been a journey of our Bishops to the shores of the Hellespont. All this we say on the supposition that these lists are made from the subscriptions; but (b) it is not improbable that they were made from historical accounts of those who were present; or from such information as S. Athanasius could collect: and that the western Bishops being little known to the Greek writers, the names of their Metropolitans only could be ascertained. There are difficulties either way.

III. But we must pass on to notice a few names which Mr. Cowper prints in English without the Syriac in a leaf of Supplement: and which he gives us without a word to indicate their value. These are the names of some of the Bishops who were present at the Council of Laodicea. He gives also lists of the

Bishops who were at Ancyra, Neocæsarea, Gangra, and Antioch; but these we already have from other sources, and therefore only gain assistance for correcting our lists, whilst the list of the Bishops at Laodicea, *so far as we know*—for, after what we have said, we feel that it becomes us to speak cautiously on such a subject—is *absolutely new*.

And, *if the list be authentic*, its importance is great—so far as anything of this kind can be called great—in that it goes far to determine the date of this Council. It is a Council of considerable interest, not only from the great number of its canons, and the light they throw on many of the ecclesiastical usages of the period, as well as on many superstitions, but especially to many of us from the list of Canonical Books which are given in the concluding Canon; a list continually alleged for our Canon as against Rome. This Canon, it is true, is wanting, so Mr. Cowper informs us, in the Syriac, as it is also in some Western MSS. But this is a question we cannot engage with at present.

The date of this Council has hitherto been, within certain limits, matter of absolute uncertainty. There has been no sufficient means of determining it. It has scarcely been a subject of dispute, from the very want of materials in the way of evidence to dispute about. Baronius put it in the year 320: he saw, rightly we think, signs that it was an early council; and he wished it to be held before Arianism arose, that it might not be said of these Canons, as of those of Antioch, that they were made by Arianisers. But one of the Canons mentions, with other heretics, the Photinians; and orders that their baptism shall not be recognised. It is true, as it was rejoined, that some copies had not the word 'Photinians' (what has the Syriac?): still the appearances which there were of the Council being later than that of Nice seemed to counterbalance other considerations; and while the Collections of Councils leave the date blank, various years between 360 and 372 have been suggested, as the time at which it was held; with little other ground, than that of the time within which the school of Photinus might have acquired sufficient influence to lead a Council to condemn, as invalid, the baptism ministered by his followers.

Our own view is, that the mention of the Photinians is out of place, and not a genuine part of the Canon. In other respects, the matter of the Canons would lead us to fix a much earlier date for them. But now, by Mr. Cowper's publication of the names of the Bishops who were present, *if they be authentic*—and in a *primâ facie* view, we see no reason to doubt it, except that they are all found in other lists—we may go very near the time at which it was held.

The force of the argument from the names of the Bishops, will appear both from the list of those who were at Laodicea, and also from the list of the Bishops who were at the Council of Antioch, called the Council of the Dedication, A.D. 340 or 341; that Council of *moderate men*, the followers of the literary Bishop of Cæsarea, the historian Eusebius, who counselled peace, and avoided extremes, and abhorred excessive zeal, and kept on good terms with the court, and condemned and banished S. Athanasius. Alas! how many of them had voted with him in the unanimous acceptance of the Creed of Nicæa, and in the condemnation of Arius: but having done that, and protested once for all, they thought now, fifteen years after, it was better to be at peace, and to sacrifice the Bishop of Alexandria.

We will first give from Mr. Cowper's *Analecta* the list of the Bishops who were at the Council of Laodicea, retaining the asterisks by which he marks the names which are also in the Nicene list. We ought to premise that the commencement of the list is wanting.

THOSE WHO WERE AT LAODICEA.

Of Palestine.

Moses of Castabala* of Cilicia.
 Manicius of Hamath of Syria.*
 Patricius.
 Ætherius.
 Jacob of Nisibis of Syria.*
 Agapius of Seleucia* of Isauria.
 Magnus of Damascus* of Phœnicia.
 Æneas of Accho of Phœnicia.*
 Anatolius of Emesa* of Phœnicia.
 Macedon of Mopsuestia* of Cilicia.
 Peter of Gindara of Syria.*
 Corion (¹) of Philadelphia.*

Theodotus,*

(Theodotus?)

Of various provinces:

Of Cœle Syria.

Of Phœnicia.

Of Palestine.

Of Arabia.

Of Mesopotamia.

Of Cilicia.

Of Isauria.

(¹) Called Cynron in Nicene list.

We now give the list of the Bishops who were at Antioch, in 340 or 341, and among them, we mark with an L those who are in the list of Laodicea, and with an N those who were at Nice. We take the list from the Latin, in the Collections of Councils, as the sees are given in it, which are not given in the Syriac; and enclose with [] the names which are not in the Syriac list.

Provincia Palestine:

N Eusebius Gadarensis.

Provincia Phœnicie:

N Anatolius Emisenus, L
 N [Æneas Ptolemaidis,] L
 N Magnus Damascenus, L

Provincia Arabia Petræ:

N [Nicomachus Bostrorum,]

N [Cyrion Philadelphie,] L

Provincia Mesopotamie:

N Ætherius Edessenus, L

N [Antiochus Rhesinatis,]

N [Jacobus Nisibensis,]

Provincia Syria Cæles :

N Archelaus Dolichenus,
N Alphius Apameæ,
N Bassus Zeugmatis,
N [Mauricius Epiphaniæ, L
N [Petrus Gindarensis,] L
N [Paulus Neocæsariensis,]
N [Piperius Samosatenus,]
N Theodorus Laodiceæ,
N Syricus Cyrreticensis.

N Hesychius Alexandriæ Minoris,
N [Moyse Castabalæ,] L
N Nicetas Flaviadis,
N [Narcissus Irenopolis,]
N Tarcondimantus Egerates.

Provincia Isauria :

N Agapius Seleuciæ, L
N Theodotus Vasadensis,
Eustathius,
Patricius, L
[Alexander, &c.]

Provincia Cilicia :

N Macedonius Mopsuestiensis, L

It will be seen that the Syriac gives the Oriental names of Hamath and Accho, the Latin gives the Greek names, Epiphania and Ptolemais. Of course, Gadarensis ought to be Cæsariensis too.

We do not pause to correct more names : but we would observe that, *supposing the lists genuine*, the Council of Laodicea must have been very near, in point of time, to that of Antioch, probably shortly *after* it : as a sign of this, its Canons are placed in the ancient collections next after those of Antioch. And an examination of the dates, when particular Bishops named in it had vacated the sees and others succeeded them, confirms this. For instance,—

Mauricius of Epiphania was succeeded by Eustathius, a noted Arian, who held this see at the time of the Council of Philippolis, A.D. 347.

Again, S. James of Nisibis died ‘many years’ (*multos annos*) before Julian visited that city (which was A.D. 363), according to Gennadius ; whilst, on other grounds he is supposed to have lived to A.D. 350, being mentioned by Philostorgius at the third siege of Nisibis ; others make him die A.D. 338.

Agapius of Seleucia was succeeded by Neonas : and Neonas was Bishop when the Council was held there A.D. 359.

Lastly, Anatolius (it might seem) did not continue Bishop of Emesa long after 341 ; inasmuch as the Arian party, after having failed in their object of making Eusebius (a native of Emesa) Bishop of Alexandria, endeavoured, against the will of the people, to consecrate him Bishop of Emesa. This was *in* or soon after A.D. 341, but we do not know what circumstances made it vacant. Indeed, we need scarcely say that difficulties arise at almost every step in these chronological investigations : it is enough for us to indicate the nature of the evidence, and the bearing of these lists on Church History.

And these grounds, coinciding with one another, would go to prove that if the list be authentic, the Council of Laodicea

was, at latest, held not long after that of Antioch, *i.e.* between 340 and 347: and the names of the Bishops betray the fact that, like those of Antioch, they belonged to the Arianising faction. But their canons were good and useful. So the Church accepted them, and they became embodied in her rules. The fact that the only names of the Laodicean Bishops remaining, are of the list of Antiochene Bishops, is remarkable, and naturally excites suspicion.

Having gained so much from Mr. Cowper's book, we would gladly part with him in good humour: thanking him for his little book, and recommending most strongly to him the old proverb, *Ne sutor ultra crepidam*.

We ought to add that the Syriac portion is very nicely lithographed, and that only 250 copies are printed. It is also worthy of notice that Mr. Cowper complains of the putting together of the Syriac in binding; the leaves of the MSS. being thrown into confusion, continuous portions being quite severed from each other. And we ought to observe in conclusion, that if the date of A.D. 501 assigned to the MS. be correct, its agreement with the Greek would give us a security that we have the text of the fourth century for the many canons of early councils which the volume contains. This is manifestly the case with the two canons of the Council of Nice, sixth and seventh, given by Mr. Cowper: and when this is the case, it is plain that the Greek original is in every way preferable; the translation is useful as a testimony to the correctness of the text, not to the meaning of the original. Only it is ever to be kept in mind that the Syriac Christians became severed from the Catholic Church in the fifth century, and that these MSS. are written and preserved either by Nestorians or Monophysites: and must therefore at all times be examined with especial reference to this circumstance. Mr. Cowper's publication contains an illustration of the work of each of these bodies: the Nestorians omitting from the Collection of Canons those of the Council of Ephesus; the Monophysites having an heretical creed, falsely bearing the name of S. Athanasius.

ART. IV.—*Paramésvara-jnyána-gbshthi. A Dialogue of the Knowledge of the Supreme Lord, in which are compared the Claims of Christianity and Hindúism, and various Questions of Indian Religion and Literature fairly discussed.*

‘*Li sæviant in vos, qui nesciant, quanto labore Veritas acquiritur.*’—*St. Augustine.*

‘*Cum homines DEUM quærunt facillime debent ignoscere errantibus in tanti investigatione Secreti.*’—*Id.*

Cambridge: Deighton, Bell and Co. London: Bell and Daldy. 1856.

WHAT a wonderful change have the events of the last few months caused in the knowledge which English people possess of the geography of India and the East! Before the Mutiny broke out, the mass of people—and amongst them must, in this instance, be included a large portion of the reading public, and of persons fairly acquainted with the subjects of the day, and tolerably well read in history—knew almost nothing of that immense empire which, after being retained for so long a period, has been well-nigh lost to us; and which seems, if one may venture to prophesy, destined to play a more conspicuous part than it has ever yet done in the annals of the world. Perhaps many, even of the readers of this Review, had vague and indistinct notions of the connexion between it and the mother country; or, if acquainted with the history of British India, were little familiar with that wonderful country which, for thousands of years, has variously influenced the fortunes of other Eastern countries, and has indirectly affected the interests of the remote nations of the West. In the real amount of knowledge which we possess of its history, whether ancient or modern—of the character and affinities of the tribes which have from time to time been dominant in this immense peninsula—of their religions, their modes of life, the relations in which the natives stand, both to each other and to other tribes,—it would be absurd to suppose that the public at large are much more learned than they were six months ago. No one, however, can deny that an interest has been excited amongst all classes, quite unparalleled by anything that he can remember in his own time. The eager desire for fresh news, which characterises all seasons of great excitement, has spread itself even to the very lowest classes of the population, and the increased, and increasing facility of transmitting intelligence, only serves to whet the appetite which it both creates and to some extent gratifies. The feverish excitement which

prevails, first for the telegraphic messages, followed by the eager desire for the mail, for which people must wait at least two or three days, the anxiety to know details of what at first reaches us only in mere outline statements, are phenomena which, from the nature of the case, never can have been witnessed before. The nature of the intelligence is such as has at no time been surpassed in interest, and the mode of its arrival has kept the interest up altogether unabated for six entire months. The Indian Mail is looked for as anxiously now as it was in July of last year. It would be absurd to suppose that the thrilling interest that is felt in matters that have gone on, and are still going on, in various parts of India, has told in any practical way upon the mass of people in this country; or even much increased the available knowledge of those who are most familiar with Eastern affairs. On the contrary, it is much to be feared, that writers in newspapers and reviews have exercised a very baneful influence over the people's mind, by speaking strongly and dogmatically of subjects of which we who live in this country are by no means competent judges. Many who write as if they were quite at home with their subject, seem entirely ignorant even of the physical condition of the country; the state of the roads, for instance, the modes of communication, &c. And we believe most are profoundly in the dark as to the real character of the people with whom we have to deal.

We have heard it remarked by a clergyman who spent some time in the West Indies, that before he left England he fancied that he possessed some acquaintance with human nature, but that when he found himself in the midst of negroes, he discovered that his acquaintance was only with white nature. Making allowance for the slight exaggeration which this mode of expression adopts, there can be no doubt that the remark would apply with much stronger force to the contrast exhibited between European and Asiatic character and custom. West Indian negroes differ from Europeans as children from grown people; but the natives of India have hereditary traditions and national habits of which such comparison would convey no idea. We shall speak at large on this subject in the sequel of this paper; for the present we do not wish to lay so much stress on the ignorance of Eastern customs and modes of thought under which we labour, as on the manifest tendency, exhibiting itself in various quarters, to become better acquainted with everything belonging to India. And the first instalment of this knowledge consists, as we began by saying, in an improved acquaintance with the geography of the country. Most of us are familiar now with what till lately was little known; viz. the

information contained in the first chapter of Mrs. Speir's interesting work on ancient India. People who were only disgusted with the endless repetition of *pores* and *abads* as terminations, and who really never stopped to enquire even into the meanings of these syllables, must feel as if it were impossible they should ever forget the exact localities, the relative distances, the size of the towns and villages, the number and situation of the independent and protected provinces, and all other such pieces of information as can be gathered from a good map and its accompanying explanations.

It will perhaps in the next generation scarcely be credited that the generality of people knew no more of Indian geography than the fact that the country extends over about thirty degrees of latitude, and in its greatest breadth more than twenty of longitude—that English dominion extends over more than twenty different states, and that twenty more are under its protection, whilst a small portion still remains independent, and under the rule of native princes; that the country is bounded on the north-east by the mountain range of the Himalaya and the Ganges; on the west by the Indus. Let us not be accused of overstating the ignorance of the present or the past generation as to the geography and history of India: it will be in the recollection of many of our readers, that twenty-five years ago the authorities of the University of Oxford issued their notice for the subject of the Latin poem for the following year as follows: '*Alexander ad Gangem*;' and it was not till after an interval of some days—we believe we may say weeks—that the announcement was altered to '*Alexander ad Indum*.' We do not pretend to decide whether those who selected the subject thought the Ganges and the Indus were the same river, or whether they supposed the Macedonian conqueror to have penetrated through the whole of Northern India, across Lahore, Delhi, and Oude, to the Ganges; but it is impossible to get out of the charge of ignorance of the history or the geography of India. We do not pretend to account for the fact; which we state without fear of its being contradicted, for probably most of the candidates for that prize are still living.

When we have added to the facts already given, that there are three presidencies, each with a governor and bishop, and that the Bengal presidency contains the seat of the supreme government, and is in most respects considered superior to the other two; and that the population of the country amounts to above 200 millions, we think we have nearly come to the end of the information possessed by ordinary people about Indian geography and topography six months ago. Moreover, even those who possessed the best opportunities of becoming acquainted

with Indian affairs, the large number of persons employed either in the army or the civil service, seemed till lately profoundly indifferent to various topics which might have been supposed likely to possess some degree of interest. Even the striking architectural remains have been all but unnoticed; and Mr. Fergusson, in the introduction to his handbook (p. 2), after speaking of the completeness and good preservation of the existing remains, observes that notwithstanding this, 'the investigation of them is attended with much difficulty, arising from the indifference with which the whole subject is regarded by the Anglo-Saxon sojourners in the country.'

Things are wonderfully changed now. We know the minimum time in which Calcutta can be reached from London both by the overland route and round the Cape. The sad events of the last few months have impressed indelibly on the minds of most the nature of the country, the changes of its seasons, the difficulties experienced in crossing it, the course of the rivers, and the lines of road along which the electric telegraph has been laid down. Maps of India are put up in the shop windows of every town, and it might almost be said, with truth, that the outline of its geography is better known at this moment than that of any other country in the world. We feel sure that this, little as it may perhaps be thought, is the prelude to greater things. It is not likely that Indian affairs will ever again occupy the subordinate position which in most minds has hitherto been assigned them. Neither the present nor the rising generation is at all likely to forget the stern warnings of the last few months. People may indeed draw different conclusions as to what these warnings teach us, but the very difference of opinion will only serve to keep up the interest of the subject. Whatever ground may be taken, it will not be denied that grievous mistakes have been made in the government of India, both as regards its general management and its particular details. Politically speaking, the mere fact of the disasters which have come so suddenly upon us, is in itself evidence enough to show the most culpable ignorance and neglect both on the part of the Government and the India Company; whilst perhaps the deepest view is that which mere politicians will despise—that God's vengeance upon this country has been signally shewn in results which He graciously permits us to trace back to their first causes, whilst we are fearfully reminded of His words of old: 'Them that honour me, I will honour; and they that despise me, shall be lightly esteemed.'

Already, before the outbreak of the mutiny in the Indian army, symptoms had shown themselves of a revived and increasing interest in Indian affairs. The recent renewal of the

Company's charter, the modifications in the constitution of the Board of Directors, and perhaps more than any other single change, the throwing open of the Indian appointments to public competition, and the nature of the examinations to which candidates were to be subjected, tended to turn the thoughts of a large number of young men in the middle class of life, who had to make their own way in the world, to the history of the Asiatic nations in general, and more especially to the languages and dialects of India. An increased taste for philology, which perhaps originated with the late Dr. Prichard, and the absolute necessity of a knowledge of Sanskrit, for those who will pursue this subject in connexion with the Greek and Latin languages, have contributed to the same result; and the study of ethnology has had its influence in opening the minds of many to the importance of things and people beyond the narrow boundary of our own island. When to all these causes we have added the general adoption of the principles of free trade, the increased facilities of intercourse, and the instantaneous communication of intelligence by the electric wire, we have, perhaps, enumerated most of the causes which were in active, though silent operation, in bringing our Indian empire into more prominent notice than it claimed during the first half of the present century.

Yet, after all, it can scarcely be doubted that every aspect of the case has met with more attention than that one which we venture to think is of paramount importance. We mean the character of the Hindú mind, as it has been formed and influenced by their historical traditions and religious ceremonial. It could scarcely be expected of European officers—frequently, we fear, persons of very neglected education—to make themselves familiar with the tone of thought of people whom they are accustomed to regard with little other feelings than those of contempt; whilst the employés of the civil service, probably, have felt that this was not their business. Still, it might naturally be thought that some information as to these points would have transpired from the missionaries who from time to time have been sent out by various denominations of Christians, and who have certainly met with some success in their attempts to spread the tidings of the Gospel through this immense extent of territory. And the university education which has, till lately, been thought an indispensable preliminary to the ordination of the Clergy of the Church, if it taught them but little of theology, at least might have been thought likely to give them somewhat of that enlargement of mind which we shall see presently, is absolutely necessary to enable them to cope successfully with the philosophic systems of Brahmanism and Buddhism. The truth is, India has been, with regard to its Clergy, as well as its civil

officers, looked upon as a refuge for the destitute. With a few brilliant exceptions, the men who have gone out, whether as Chaplains to the India Company, or officers of the Church Missionary Society, we fear we must even add the Clergy sent out by the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts, have been men of an inferior stamp of mind. At the present moment we have no Bishop in India, possessed of sufficient comprehensiveness of mind for the difficult post which he occupies. Neither are we acquainted with the names of any amongst the inferior Clergy who have devoted much of their attention to this important subject. No doubt there are many who, from coming into contact with forms of worship, such as practically represent the doctrines of their creeds, have become more or less familiar with parts of it, but they have at least not given to the world any fruits of their labours in this field. We can, of course, have no desire to underrate the self-denial in the laborious, though, alas! for the most part unsuccessful efforts of our Missionaries. All honour be to them for what they have done! and especially we would speak reverently of those who have suffered in the late terrible massacres, humbly hoping that some of them may have won the crown of martyrdom. What we do complain of is, that we have not done on a larger scale what has been attempted at Bishop's College in Calcutta. Why should there not be in each of our presidencies a college, governed by a head and managed by tutors of the same intellectual calibre as the present Principal of Bishop's College? We cannot, of course, hope for a repetition of Dr. Mill's thoughtful mind and searching intellect. At present we are indebted for most of the information we possess, to the publications of dissenting ministers; and of these we may specially mention the two volumes of a Baptist missionary of the name of Ward, and the two works of Mr. Spence Hardy, the Wesleyan minister, as containing a most interesting account of the history and present state of religion on the continent of India and in Ceylon.

In illustration of the utter inability of the Clergy sent out by the Church Missionary Society, to cope with the phases of belief and unbelief with which they meet, we remember hearing one of them at a public meeting, some fifteen years ago, descending on the difficulties which they experienced, and the impenetrable stupidity of Brahmans, who could not see or understand the plainest inferences of reason. In evidence of this, he quoted a conversation he had himself had with one of that order, in which he wanted to convince him of the folly and absurdity of supposing the waters of the Ganges were possessed of any peculiar sanctity. We quote the missionary's own words, as far

as we can recollect them at an interval of more than a dozen years. He attributed to the Brahman the view which the other admitted, that the water of that river was essential purity, and demanded of him—what met with a ready acquiescence on his part—that he would give up his belief in the power of this water to wash him clean from the stain of sin, if it could ever be demonstrated to him that the fact which was a necessary condition of the doctrine, was false. Our readers will easily guess that the means employed to expose this mighty delusion was the exhibition of a drop of the water magnified, as they have themselves witnessed at the Polytechnic Exhibition, by the oxy-hydrogen microscope. The missionary seemed to expect that the fact at least would astonish the Brahman, though probably he hardly expected that what appeared to himself an inevitable logical conclusion, would have the desired effect of destroying the Brahman's belief in a system upon which his life had been modelled. But perhaps some of our readers may be a little sceptical as to the fact for which we vouch—that he recounted to an admiring audience, not one of whom appeared to see how completely the Brahman had discomfited his adversary, the answer which he received—we believe we are quoting nearly the exact words we heard, for the story made a deep impression upon us at the time,—‘Oh, it is the very purity of ‘the water that enables you to see these impurities floating in ‘it!’ We are not now insisting on the facts of the religion of Brahmanism, but give the story as showing how a wrong form of belief must be attacked with weapons stronger than that with which its defenders are armed.

The deep truths of the Gospel, and their felt adaptation to the circumstances of human nature, will, we doubt not, make their way against all opposition; even that worst of all adversaries, an illogical argument adduced in their behalf. And there is no country in the world where more subtlety of argument and refinement of intellect is required than in India, where religious belief is intimately connected with the institutions of the country and the customs of its inhabitants,—has traditions of more than two thousand years,—and is mixed up with philosophic systems widely different from those which the Western world has inherited from the schools of ancient Greece.

The volume, the title of which we have placed at the head of this article, is almost the first systematic attempt fairly to represent, and cope with, the doctrine of Buddhism and Brahmanism. Three prizes have, within the present century, been offered to the two English Universities, with subjects assigned, bearing upon the present discussion. To the first of

these essays, which was published at Oxford in 1808, we need not further allude. The terms prescribed by the donor scarcely admitted of a regular refutation of Hindúism forming part of the composition. The last two were specially addressed to this subject. One was offered to the University of Oxford, by an unknown benefactor, in 1840, through the Bishop of Calcutta; and the prize was gained in 1842 by Mr. Morris, of Exeter College, a gentleman of great learning, whose subsequent defection to the Church of Rome we have had to lament.

The volume which we are now reviewing is the most recent attempt to exhibit these systems fairly, and to grapple with them. The author has not placed his name in the title-page, but he has evidently no wish to conceal it, as the dedication of the volume is sufficient to show that it contains the essay which, in 1847, gained the prize of 500*l.* offered to the University of Cambridge, by John Muir, Esq., for the best refutation of Hindúism, and establishment of the exclusive claims and authority of Christianity. The two dates and addresses appended to the dedication, we may presume, were at once intended to identify the author, and to show that he had literally followed the advice of the Roman satirist—

‘Si quid tamen olim
Scripseris, in Metii descendat iudicis aures.
... nonumque prematur in annum
Membranis intus positis: delere licebit
Quod non edideris; nescit vox missa reverti.’—*Ars Poet.* 386.

The office of Metius seems, in this case, to have been discharged by Mr. Muir, to whose suggestions the author acknowledges his obligation.

In spite of the difficulties of the subject, Mr. Williams has succeeded in presenting us with a very readable book; a work which may in fact be read, at least in parts, by any reader moderately acquainted either with the philosophy of ancient Greece, or the turn which modern philosophic scepticism has taken. It professes to be a narrative of a conversation, at a conference held at Conjeveram, where there were present an English bishop, whose name is given as Mountain; a younger man, called Blancombe, who is the chief conductor of the disputation; three natives, one a Buddhist from Nepaul, whose presence so far south is accounted for by representing him as on his way home from a conference with the Ceylon Buddhists, on the difference of their sacred books; the other two are a Brahman of great sanctity, who is supposed to have come so far south to meet another Hindú, who was president of a college somewhere in the neighbourhood, and whose reputation was rather for learning than devotion: these pass under the

names of Vidyáchárya and Sadánanda respectively. The *dramatis personæ* are completed by the introduction of a European, named Wolff, employed by the English government, though a foreigner, on some medical inquiry.

The interest of the dialogue is extremely well preserved to the last; and the slight improbability of such a combination of people, as well as that of the discussion going on, in so entirely amicable a style,—the representatives of the religions of India seldom interfering or interrupting the exponent, for the time being of his particular system—is amply compensated by the great clearness which the method allows, in stating the different views; and the points in which they come in contact with the truth, whether in the way of agreement or discrepancy.

We do not intend to give our readers any analysis of the work, but in giving them a slight sketch of the religions in India, shall follow the order adopted by Mr. Williams, and begin with Buddhism. And our object will be to exhibit the difficulties that lie in the way of those whose object it is to substitute the true for the false, in theory, and to establish a code of morality on the ruins of existing systems. We have already adverted to the grand distinction that exists between the methods of persuasion necessary to be used towards nations of savages, and those who, with more or less of cultivation, may yet be spoken of as uncivilized; and those who, like the inhabitants of Hindostan, are in possession of a civilization handed down from remote generations and developed in successive ages, running in a stream parallel to, though with a current much less rapid than that of European advance. Whatever may be the difficulty, in the case of nations almost or entirely without education, in reaching the heart, the intellectual part of the missionary's task is, so to say, light. He has to graft upon the rude and indistinct notions of a Supreme Being—or, perhaps, the conceptions of a multitude of beings that superintend human affairs, and guide the progress of events—the idea of the One true God. He has to confront the consciousness of sin, and of ill desert, if only he can happily find or implant such a conviction, with the offer of pardon and redemption. The divinity of Him who came to be the Saviour of the world, is not met with the weapons of intellectual pride. The difficulties that are felt as regards the mysterious doctrines of the co-existence of evil with the perfections of Almighty God; the singularity of the existence of human freedom of will and agency, whilst the rest of the universe may be thought to indicate the regularity of fatalism; and a thousand questions issuing from these sources; belong to a later period of a people's Christian life. There is,

happily, no necessity that our missionaries in general should be learned in philosophic systems, or possessed of keen logical power. We say, happily, for there is really no probability of our ever rearing a numerous set of men capable of so much as this. The power of sounding the depths of philosophy,—the acuteness which can exactly estimate the value of logical processes,—belongs to the few and not to the many. And what we insist upon, and we think the reader, when he has read what we have to say, will not be slow to admit, is, that we must send, at least, some of the former class to India, if we expect to make much progress in converting the natives to Christianity.

Perhaps some even of the readers of this Review will be startled at our first statement respecting Buddhism, viz., that it exists in, and rules over, a greater population than any other form of religion in the world. It has existed for nearly twenty-five centuries, and the present professors of its faith amount to nearly one-third of the human race. Its history is quite unique. It might have been supposed that a religion which, whatever be the extent of its influence over the minds of its votaries, certainly possesses in a remarkable degree powers of propagating itself even where there have been previously-established modes of belief, must have had some peculiarly marked and easily distinguishable characteristics of fascination. Such, however, it can scarcely be said to possess. Neither do we pretend that we can give any analysis of this system, which will serve to relieve the inquirer from the perplexity which every one must have felt, who has compared the tenets of Buddhism with either its rapid diffusion, or its apparent stability and permanence.

The researches of scholars have now established, beyond any reasonable doubt, that it originated in India in the sixth century before the Christian era. It would be useless to attempt to trace the indications of its appearance before the birth of Gótama, who was its founder; but we venture to suggest that the cause of its development must be looked for not in its speculative but in its practical doctrines; and it seems to us possible that the collision of these two classes of doctrine will, in a more enlightened period, lead to the final extinction of Buddhism. Already it has disappeared from the greater part of India, though it is still in full force in the island of Ceylon. Thibet and Tartary are in the present day its strongholds. For an interesting account of its development in these countries, we are indebted to M. Huc's second volume of his *Travels in Tartary, Thibet, and China*, during the years 1844-5-6. We can do no more than just allude to the singular phenomena of agreement in external ceremonial which in these countries it presents with the external rites, ecclesiastical customs, &c. of the Western

Church. The reformed Buddhism which prevails here belongs to the fourteenth century of our æra, a period at which frequent relations existed between Europeans and the peoples of Upper Asia. Neither do we think M. Huc at all oversteps the boundaries of probability in conjecturing that the very legend of Tsong-Kaba the reformer, points to the fact of his having been actually instructed by one of those Catholic missionaries who at that precise time are known to have made their way into Upper Asia. One story from this book we must take leave to insert, because, though not immediately connected with our present subject of Indian religions and traditions, it nevertheless illustrates the main point of this article, viz. the difficulty of substituting Christianity in the place of an established philosophic system.

Amongst other wonderful parts of the legend of Tsong-Kaba, not the least wonderful is that of the tree which is said to have sprung from the hair of his head, and to bear a Thibetian character on each of its leaves. Now one of the difficulties which presents itself at the outset of the inquiry into Buddhism, consists in the alleged miracles which have been performed either by its founder, or during the course of its progress; and we who reasonably lay stress on the miraculous evidence for Christianity must be prepared either to show cause why Buddhist miracles should not be believed, or else to assign the stories in which they are related their proper place in philosophy as well as in history. It cannot be denied, that the legend of a tree exhaling an exquisite perfume, every leaf of which is said to bear engraved on its surface a character in the sacred language of Thibet, springing up from the long and flowing hair of a child of three years old, shaved off by his mother, and thrown outside their tent, upon a resolution formed by the child to renounce the world and embrace a life of religion,—it cannot be denied, we say, that such a legend sounds romantic to the utmost verge of extravagance and absurdity. Yet there the wonderful tree exists, and was seen by M. Huc and his companion; and the accomplished Jesuit acknowledges himself fairly at a loss. He leaves it, he says, for wiser intellects than his to explain the mysteries of this wonderful production of nature. The tree of the ten thousand images stands in a large square enclosure, not far from the principal Buddhist temple in the country. It is so large, that three men with outstretched arms could hardly span it, the wood possessing the odour of cinnamon. Nowhere else is any such tree known to exist; and the Lamas informed the writer that all attempts to propagate it by seeds or cuttings have proved failures. M. Huc speaks of his first impression, upon viewing the tree, being that of absolute

consternation, when he found that upon each of the leaves were well-formed Thibetian characters of a green colour, some darker, some lighter than the leaf itself. Of course, the first suspicion was, that some deceit had been practised on the missionaries; and this will probably be the view taken by most readers of the narrative. We are not concerned here to defend or to combat this view of the matter. What we would insist upon is, that a Jesuit whom no one could imagine, from the general tone of his work, to be wanting either in common sense or subtlety of mind, tells us that the characters appeared to be portions of the leaf itself, the younger leaves representing the characters only in a partial state of formation. The bark of the tree is also covered with the same characters; and when a piece of the old bark is removed, the young bark beneath exhibits the indistinct outlines of characters in a germinating state, the new characters being frequently different from those which they replace. M. Huc says, 'We examined everything with the closest attention, in order to detect some trace of trickery, but we could discern nothing of the sort; and the perspiration absolutely trickled down our faces under the influence of the sensations which this most amazing spectacle created.' Our readers will excuse the digression we have made on the properties of this wonderful tree. We do not wish to make any other use of the story than to put it in evidence for the position that those who set about to convert Buddhists to Christianity will have to entertain the question of alleged Buddhist miracles. We now return to the origin and progress of this widely-propagated form of belief.

In the first place, then, it must be noticed, that it is not in any sense of the word an aboriginal form of religion. It cannot pretend to be anything but a reformation. What the modified and altered tone of thought and practice introduced by Tsong-Kaba in Tartary and Thibet was to Buddhism, Buddhism in its commencement was to the older religion of India. Entirely antagonistic as it is to Brahmanism, it nevertheless is an offshoot from it. We remember a striking expression made use of by the greatest writer and by far the profoundest thinker of this day, that Protestantism is what mathematicians call a function of Romanism. Precisely so is Buddhism a function of Brahmanism. It will perhaps appear in the sequel that the comparison of the relations of Protestantism to Catholicism and Buddhism to Brahmanism respectively holds in minute points of resemblance, and may suggest some useful hints as to the subject of the oscillations of human belief, the ebb and flow of the tide—now swelling into the uncontrolled assertion of the rights of individuals to judge for themselves, now subsiding

into credulous and listless submission of the reason to authority, real or pretended.

The founder of this system adopted the name of Buddha, or 'The Enlightened,' after conceiving the idea of becoming the renovator of the religion of his country, and it was perhaps inconsistency with his belief in his high commission that he adopted or rejected at pleasure the doctrines of Brahmanism. When scarcely thirty years of age he gave up the world for the sake of devoting himself to a life of mortification; and during this period of study he gained the conviction of his mission to be the regenerator of his countrymen, the enlightener of the world. He lived to the great age of eighty-four, and devoted nearly half a century to the preaching and propagating his doctrines—first at Benares, afterwards in other parts of Northern India. We may be permitted to observe, that its spread has some striking points of resemblance to that of Christianity. Thus, its adoption by Asoka, some three centuries after its foundation, can scarcely help reminding us of Constantine's conversion to the true faith, whilst its synods and its mode of organizing missions are equally suggestive of the Councils of the Church, and the means taken to propagate the Christian faith. Perhaps even the abandonment of the idea of caste will bear to be mentioned as analogous to that ordinance of Christianity by which the partition wall between Jew and Gentile was broken down, and certainly must be considered as one element of the success of Buddhism as compared with the older forms of Brahmanism. It spread both northward and southward, but with the exception of Ceylon and Nepaul, Northern Asia alone exhibits the dominance of this form of faith in the present day. Readers of works on the subject will find themselves puzzled by the extraordinary difference of opinion which prevails with regard to the tenets of Buddhism. In a note at the end of his first chapter, Mr. Williams tells us that Mr. Turnour considers it in the light of a revelation; Mr. Hodgson speaks of it as a deification of human reason; Lassen finds no clear intimation of a Deity in the primitive Sutras, and that M. Cousin has described it as *un nihilisme absolu*. Various reasons may be assigned for such variety of opinion, both as to facts and inferences. In the first place it must be remembered that the Buddhism of Tartary, and Thibet, and China, is an extremely different development from that of Ceylon and Nepaul—that even the two forms of it established in these parts of India exhibit two phases of belief differing in important particulars—with an equally wide difference in practical matters. In the next place, considerable allowance must be made for the different tone of thought of Asiatic and European nations, and

the consequent incapacity of any language of modern Europe faithfully and exactly to represent even the most elementary terms of the languages of India. Persons ever so little familiar with the abstractions of metaphysical science must have had occasion to observe how, with all the affinities that exist between our own language and the German, it is frequently impossible for disputants to find any common ground to meet on. The terms in use do not admit of the precise and clear definition of words used in mathematical science, nor of being so well understood as those of physical science; and a long discussion will frequently terminate in the reluctantly-felt conviction that the dispute has been as much about the meaning of terms as the realities of truth. This difficulty may wear away as intercourse becomes more familiar and languages approach each other, but exists at present, as regards the languages of the East and West, as a great drawback to their mutual comprehension.

Again, every theory of religion, with the exception of the one true system of revelation which stands in direct antagonism to all others, must, from the very nature of the case, be involved in many inconsistencies. It is a simple absurdity to suppose the possibility of an erroneous theory being in all points consistent. The philosophic systems of the schools of Plato and Aristotle, are probably better understood by Oxford tutors than by any other class of men in the world; and it will have struck most thoughtful men who have been trained in that admirable school of mental discipline, what an immense variety of opinion exists amongst able men as to the meaning of both these authors in many passages of their works. Now, after ascribing as much of this as we can to the natural difficulties of the subject, the state of the text, &c. &c., we feel sure there is a large residuum of difference of opinion to be accounted for by the endeavour to represent these authors as always consistent with themselves, and, if possible, with truth. Wonderful as is the amount of consistency in Aristotle, and profound as are the investigations of Plato, suggesting the idea of a special inspiration, we nevertheless feel sure that sufficient allowance is frequently not made for the view which, stated in the general, no one would venture to question—viz. that heathen systems of morality must of necessity be both defective and erroneous. We need not, therefore, be surprised if, upon becoming more intimately acquainted with Asiatic forms of belief and systems of philosophy, we should find them involved in glaring inconsistencies, or if the logical consequences of parts of the system should seem to destroy other parts—and, in particular, we must ever bear in mind the distinction between the keen, subtle, logical discriminative intellect of the West, and the vague,

thoughtful; comprehensive, mystical turn of mind that prevails among the nations of the East.

Whatever be the truth on the controverted question of the atheism of the Buddhists, the very existence of a doubt on this point is sufficient to show that the individuality of the Deity is not made a prominent point in their teaching. Whatever the system may have been speculatively, we cannot be wrong in regarding it as practically of atheistic tendency. The principal of the supernatural occurrences related of Sakya's birth and life, is that his mother, though married, remained a virgin, and conceived by divine influence; and the most remarkable prophecy he is said to have uttered, and which has been already in part fulfilled, was that his religious system would last five thousand years, after which time another Buddha would arise to teach the human race. 'Until that epoch,' (we are quoting M. Huc's words) he added, 'my religion will be the object of persecution, and my faithful ones will be obliged to quit India, and retire to the highest summits of Thibet; and this plateau, from the top of which the observer commands the world, will become the palace, the sanctuary, and the metropolis of the true faith.' The near approximation of the system of Buddhism and Brahmanism to each other did not prevent, nay, probably, was in part the cause of the bitter persecution of the former by the latter. The effect of this persecution was the fulfilment of Buddha's prophecy of the expulsion of his followers from India, from which dates the commencement of their spread over Thibet, Bucharia, Mongolia, China, the Burmese empire, Japan and Ceylon. The Buddhists of Ceylon differ in many points of opinion and practice from that of the North; and they have a tradition that Buddha, when fleeing from the persecutions of the Brahmans, reached their island, and from the summit of one of their mountains ascended into the skies. To this brief historical account of Sakya's life it ought to be added, that he associated with himself five of his disciples, who went about preaching his doctrines, which are contained in a collection of eight hundred volumes. M. Huc tells us that these books treat exclusively on the metaphysics of creation, and the frail and perishable nature of man—and adds that this monumental work is found in all the libraries of the great Buddhist converts, and that the finest edition is that published at Pekin from the Imperial press.

We are too much accustomed, in this country, to protestations of entire absence of prejudice, coupled with more or less deference to established and traditional opinions, to be much surprised at the shifting groundwork of Buddhist opinions. Sometimes it appears as if its professors denied anything that could not be worked out for itself by human reason. Side by side with

this, we meet with appeals to their sacred books in evidence both for facts and doctrines. Here and there we have scepticism going the lengths of adopting a theory something like that of Berkeley, of the non-existence of matter, though this is perhaps only a carrying out of the principle which characterizes all Buddhist philosophy, that 'things are not so much seen as their existence inferred from the outward manifestations which strike our senses,' that external forms change and perish, the essential reality beneath those forms remaining ever the same—growth and decay, life and death, flux and reflux succeeding each other in a natural order which appears fatalistic, and shows no signs of a guide or ruler external to itself. Under one aspect the tenets of Buddhism seem very much to resemble those of materialism; Mr. Williams appears to put in a plea in their defence, on the ground of the misrepresentation of terms and the consequent misapprehension of their meaning; as when body is spoken of as *appearance*, matter as *ignorance*, and spirit as *void*. But, again, the practice of Buddhists is quite at variance with any such notion of their creed. The class of virtues enjoined upon the votaries of this faith certainly exhibits a near approach to the style of Christian graces:—humility, and forgiveness of injuries especially, which are so remarkably absent from heathen systems of morality, hold a high and prominent place in the Buddhist system of ethics—whilst the other duties enjoined upon the disciples of this creed, undoubtedly recognize a power of exercising free will and a consequent responsibility in human agents. This system seems to have contained most of what was valuable in stoicism, and to have been remarkably free from the haughty tone which characterised both the precepts of the teachers, and the practical life of the professors of that sect. The prohibitions of their decalogue are very like those of the ten commandments given on Mount Sinai. They were alleged by Sakya Muni as having been revealed to him after his devotion of himself to a life of sanctity. It should be borne in mind that Buddha is pretty generally looked upon as the 'Saviour of Mankind,' and that he is regarded as a man-god. M. Huc informs us that a Mongol or a Thibetan would immediately answer to the question 'Who is Buddha?' in the words 'the Saviour of Man!' We have already alluded to the ten precepts. 'The four verities' which seem to be in this wonderful system the ultimate truths upon which these precepts rest, and which therefore occupy the place which in Greek systems of philosophy, as well as in revealed religion, belongs to the being and attributes of the Supreme God, are—1, the existence of pain; 2, that sin is the cause or source of pain; 3, that there is a remedy for pain which issues in what is called Nirvána; 4, the method by which Nirvána is attained.

The difficulty of understanding what Nirvána means is much complicated by the fact of the discrepancy that is exhibited between Buddhist principles and Buddhist practice. It is so difficult to throw ourselves into the attitudes of thought, which, however strange, were common in Eastern philosophy, and the different tone of thought has led to such widely different forms of expression, that we hesitate to say more than that Annihilation is probably the word which conveys to us the nearest approach to the meaning of Nirvána. Life, which is mere pain and misery, has had some beginning. To escape from it is the highest object—Death does not terminate it, but only changes its form; and incessant efforts are necessary to attain, sooner or later, to a state of meditation which is preliminary to what we have called ‘annihilation.’ It has been, indeed, disputed whether the word means so much as this, and whether it ought not more fitly be represented as ‘an eternal rest,’ ‘an uninterrupted sleep,’ ‘an entire apathy.’ But it does not seem to us that, philosophically speaking, there is much difference between these modes of expression. Call it by whatever name we may, it seems to us equally wonderful and inexplicable that human beings should have been found to surrender all that is generally thought valuable in life, with so dreary a prospect in view. Professor Max Müller, in his first article which appeared in the *Times* of April 17, 1857, observes that ‘Fortunately the millions who embraced the doctrine of Buddha, and were saved by it from the depths of barbarism, brutality, and selfishness, were unable to fathom the meaning of his metaphysical doctrines.’ There can be little doubt that in the popular mind, the prevailing notion embraced something more definite than such a mere negation as this; that natural aspirations worked themselves out into an adoration of a supreme Buddha, and that the long vista of existence terminated in a paradise which should be the reward of his faithful worshippers. The last words of Hiouen-thsang, which we quote from Professor Müller’s second article of April 20, convey a tolerably good idea of what the best-informed votary of that creed, a thousand years after the death of its founder, believed. ‘I desire that whatever merits I may have gained by good works may fall upon other people. May I be born with them again in the heaven of the blessed, be admitted to the family of Mi-le, and serve the Buddha of the future, who is full of kindness and affection. When I descend again upon earth, to pass through other forms of existence, I desire at every new birth to fulfil my duties towards Buddha, and arrive at last at the highest and most perfect intelligence.’ No such idea as this, however, is at all favoured by the accounts usually given of the steps or degrees

by which Nirvána is reached. Through freedom from sin and of all desire, except that of Nirvána, the votary is supposed to proceed to a second step, where the reasoning power entirely disappears; and what marks the individual now, is, a sense of satisfaction arising from this freedom from reason, which is looked upon as the perfection of intellect. This disappears at the next stage, when consciousness of the present and memory of the past alone remain. At the last degree, memory has vanished; and consciousness having also disappeared—the region of infinity of space, thence that of intelligence, thence that of nothing, is entered; beyond which, there is another step, which is, the absence even of the idea of nothing, where ‘there is a complete rest, undisturbed by nothing or what is not nothing.’ It would be useless to deprecate the reader’s criticism, which will be sure to pounce upon the absurd confusion of the subjective and the objective which runs through all this metaphysical jargon. It will seem, we suppose, to our readers, as it does to ourselves, a monstrous tissue of absurdity; parts of which lie very close to deep truths, and one aspect of which—the sighing for rest—will remind the intellectual reader of the Greek philosophic systems, and come home to the hearts of earnest-minded Christians.

For the knowledge we possess of Buddhism, we are mainly indebted to a Wesleyan missionary, who studied its history and its practical workings in the island of Ceylon; and it is much to be regretted that we have no such full account of this system as it exists elsewhere, as Mr. Spence Hardy has given us of what he himself witnessed and learned in that island. In a volume published in 1850, he described the discipline, rites, and present condition of the Buddhist priesthood; and this work was followed, after an interval of nearly three years, by another, entitled ‘A Manual of Buddhism in its Modern Development.’ His view was, to enable his successors in the field of missionary enterprise, to become acquainted with the wonderful system against which they would have to do battle. Few people in this country will be found possessed of patience enough to read through this latter work, the greater part of which consists of a translation from different Singhalese manuscripts; most will probably content themselves with the author’s able summary, prefixed to each portion, casting occasionally a glance at the vouchers which accompany it. From either the reader will soon discover, whatever opinion he may be disposed to form of the metaphysical system of Buddhism, that there will be no great difficulty in breaking down the absurd mass of physical facts to which it has unfortunately committed itself. And thus, an advance in secular knowledge may, in their case, be an indispensable preliminary to their reception of divine truth;

whilst the strange assertions of matters of fact in physical science show the necessity for not only a competent knowledge of the phenomena of nature, in those who would set themselves up as their instructors, but also for some acquaintance with the mode by which these truths were established, and some argumentative power in pointing out the deficiencies of evidence, or the contradictory nature of facts alleged to be coincident. For instance, we have here definite assertions made as to the size of the diameter and circumference of the sun and moon, the respective velocities of their motions, besides an immense amount of similar statements, which will not bear being confronted with the discoveries of modern science. And it is quite worth while that our missionaries should be able to point out in detail the argument which Mr. Hardy has thus summed up at the conclusion of his first section—

‘The notions entertained by Gótama—that there are innumerable worlds; that the earth has nothing beneath it but the circumambient air; that the interior of the earth is incandescent; and that the world will be destroyed by the agency of fire—may so far be correct; and a small portion of his other cosmical speculations may agree with ancient philosophy or modern science; but they are mixed up with so many other statements, which have no foundation whatever in truth, that they seem like the meteors of the morass, a dim light where there are dangers numberless; or like insulated rocks, that are no protection to the mariner, as they are covered by every wave that rushes near them in the storm. The whole of his cosmogony, and of his astronomical revelations, is erroneous; and there are statements in nearly every deliverance attributed to him upon these subjects, which prove that his mind was beclouded by like ignorances with other men; consequently, he cannot be, as he is designated by his disciples “a sure guide to the city of peace.”’

Besides all this large mass of statements of fact which will not bear the light of modern science, there is a still larger amount of the most puerile and extravagant assertions, which go to make up the creed of Buddhism. There are various traditions too puerile in themselves to be worth any notice, were it not that they may eventually tend to throw some light upon the grand system of which they form a part. It would be quite useless to encumber our pages with any detailed account of these absurdities; we have absolutely no clue to their interpretation, and the reader's only idea of them probably would be, that they resemble the efforts of children rivalling each other in the extravagance of stories invented to amuse each other, or to display the ingenuity of their fancy.

Such stories might perhaps be expected to present some resemblance to the other myths and traditions of the old world; but the religious reader, who should come to their perusal with any expectation of tracing the connexion between these fictions of the imagination, and the historical accounts of the earliest inspired books, will be grievously disappointed. Scarcely any, the faintest resemblance will be detected. What likeness there is to truth, strange to say, for the most part consists in something like shadowy representations of events which were yet future. The following passage, extracted from Mrs. Speir's useful epitome, entitled '*Life in Ancient India*,' will both serve as a specimen of the best and least absurd class of fables prevalent, and will show the view taken by a remarkably unprejudiced person, not of our own communion—

'There is beauty and truth, as well as absurdity, to be detected in these tales, and the superficial resemblance which they bear to parts of Christian Scripture is such as to make one thoughtful. In truth, Buddhism still lies entangled in a net, and the time has not yet arrived when, like the lion in the fable, the nibble of a mouse can set it free. We do not know whether these resemblances should be attributed wholly to the similarity of human vanity and human hopes, in all ages of the world; but we could almost imagine that before God planted Christianity upon earth, he took a branch from the luxuriant tree, and threw it down to India. It was from the tree of truth, and therefore it taught true morality and belief in future life; but it was never planted, therefore it never took root, and never grew into full proportions; and it was *thrown* upon earth, not *brought*; and though man perceived it heaven-born, he knew not how to keep it alive. When its green leaves drooped, he stiffened them and stifled them with varnish; and soon, although bedizened with tinsel, it shrank into formal Atheism, or dead idolatry. It is difficult wholly to suppress discussion of this kind, even when convinced that it is but little to the purpose, because the subject to be discussed has so little distinctness. Sometimes, the artificial character of the tales is sufficiently conspicuous, as when we find a number of Buddhas, all made according to one pattern, and the three last born like flame, or resplendent like fire or gems. Occasionally, we may also detect a legend at various stages of its growth, as in the story of the holy man who visited the infant Buddha. The Ceylon books represent him as going, out of respect, to the Raja, to wish him joy on the birth of a son; but the Chinese version adds miraculous signs, and a bright light, which guided the sage, from his house on the mountain, to the king's palace in the city. So

'also in reference to Buddha's birth, the Ceylon books relate that his mother dreamed that an elephant from Chadanta rubbed her side while she was pregnant; and state that Chadanta was a lake in the Himalaya, celebrated for its breed of elephants; and since elephants were much esteemed, there was nothing unnatural in supposing that the queen received this mark of affection from her elephant as a sign of future greatness in her child. The Tibet translation gives a very different aspect to the tale, saying that the Buddha elect entered the womb of his mother as a six-tusked elephant. Mr. Turnour accounts for this by supposing that the Tibetans translated Chadanta literally as six-tusked, instead of giving it as the name of a place. In Pegu, the story took a different turn. Such are the legends now current amongst northern Buddhists; and yet Csoma Korösi says their sacred books contain no mention of the virginity of Buddha's mother. The individual threads of Buddhist literature are indeed of doubtful character, many-coloured, tangled, and confused. But nevertheless we may conclude, as we began, that whether more or less fictitious, they are an indispensable link between the edicts of Piyadasi, and existing Buddhism.'—Pp. 264—266.

It would be quite out of place here to attempt to give any historical account of the progress of Buddhism as a religion, or form an estimate of the mode and extent in which it was affected by contact with other forms of faith. If the doctrines of Buddhism are obscure, its history is no less so, and it will probably take some time to separate the true from the fictitious, and to assign their proper dates to monumental inscriptions and other historical documents. We may at least profess our own incompetency to deal with this large subject. At the same time, any such attempt would far exceed the limits of an article in a Review. But for some sensible reflections on the subject generally, we will refer the reader to the concluding chapter of the second book of Mrs. Speir's interesting volume.

Mr. Williams has endeavoured to elicit all that he could of truth and consistency from this system; and one especial value of his book consists in this, that he has put the best possible face on the theories which he designs to controvert. He has endeavoured to understand, and to throw himself into them. The chief speaker in the disputation, who is called Blancombe, may be well supposed to represent the writer; and the first page of the volume informs us that he sought to agree, as far as possible, with his opponents, as if he were in search of some common ground upon which they might meet. There is one other doctrine to which we have not yet alluded, viz. that ignorance is the cause of all things, which is even more unintelligible

than those which we have detailed. The chain of causes, or sources from existence, is represented as follows :—What seems to exist originates in desire, which implies sensitive perception which must have some object, which object is the distinction, between things, which distinction pre-supposes ideas which are themselves illusious, and the effects of ignorance. Such a system of mysticism, it might be thought, must, from its dealing in such abstractions, soon have perished. And the strongest point which the author has made in the able summary at the conclusion of his first chapter, against the Saugata Muni, consists in the contrast exhibited between the simplicity of Buddha's practical precepts, and the abstract and transcendental character of his speculations, on the one side—and on the other, the gorgeous apparatus of ritual and ceremonial, and the elaborate system of sacerdotalism, which characterise its present development. The author is, perhaps, scarcely satisfied with the answer which he puts into Saugata's mouth, *viz.* 'that it is not surprising that a religion thoroughly established, should need some-what different provisions from those which suited its commencement.' In spite, however, of such changes or developments; or whatever else they may be called, which have come over the external appearance of Buddhism, its spread and continuance must be admitted to be a phenomenon quite unparalleled in the annals of the world. We, therefore, object to the incautious expression of Professor Müller in the letters to which we have referred, where he says that Buddhism, in its historical growth, pre-supposes Brahmanism; and that, however hostile the mutual relations of these two religions may have been at different periods of Indian history, it can be shown, without much difficulty, that the latter was but a natural consequence of the former. We call this an incautious expression, for the whole tenor of his letters proves that he regards the phenomenon of the rise and progress of Buddhism as quite unique; and that the author only means that Brahmanism in its whole history, and by the analogy of other forms of faith, indicated the probability of some such reaction from its tenets, as Buddhism has shown itself to be. We confess, we have no admiration of that large class of so-called philosophic historians, who are so fond of telling us that everything has happened just as it ought to have happened. When these gentlemen have exhibited any marks of sagacity in predicting the future, and their predictions have been verified, we shall be able to feel more confidence in their lucubrations on past history.

It will be asked, what there could be in a system of religion founded upon the denial of a Deity, or at least entirely ignoring his existence, and professing self-denial, as the only possible

mode of escape from those sufferings which passion entailed upon the human race, and utter annihilation, or at least the privation of individual consciousness as the 'ultimate end to be attained—what there could be in such a system to attract the attention of any class of people? It is no adequate answer—though, perhaps, it may be admitted as a contribution towards the solution of the difficulty—that in practice it rose above its theory. It made its appeal to the sympathies of men by its advocacy of the gentler virtues; and the traditional character of its founder was, perhaps, repeated in many of those who, in subsequent ages, taught and promulgated his faith. 'A great part of the respect,' says Hardy, 'paid to Gótama Buddha, arises from the supposition 'that he voluntarily endured, throughout myriads of ages, and in 'numberless births, the most severe deprivations and afflictions, 'that he might thereby gain the power to free sentient beings, 'from the misery to which they are exposed under every possible 'form of existence. It is thought that, myriads of ages previous to 'his reception of the Buddhahip, he might have become a *rahat*, 'and, therefore, ceased to exist; but that, of his own free-will, 'he forewent the privilege, and threw himself into the stream of 'successive existence for the benefit of the three worlds.' What a wonderful anomaly is it, that love to our neighbour should be grafted on the speculative denial of the existence of God, and the cherished desire of gaining a more speedy annihilation! We cannot speak precisely on the subject of the rapidity of the spread of the new doctrines; but we know that in the first year of his ministry Gótama gained twelve hundred adherents, and that he spent the forty-five remaining years of his life in preaching over all the north-western parts of India. After his death dissensions arose, and synods were held for the suppression of schism. The third of these synods was held about three centuries after the death of Buddha, under Asoka, king of Magadha, who had become a zealous convert to his doctrines. After this, its spread must have been rapid. Thibet and China received it at the very time when Christianity was being preached by the Apostles and their immediate successors. In the fifth century, it was the prevailing religion in the north of India; and in the seventh it had been adopted throughout Thibet.

We have already alluded to one of the causes of the progress of Buddhism. In touching upon other conditions which tended to bring about the same results, we beg entirely to disclaim the imputation of attempting to give any adequate account of this very singular phenomenon. That it should meet with some success, as distinguished from the religions of the rest of the ancient heathen world, was but natural, for proselytism was of its very essence. Whilst Greece and Rome were content

with the individual and political aspects of religion, the founder of this system professed the purpose of alleviating the sorrows of the whole human race. Again, the caste-system of the Brahmanical religion favoured, if it may not even be said to have originated, Buddhism. When the only known form of belief was such as insisted upon absolutely impassable barriers between different classes of men, a preparation was already made for the entrance of a new religion, which should proclaim the entire equality of all mankind; whilst the reaction from an elaborate ceremonial, and from external observances involving continuous and painful efforts to a spiritual form of religion, would be likely to fall in with the sympathies of the indolent Oriental mind. It is obvious here to notice the parallel between the development and the change that came over Europe in the sixteenth century. It will not be denied, either by favourers of the Protestant reformation, or by those whose sympathies are on the other side, that the temporary success of Protestantism is chiefly due to the corrupt practices prevalent at the time of its birth. How far the corrupt practice was the natural consequence of corrupt addition to the faith, may be a legitimate subject for discussion; but it is not in point here. If the parallel which holds in this instance between the relations of Buddhism to Brahmanism, and those of Protestantism to Catholicism, be thought to suggest the general law of reaction which obtains wherever one class of truths or practices has been strained, and insisted on, to the exclusion of another class which is sure in the long run to come in for its turn of public favour—we make no objection to this mode of statement. But we may observe, that the particulars of the development and establishment of Buddhism are such as to remind us much more forcibly of the relation of Christianity to the old dispensation than that of Protestantism to Catholicism. And this view points to a more effective cause of the progress of the religion which we are now considering, than perhaps any other which we can suggest. In contemplating the miraculous spread of Christianity over the Western world, it is but reasonable to suppose that the human methods adopted were such as were best adapted to the circumstances of that human nature whose unruly will and affections it claimed to control—and the nearer the approximation that can be exhibited to these methods, in the process of development of any false religion, the less ought to be our astonishment at its success. Thus we cannot doubt that the very announcement so emphatically made, that ‘to the poor the Gospel was preached,’ was, humanly speaking, one of the great causes of its rapid propagation, and the enlargement of the sphere of the old dispensation, whilst it was a stumbling-block to the bigoted adherents of the

Jewish law, was itself its own recommendation to those who before had felt, or even now for the first time heard, of the ancient exclusiveness of the chosen people.

There may be, then, no irreverence in comparing the progress of a false with that of the true religion. The growth of Buddhism indicates both an inherent weakness in the system which it supplanted, and some adaptation to the condition of human nature in general; as well as some peculiar relation to the circumstances of the people amongst whom it spread. Its analogies with Christianity consist in its overthrow of the distinction of castes; its aiming at universal dominion; its rising out of a previous system which it supplanted; its spreading, and for centuries retaining, its hold over countries where its predecessor was unknown; its proselytising as well as its protesting spirit—whilst the analogies become actual points of resemblance, when we view the virtues which it preached and inculcated; the councils by which its schisms were suppressed; and its missionary efforts for the propagation of its faith in distant regions. Even the surrender of its territory which it once possessed when Brahmanism became again the dominant religion of India, offers a remarkable parallel to the retreat of Christianity in Asia and Africa before the overwhelming tide of Mahometanism. There is this grand distinction, which cannot be too carefully borne in mind, when we allow ourselves to dwell upon this comparison—that, unlike Christianity, it does not profess to be in any way a completion or development of a previous form, but is wholly antagonistic to it; and what, if we were now comparing the respective claims of the two religions, would be of paramount importance, that, in the case of the retreat of Buddhism, it is its predecessor and old antagonist that has beaten it out of the field. Whatever objection may be urged against the Christian religion on the score of its having retreated from ground which it once occupied, the objection would take a much more serious form, if it could be shown that Judaism had expelled Christianity from its strongholds, and had itself re-occupied them. And we cannot but think that as regards the religions of India, it is a strong point to be able to object to the undeniable fact, that Buddhism has supplanted, and in turn been supplanted, by Brahmanism.

We are well aware that the analogies and resemblances we have been noticing will be pressed into a very different service from that in which we have been employing them; and that many will seek to represent the one true religion as nothing more than an inevitable development in the Western world of the very same ideas which in the East exhibited themselves in

a somewhat different form of progress. And with regard to any such arguments to be founded on the facts which we have been noticing, it is sufficient to observe, that it will not bear being confronted with the contrast exhibited by the antagonism of Buddhism to Brahmanism, as set against the educational character of Judaism, its preparation for, and its prophetic anticipation of, Christianity.

But we have digressed from our immediate subject. Our purpose is to exhibit the religions of India as they are; and that especially with the view of showing that we must have missionaries acquainted with the system which they have to overthrow. It is necessary for some, at least, to know the points of resemblance and contact; to understand when they may agree, and when they must enter protest. Perhaps we may be permitted to say, whilst we are on this subject, what must have been already seen to be implied, that a somewhat greater knowledge of ecclesiastical history is desirable than has generally been possessed by our Indian missionaries.

Before we quit the subject of Buddhism, we may make one remark upon its pertinacious adherence to the idea of the eternity of matter, supporting itself in this view by allaying the difficulty of the conception that things could have come into existence—if there ever was a time when there was nothing—and there being no appearance in the nature of things of any beginning. The Eastern mind seems to have accustomed itself to the contemplation of enormous periods of time. Astronomical Science has only of late years opened to the view of Europeans the corresponding intervals of space. And though with us the idea of matter having existed from all eternity is reasonably thought a characteristic of some form of Atheism or Pantheism, yet the equally absurd idea of the existence of worlds occupying the infinity of space—and which, in point of fact, implies a successive creation from all eternity—is familiar enough to those who have conversed with persons acquainted with the marvellous disclosures of modern Astronomical Science. M. Arago, in his 'Popular Astronomy,' thought it worth while to attempt a disproof of the infinity of material worlds, in opposition to Kant, who 'endeavoured, by metaphysical considerations, to maintain that space is infinite, and everywhere 'peopled with stars similar to those contained in the regions 'to which we can penetrate with our powerful telescopes.'¹ The argument he adduces is worthless; though the view which it combats is held by many, we believe, who would be shocked at the consequences to which it leads: and the reason for

¹ Popular Astronomy—Translation, vol. i. p. 247.

which we have noticed this phase of belief, is, to plead it as an argument against pushing an adversary to conclusions from which he shrinks, but which may, nevertheless, be logically deducible from premises to which he tenaciously holds. There can be no reason against waiving a point which a Buddhist is unwilling, or perhaps unable, to concede; and pressing other arguments, the force of which would be better appreciated. We, of course, do not mean to advise any scheme of comprehension which should compromise a single particle of the truth, but are only recommending a *disciplina arcana*—which, whatever may be said against it, is practically adopted by all persons engaged in the education and development of intellectual minds.

But it is time for us to proceed to the notice of the other forms of faith prevailing in India; and in doing so, we must for the present depart from the order of Mr. Williams' volume; and, omitting the notice of the philosophic systems which seem to have given rise to Buddhism, or at least bridge over the interval between the Brahmans and the Buddhists, will attempt to give some account of the religious system of Brahmanism.

This religion diverges in two directions, and appears to us under two phases—the popular and the philosophical. The essential unity of the Godhead is the feature of resemblance between the popular faith and the teaching of the learned. And though abstractedly the name by which the Deity is worshipped may be thought unimportant, yet in point of fact the variety of opinions on this subject has led to the formation of a number of schools and sects. To pass by other discrepancies, there is a grand dispute as to whether worship is due to Vischnu or to Siva; and both parties appeal to their sacred books in vindication of their respective practices. And here the matter becomes entangled in great difficulties, owing to the uncertainty of the dates of these books and the amount of their interpolations.

Characteristic of both the popular and philosophical development of religion, is the doctrine of Metempsychosis, or the transmigration of souls; of which it has been observed, that it is the main principle of Hindû metaphysics, and the foundation of Hindû philosophy. It is a point too which both the religions of which we have been speaking have in common. We need not attempt to determine the exact amount due to the different causes and conditions of its rise. No one could doubt that it is intimately connected, first, with the natural changes and development of material things, whether animate or inanimate; and secondly, with the observed inequality of suffering awarded in this life both to human beings and the lower species of animals.

Neither can it be doubted that the consciousness of demerit might tend strongly to confirm any such hypothesis when once formed and admitted. A vague belief in the existence of some mysterious power external to and above humanity, and a more or less defined consciousness of sin and responsibility, are in fact at the bottom of this, as they are the foundation of every other system of religion; and the means of escaping from the wrath or propitiating the favour of the Deity, which form the subject-matter of religious ordinances in this case, took the form of methods devised for the escape from the necessity of such transformations. The deep and enduring interest which, as children, all our readers will remember to have felt in the story of the transmigrations of Indur, as told in Mrs. Barbauld's popular work, 'Evenings at Home,' may serve to point out to us the fascination which such a doctrine might exercise, at least over uneducated minds. That this doctrine is so easy and intelligible is, in fact, the chief reason of its predominance amongst the uneducated people of India; whilst the idea of these changes being inevitable, and the successive lives in themselves not presenting any very terrible aspect to men who live a life but little above that of the lower animals, will go a great way towards accounting for the universal prevalence of such lax morality as we hear of from all European residents in that country. Indeed, it is scarcely conceivable that any higher tone of morals could have prevailed amongst members of the fourth class of society, which probably embraced all the aboriginal inhabitants who were subjugated by their Aryan conquerors.

The caste-system of India is intimately connected with their whole religious system; and the Sudras, or fourth class, are so entirely separated from the other three, that a Brahman may not even read the Vedas in presence of one of that caste; whilst to attempt to teach such a person the law, is one of the most heinous offences a Brahman can be guilty of. Yet the Sudras are by no means correspondent to the slaves of other nations. They have a rank of their own, and have defined hereditary privileges, such as they are. There is nothing very remarkable in the division into castes, which, in fact, much resembles the system adopted in Egypt. What is remarkable is, the preservation of the distinction unaltered for so long a period of time, and that in spite of the interference with it, which appears in the rise of Buddhism,—as also the fact that the priestly order retains the first rank, a place which has probably been kept so long, principally owing to the ordinance, that they alone are allowed to read the Vedas, or sacred books. The belief in the unity of God, originally derived from revela-

tion, has wonderfully survived the obscurity which it endured during the time when an undefined awe of the powers of the material world seemed to comprise the whole idea of religion; and the succeeding period, when the worship of the elements was supplanted by the more rational, though perhaps less religious, worship of deified men and heroes. The doctrine of a Trinity, such as it is, cannot help striking the inquirer, even at the most cursory perusal of the accounts of their religion; and most writers have thought it necessary to caution their readers against the assumption that the doctrine has much in common with the mysterious tenet of the Trinity in Unity taught by the Christian creed. Even Schlegel, in whose views as to the religions of the ancient world we can most easily acquiesce, is careful to point out the want of unity in the three conceptions of Brahma, Vishnu, and Siva. In the condensed account of the Brahmanical system given in the 'Christian Advocate's' publication for last year, the same view is strongly insisted on. He speaks 'of the sacred triad of the Brahmans (p. 34) as one example of 'a law by which the mind of the Hindú was constantly disposed 'to view all forms of being under triune aspects.'

Later in the volume (p. 104), he quotes Sir William Jones as a most unprejudiced witness to the same view, saying, that though eager to detect the slightest shadow of affinity between the Bible and the sacred books of India, he strenuously denied the reality of the alleged resemblances. Neither can it be said that the resemblance extends much further than to the mere outward form of expression. Worship, so far from being paid to the three in one, is offered by different worshippers to the different deities; and thus have arisen separate classes or sects amongst the teachers of Brahmanism. It was to be expected, from the profession which Mr. Williams makes in his first chapter, that he would not exhibit this distinction between heathen and Christian worship in exaggerated colours, but rather that he would make the best he could of the resemblance, real or fancied. At page 101, he introduces Dr. Blomfield as saying, with reference to the Eternal's supposed exhibition or development of Himself in the act of creation, 'How wonderful!—wonderful 'alike in its resemblance, and in that, resembling so nearly, 'it still differs so much.' And if this is a less definite, it at least appears to us a more philosophical view of the outpouring of heathen thought as to the mysterious nature of the One Infinite Being, and the aspiration of the heathen mind towards Him who is not far from every one of us—in whom we live, and move, and have our being. It would indeed have been absurd to expect any more close approach to Christian doctrine in Indian religion,—if only we bear in mind the utter absence

of any such doctrine from the Jewish belief at this day. Yet we cannot but think that the recognition, from some form or other, of a Trinity in Unity, may be one of the necessary conditions of philosophic thought—which is thus made unconsciously to bear witness to the truth.

We ought not to omit to notice that the change from the earliest historical form of religion in India, viz. from the worship of the elements to that in which the Deity is clothed in human form, has been attributed to the reflex influence of Buddhism upon the system of which it was an offshoot. Ritter has observed that, 'So soon as the principle of anthropomorphic polytheism was deliberately and consciously asserted, as it was in Buddhism, a spirit of opposition was immediately awakened in the religious system of the Brahmans, alike against the principle and the practices resulting from it; and the rejection of all the polytheistic elements which had been introduced in the second period of its history was the natural consequence. In what manner this was effected is apparent from the actual state of the Brahmanical religion. It still retains entire the pantheism of the deities created and embellished by the poetic fancy; but combines therewith the doctrine of the Oneness of the Godhead, asserting that One only God is the true and supreme God—that the other gods are in the popular opinion his ministers, in the opinion of the wise the deceptive creatures of his Maja, his illusive image. This representation naturally gave an opening to the formation of a variety of opinions as to which of the many was the one true God. Some honour Maja as such, others Krischna, others also Siva, &c. &c., for each of which opinion sufficient authorities were easily to be found in the motley medley of their fables. The religion of Brahma has consequently been split into divers sects, holding a variety of opinions as to the proper object of highest adoration.'¹

Side by side with this religious belief, and running parallel to it, we find a philosophic system which has evidently sprung up from the attempt to explain the unfathomable mysteries of the nature of God, the possibility of creation, and the origin of evil. And if we learn nothing else from the extraordinary vagaries of Indian intellect when exercised upon these subjects, we are at least permitted to see and adore the wisdom of the Almighty in having committed the oracles of God to an unintellectual and unphilosophical people—to find deep cause for thankfulness that the Hebrew nation, the depositaries of the faith, were saved from those blind speculations which will yet render the conversion of the people of India to the Christian faith so diffi-

¹ Ritter; *History of Ancient Philosophy*, vol. i. p. 96, Translation.

cult a task. The questions which have agitated Christendom since the establishment of Christianity on a firm footing in the Western world, most wonderfully resemble the difficulties which presented themselves for solution to the minds of Indian sages ; and even amidst the awful falling away from the faith which has been witnessed in our times, both amongst the nations of Europe and the further West, we have this consolation to sustain us—that they are serving the purpose of sharpening the weapons which, as we trust, are destined to overthrow the very same theories in the East.

The distinction of caste is the most marked characteristic of the difference between Brahmanism and Buddhism, the chief secret of whose influence we have supposed to be the entire disregard of class. Perhaps the next mark of distinction most conspicuous is in the end to which all human efforts are to be directed. Up to one point the two systems are agreed, viz. in seeking for the means of deliverance from the evil and miseries of existence in this earth ; but the ultimate end of all things is with the Buddhist, Nirvána, or annihilation—with the Brahman, absorption into the Supreme Deity. A question has indeed been raised as to the meaning of the Buddhist's Nirvána,—a question which needs not be noticed further here than to allude to the evidence which it furnishes as to the impossibility of the popular mind resting on the mere abstract dogmas of metaphysics. The harmonious working of the abstract and mysterious doctrines of revealed religion, however imperfectly understood, upon the minds of those who obediently follow its precepts, and the gradual dawn of light upon the humble worshipper, or the felt adaptation of the true faith to his own individual circumstances, are, after all, the best 'Evidences of Christianity ;' and we cannot but think the most telling argument against Buddhism to those who are votaries of this form of religion, will be in the fact that the practice of mankind has risen above, and so condemned, its principles. The original meaning of the word Nirvána is, 'a blowing out,' like the extinguishing the flame of a candle. No other word could have been invented more expressive of extinction and annihilation ; yet it has been denied that this is really the belief of Buddhism—and that chiefly on the score of the discrepancy that exists between such a view and its supposed logical consequences, and the observed practice, of Buddhists. The dispute as to the meaning of Nirvána is, as Professor Max Müller has shown, not new ; and he has successfully proved that, in the theory of Buddhism, extinction or annihilation is the end proposed. We may add that, such being the case, it was impossible but that disputes, such as have occurred, must have arisen. The natural aspirations of the

human mind could not bear being confronted with so gross an absurdity, and hence the variety of thought and expression which has led even recent writers to adopt the theory of the identity of this doctrine with that of Brahmanism; in which the highest end of all religion and philosophy is maintained to be the union and communion of the soul with God—the absorption of the individual into the Divine essence.

The difficulty of estimating the meaning of Maja, or the illusory appearance of things existent; the near approach to truth in much of the expression of Brahman philosophy, with regard to the mode in which things, beside the Divine essence, may be considered to exist or not to exist, is very interestingly and clearly drawn out in the dialogue, between Blacombe and Vidyáchárya. In it the latter is the principal speaker, the Englishman performing the part of listener, and attempting to draw out the Brahman's view, and here and there to accommodate it to English modes of thought and expression.

Perhaps the most striking part of the philosophy of the subject, is the consistency of the doctrine of the illusory nature of present appearances of created things; and the re-absorption of the human soul into the Deity, when this illusion of creation has passed away. After making due allowance for the tone of Christianity, which the author has suffused over this portion of his book, it is impossible not to be struck with the many points of coincidence which the doctrine exhibits with the system of Berkeley, and the general tone of resemblance which the most elevated form of Brahmanism bears to Christian views and feelings. When language is so abstract, and truth is necessarily expressed in metaphor, it is extremely difficult to draw the line of separation, which bounds the territories of truth and error. Still more difficult will it be found to bring the minds of individuals into a state to recognise the line of demarcation.

Christianity has already had its battle to fight, and will again have to wage mortal combat with a doctrine which follows close upon the heels of this, whether true or false, view of Maja or illusion,—we mean the temporary and illusory nature of sin. And our author is himself an instance in point, to show the great danger of too large an amount of concession for the sake of conciliating an adversary. We even fear that the contest with Hindúism will furnish excuses for the desire which is daring to show itself more conspicuously than heretofore, to get rid of the belief in a doctrine of eternal punishments.

However, we are at present concerned with the doctrine of future bliss, which is recognised, in this system of theology, as consisting in a resolution of separate individual existence into the Deity, from which it originally sprung; and it is easy to

see that, if the Buddhist view of the future could only survive in the popular mind by means of its distorted images being reflected back again into a nearer resemblance to the original ideas of which they were the distortions,—the doctrine of Brahmanism must have become influential owing to a similar process. Expressions, indeed, might be quoted in considerable numbers from the Christian Scriptures, which, taken by themselves, might seem to favour this leading idea of Brahmanism; and the real resemblance, so far as this is the practical working of the Heathen and the Christian creed, is owing, no doubt, to the inability of human nature to throw off its belief in its own separate personality and responsibility. It is but natural, therefore, that Christianity should make more progress against the religion of the unsophisticated people than that of the educated and intellectual. It will be found as true now as in the early days of Christianity, that not many wise, not many noble are amongst its converts, but that the principal triumphs of the Gospel will be amongst the humble and despised of this world. Nay, we will be bold to say that the opening up of the controversy between Hindúism and Christianity will not be without the painful consequences of a defection from the ranks of Christianity to the views of Pantheism. And, on the contrary, we do not fear but that in the case of the Brahman, who is taught to feel the reality of his own sinful nature, and of the actual sins of which he has been guilty, he will in that very consciousness discover the antidote to that subtle and false system of metaphysics which represents this world with all its misery and wickedness, as but a reflection of the image of the Divine Eternal Uncreated Being. To such an one, it will neither be necessary to deny the doctrine of future punishment, nor to explain away the sufferings and death of our Blessed Redeemer, as a vicarious sacrifice and propitiatory atonement for the sins of the whole world. Rather in these will he find the satisfaction that his soul is yearning for; and the explanation, so far as explanation can be had, of the mysteries of creation and existence, of sin and its forgiveness, misery and its liberation. Such persons may be unable precisely to distinguish between the subjective and the objective; they may be puzzled at the identity of the thinker and the thought, incompetent to draw the precise line which distinguishes being from experiencing; but the humble and religious sense which they possess of dependence upon a higher power, will lead them to avoid the false mysticism which would identify them with that higher power, and to adopt the view which commends itself alike to their moral interests and their intellectual perceptions, that God will be all and in all, the source of all joy and peace.

We are quite prepared for the accusation which will be urged against us, that all this looks like cutting the question, that after all we have not brought the two views into direct collision, nor shown the absurdity of the philosophic system, which, to some minds, will appear under an imposing aspect.

And our reply is, that it would be a strange system of religion; and, we suppose, unexampled in the history of the human race, which should make its appeal solely to the intellect and the reasoning power of men. Certainly, Christianity has ever been remarkable for its protest against any such view as this. It seems, if one may reverently say so, as if the intellectual aid of miracle and prophecy,—so far, that is, as the aid of these is merely intellectual,—and the like, were supplied in scanty measure, and only as a necessary supplement to other methods of persuasion, when the necessity of some such assistance was obviously apparent. Neither do we attempt to deny the grandeur of the theory (grand, because it contains so much of truth), which would represent material things as a sort of shadow of the Divine nature, the outpouring of the thought of Deity, as fleeting and unsubstantial as the language in which human thought is embodied and clothed,—and the mode in which the Divine essence puts forth or develops itself.

But then to make this doctrine consistent with itself, it must be pushed a step further; and the power of the human will must be denied; and all things must be regarded as proceeding in a blind order of fatality, or else as issuing from the arbitrary will of the supreme and only truly existent Being. With the fatalistic doctrine we do not join issue, because it can never be other than a speculative doctrine, practically denounced by the constitution of society, and disproved in every voluntary action of every individual life. But we do believe that we must take our final stand against unbelief and misbelief of every form on the individual consciousness of him with whom the argument is conducted. All the speculative difficulties as to the freedom and independence of the will, and the origin of evil, find their only practical solution in an argument addressed to, and presupposing, the consciousness of having voluntarily gone counter to the will, and so having incurred the displeasure of a higher Being.

It may take time to develop the feeble remains of such consciousness, obscured, it may be, more and more in successive generations by a downward course of wickedness, and almost lost in the tangled skein of metaphysical investigations in which it has been wrapped. And the co-existence of a great philosophic system, with an awfully extensive depravation of morality, may render the task of the conversion of India one of immense

difficulty. Even under the comparatively favourable circumstances in which he was placed, the late excellent and energetic Bishop of Grahamstown thought it necessary to caution people at home against extravagant expectations of rapid progress in the propagation of Christianity amongst the natives of South Africa. With his characteristic straightforwardness and honesty, he says (Memoir, p. 308), 'I, myself, expect no sudden fruit; and though longing for help from home for devoted men, for larger means, that we may enter energetically on the work, I believe it to be a work that will need patience, that will try our stedfastness, that will make a strain upon hope; and in appealing warmly to the English Church for help, I enter a solemn protest against the impatience of the age which requires in spiritual, as in commercial matters, quick returns—glowing accounts of great triumphs, no depressing tale of failures and disappointments.' And with reference to India especially, the Church must make up her mind to work on in faith amidst much discouragement.

We must content ourselves with a very brief notice of the Sankya philosophy, which occupies the second chapter of Mr. Williams' work. There is the less necessity for our noticing the system at any length, because it can hardly be said to have any existence in the present day. Professor Wilson had never met with more than one Brahman who professed to be acquainted with the writings of this school, which has, however, an historical importance, and is looked upon by the best informed writers on the subject, as having paved the way for Buddhism. Capala was its founder. And whilst it possesses many features of resemblance to both the systems of which we have been speaking, it may be considered more daring than either of them. It approaches more nearly than either of them to the Materialism of the present day, and reminds us forcibly of the Greek doctrine of an *anima mundi*. Knowledge is its panacea for attaining the end which, as in all other Indian systems, consists in the extrication of the soul from the illusion under which it labours, of having a separate personality and consciousness. The close connexion which this philosophic system exhibits with fatalistic views, certainly seems to justify the author in attributing, as he appears to do, the licentious practices both of worship and of common life which are so prevalent in India, to its influence. At the same time it must be remembered that this influence must be indirect, inasmuch as the system itself is so little known—and there is no possibility of denying the connexion of the worship of some of the gods of the older system, with rites and practices of the most obscene description.

The strong point of this system consists in their speculations upon the mystery of creation and the origin of evil, and is well drawn out by the author at p. 61. If it is once allowed that knowledge is the highest endowment of human nature, and all mysteries are expected to be reducible to common sense in the crucible of reason, we are forced to confess that we have no answer to give to such statements as the following:—

‘ But as to our conclusions, they are forced upon us by the state of the case. For if there had ever been a time when an Iswara, all-wise and all-sufficient, such as you imagine, existed alone without a world, he being happy in himself, would have had no inducement to create—nor again, could he have created without materials; and if even he had created a world, being all-wise, he would have made it more perfect far than the state of things around us. Living things would not have preyed upon life, nor man have injured man. But now consider again this argument. You think that the world is sufficiently good to imply an Iswara; we ourselves think otherwise. But your argument sufficiently shows that a certain order is observed, and that too very much such an order as would arise upon our theory of like begetting like, or causes containing their effects. For all things you see proceed in the gross, and, as it were, by waves of the tide, rather than by dropping from the hand. The more perfect, then, you conceive this order to be, we make no objection so far, but advise you to derive consolation from the comparative certainty of things in respect of cause and effect. Such a certainty may well assure you that by adapting your conduct (if you believe that man is a free agent) to the revolutions of nature—or, as we should say by contentedly suffering the unavoidable and liberating the soul, so that it can rejoice in the grandest of all spectacles—you will both secure such a happiness as it is in the nature of things for you to enjoy, and also act consistently with piety.’—P. 61.

From what has been said it will have appeared that, for the successful coping with Indian philosophy and religious belief, it will not only be necessary to be furnished with answers to such allegations as are likely to be urged against the system of Christianity in general and its particular doctrines. Besides this, the antagonist of Brahmanism and Buddhism will have to settle for himself the grounds of natural religion as the basis on which his system of revealed religion has to be erected. In an article which appeared in this Review at the commencement of last year, we pointed out the necessity of exhibiting clearly the state of the case as regards natural religion; how far its grounds were cognisable by the speculative faculty; and how far they.

were established by their felt conformity to the common affections of our nature. In this we had principally in view, the anticipating the first step in the downward course from a tottering and unsteady faith in the high mysterious doctrines of the Church, leading first to disbelief and then to denial of other doctrines, till at last, as its natural and logical consequence, it issues, in minds of a certain degree of intellectual power mixed with some moral defect (not unfrequently an overweening estimate of its own intellect), in entire disbelief of religious obligation and distrust of any power external to itself. The Atheistic, and Pantheistic, and Materialistic theories—to the overthrow of which treatises on Natural Theology, such as appear at the present day, specially address themselves—strikingly resemble the forms of belief which are professed in the East; and different as are the persons to whom the argument is to be applied, the argument itself is, upon the whole, pretty much the same; and the author has shown great skill in this part of the conduct of his dialogue. In the fourth chapter, Wolff, the European sceptic, is introduced skilfully veiling his own belief behind a profession of inability to see how this Materialistic system of the Charvacas could be refuted. The keenness with which the speaker enters into the views which he at first does not undertake to defend, and the subsiding again into the affectation of neutrality and indifference at the end of his speech, are eminently natural. Great skill, too, is shown in throwing into the narrative form points more or less closely connected with the subject which would scarcely bear being dwelt upon in the way of argument, which yet when taken in the aggregate have a telling effect on some minds towards the side of Materialism. This relief from the monotony of continued dialogue is quite necessary in so long a treatise, as well for the sake of fairly representing objections to the truths as for giving due effect to the arguments in reply. In the present instance, the writer has given a remarkably clear statement of the view itself, and has represented the solution of the difficulty in a very satisfactory light. We are glad to be able to acquiesce heartily and entirely in our author's views as to the proof of the presence of mind—whilst his views of the questions of the existence of innate ideas, intuitions, &c., as opposed both to the school of Locke and the modern sensational theory, though expressed very differently, is really precisely the same with that which was advocated in the paper already referred to. The rest of this chapter, too, is most thoughtful and beautiful; it treats of the value of the testimony of the conscience and the affections, the yearnings of mankind, and their natural tendency to prayer. All this, when coupled with the inability of human

language to escape from the recognition of a personal Supreme Being, and the manifestly good results that are produced by such belief, make out a case of wonderful cogency, whilst they are represented by the author with an *éiparela* worthy of Socrates or Bishop Butler. We should greatly exceed the limits assigned to us if we attempted to give any analysis of this beautiful chapter, which seems to us to indicate a mind not only of high intellectual power, but of deeply religious tone. This chapter, with the following, contains moreover an excellent criticism of the two systems of religion, as well as of the Sankya philosophy, which bridges over the interval between them. Both chapters contain some striking thoughts, amongst which we may particularly notice the representation of the two views of unity of type in nature and evidence of design, as being by no means antagonistic; but the former enlarging the conceptions engendered by the latter, and addressing itself to a more comprehensive grasp of intellect than either special instances or general rules of what is commonly called design or forethought appeal to. Equally striking is the pressing of modern geological science, against both the extravagant periods of time in which Hindú history revels, and the doctrine of perpetual revolutions of life and death which characterises both the great religious systems of India. The author justly observes that the unity of type seen in the remains of ages long past and pointing onward to man, the highest specimen of that type, indicates progress and not revolution. And here we must conclude this part of our subject, though not without just alluding to the skilful mode in which the author precludes the Buddhist disputant from arguing from alleged miraculous interposition, on the ground that his system allows no room for it—and the no less clever exhibition of Brahman spiritualism as tending towards and developing into Materialism.

The following two chapters are devoted to an examination of the chronology and literature of India. Without attempting to follow our author through this part of his subject, we shall only say that he has very clearly exhibited the inconsistencies and absurdities of Indian history. Perhaps there are hardly yet sufficient data for settling even the grand epochs of the history of this country, excepting in very few cases, with any tolerable exactness. All processes of this kind must for the present be regarded as tentative, or to speak logically, all the premises open to be altered and modified to suit the conclusions which seem to come out from a comparison of them with other independent sources. No doubt, the discovery of monumental remains, and the publication of additional works on the subject, will eventually bring the history of the East

into some more tangible shape than it has hitherto appeared in. It would not be doing Mr. Williams justice, if we did not acknowledge that he has nowhere on this subject overstated his case; and perhaps he has produced the best possible account out of the scanty reliable data which are presented to us. So great, indeed, is the uncertainty of the whole subject, that there are not wanting authorities for the hypothesis that Buddhism is more ancient than Brahmanism: an hypothesis, which, as the reader will have seen, we have with Mr. Williams, and an overwhelming weight of authorities, treated as scarcely worth notice. Dr. Wolff is introduced as the advocate of this view. In reply to him, as well as the other disputants in the controversy, Dr. Blomfield is represented as endeavouring to concede as much as possible to the views of all the three speakers who appear in the dialogue; and perhaps the following extracts will put our readers in possession of as much of the outline of the history, as is either undisputed or may be considered as tolerably established. After giving his reasons for assigning different dates to different portions of their sacred books, he continues:—

‘If now you consider that such change of language is the mirror of changes in society, which must have been long in coming about, you will understand why the laws of Manu belong to a period long after the earliest Vedic hymns, though before the rise of Buddhism.

‘Our friend Sadānanda is so critical, that he will readily enter into what I will offer conjecturally about Capila. There is in the Sāṅkhya philosophy an acknowledgment of the might of nature, which might well enough spring out of the Vedic worship. But the abstract tone of the philosopher’s speculation, and his way of reducing the deities into natural forces, is unlike the simple fervour of the old devotional song. We must blame Capila for not having substituted any clear conception of an overruling mind; but we must acknowledge he had reason for taking away that worship of blind elements which the older faith involved. Perhaps it was his mission, as a rationalist, to work out freedom for the human mind from undue subjection either to the material world, or to that elaborate system of the religious caste, which had become a superstition to some, and a policy to others. Thus he paved the way for Śākya, who added devotion to speculation, and extended to masses of men that freedom which Capila had given only to the few. Since, however, the faith of Śākya must have been to many a painful revolution, there would arise men desirous of a scientific freedom, yet anxious to reconcile it with the orthodox religion. This seems to have been attempted by Patañjali, the grammarian, who lived some time after Pāṇini, and therefore later than Śākya. The interval then between the two stages of the Sāṅkhya philosophy comprises the rise of Buddhism. Later than these, though I dare not fix a precise date for it, must have been that orthodox wisdom which the venerable A’chārya represents. For though attempts to explain the purpose of the Vedas may have begun early, and some of them may have been called the earlier Mīmāṃsā, yet they evidently received an impulse from the opposition after approved systems. The very phrase A-dwaita (non-duality) implies that the distinction between spirit and matter had

been taught by others; and some elements in the A'chārya's system are traced by himself to Sancara. Nor should I wonder if some of them are even later. But Sancara lived not earlier than 800 or 900 A.D. How different this newer Vedāntine system is from the older Vedic worship we have partly seen, and shall see farther. But all this stage of philosophical development occupies a middle ground of vast extent between the old poetical faith, and the new burst which gives the religion of India another form, as evident in the Purānas. It is in nearly the same middle region that we are to place the rise and fall of the Bauddha faith in India. Only there is this difference; a religious creed is so antagonistic to its rival creed, that we can fix definitely its date; whereas tendencies of thought may be at work when unacknowledged, and stretch over into their opposites, so as to be hardly disentangled. Thus the philosophical spirit may have anticipated its fuller consciousness by certain portions of the Epic poems, as well as interpolated episodes in the later of the two; and again it reaches on into the Paurānic stage, both giving a meaning to the legends, and suffering itself to be fancifully transformed in them. Again, as the philosophical sects supply the middle ground in speculation, so do the Epic poems in both heroic legend and physical parable, between the hymns of the old Vedic ritual and the modern mythology of the Purānas.'—*Paramēswara-jnyāna-gōshthi*, p. 279.

And again afterwards, at page 282:—

'The earliest hymns of the Rig-Veda, shew us the Hindú not yet having earned his name by long dwelling on the Indus, but in the country of the Five Rivers, worshipping all the skyey influences, hailing the dawn in song, and personifying the dark cloud which withholds, as well as the blue heaven which liberates the rain. His deities are *Devas*, the bright elements which seem to bless him. He has not yet built temples, nor bowed down to idols, nor become the instrument of priests, nor does he fancy anything of the transmigration of souls, nor probably of the incarnation of deities, nor has he yet suffered the brotherhood of mankind to be outraged by division into castes. Nor again does he make the pitiless demand for widows to be burned. It is very remarkable that none of these things are originally Vedic. Whether the horse sacrifice (*aswamedha*) was merely symbolical, as your commentators say, or whether the later symbol represents an earlier usage, of perhaps Persian or even Tartar origin, I will not determine. But at least, sacrifices were common enough, and the flesh of them might be eaten: so that the modern horror of eating flesh can hardly have existed. So far the earliest Hindú we read of had rather the advantage of his descendants; on the other hand, his hymns show no deep feeling of the moral evil of sin, nor reverence for the deities as moral governors. Some have fancied that they can trace in the Vedas, vestiges of an earlier belief in one supreme God. But no texts have yet been shown me, belonging to the earliest stage, which bear clearly such meaning. On the contrary, physical nature seems to present the objects of worship, and animal nature to suggest the prayers. Man seems as yet the first among animals worshipping the elements. By degrees however the shaping mind modifies its impressions into an unity; and a deeper sense appears of the mystery which underlies the agencies of nature with a feeling after some spirit which formed them. It is chiefly in the *Upa-ni'shads*, so far as I have observed, that this tendency develops itself; therefore not in the earliest time. Thoughts however of *Ātman*, the great Soul, or Self, or Person, without whom it is as unnatural to conceive the world as a human body without a mind, may have had many indistinct utterances before they grew into such reasoned poems, as that about Vách,

which you quoted to me. There seems also to have broken off from the A'ryas while yet in the country of the Five Rivers, a section which carried westward some Vedic traditions and ripened them in Bactria or Persia, into the Zoroastrian lore. This re-migration must not be confused with the original advent of the A'ryan race from Irán; still less must the ebb be made to account for the earlier flow. In the mouth, however, of Zarathustra, the mere nature-worship took a deeper tone, and spoke of strife no longer between cloud and sky, but between evil and good, or the malignant serpent and the Son of Heaven. Thus he divorced, in a way, mankind from physical nature; and brought out a deeper moral consciousness, with both its sense of suffering and its manlier struggle. Whereas with the true Hindús remained longer, and almost remains still, something of the old childhood, which felt itself cradled in the world, and only asked their bounty, looking on it almost as a right. I need not stay to trace nicely how many hymns of the Rig-Veda reappear in both the Yajurs, and again in the Sáma, or how they are somewhat modified. But in the Bráhmaṇas we have the signs of a priesthood or caste, arranging and explaining the songs which were already ancient; and this tendency is said to reach a more elaborate formalism in the Sūtras. Before the Atharva or fourth Veda had been compiled, the A'ryas must have spread into India. It speaks more directly of the aboriginal races, among whom it mentions the Sūdras as hostile. It has words which are said to betray symptoms of Prácrit, or at least of the older language already assimilating itself to indigenous idioms. It gives prayers no longer as natural effusions of the religious feeling, but as formal charms against sickness. It deals more in its episodes, with metaphysical questions, as about death and the spiritual world. It is the expression, in short, of a religious revolution, which already the Brahmanical caste was conducting. We may estimate both its comparatively recent date, and yet the antiquity of Manu, from remembering that the legislator recognises only three Vedas, though it is possible the fourth may already have been framed. Some also find in the Atharvan astronomical signs of B.C. 1100, rather than 1400, but these I will not venture to argue from.'—*Paramésvara-jnyána-gósthí*, p. 282.

Our readers will not suppose that we mean to assert that all our missionaries in India must be philosophers, or indeed that many of them will be liable to encounter such intellectual minds as our author attributes to the Saugata Muni, Sadánanda, and Vidyáchárya. Many of them, it is to be supposed, nay, we had almost said hoped; will be in happy ignorance of the scepticism that has spread its blighting influence so extensively amongst the educated portion of the rising generation. Christianity will not be propagated by intellect, but by zeal, and the influence of argument is much more indirect than direct. But it would be, and we take leave to say it ought to be, a fatal barrier to its progress, if its claims could not approve themselves to the intellect of the unprejudiced inquirer, if we may be allowed for a moment to make such a monstrous supposition. But yet, though people cannot be unprejudiced, yet they may in different degrees approach this state of mind. The same person, moreover, will at different periods be able to divest himself more or less of such prejudices as are habitual to him. It is something, even, to know that persons, whose judgment cannot be

set aside as of no value, have said what to themselves appears conclusive against a false theory. Sceptics, whether amongst ourselves or in the East, will not be able, however much they may profess to be guided by what they call pure reason, to throw off the restraints imposed by the very constitution of human nature upon absolute freedom of thought; and it is in the highest degree necessary, both for their own sake, and much more for the sake of those who will come under their influence, to exhibit the strength of the cause which they are attempting to gainsay. Still it must be remembered, that the questions at issue are such as reach the lowest depths of thought. And it could not be wished that many should give up their time and energies which are due to practical matters, to such metaphysical abstractions as we have been considering; neither indeed could we expect to find many minds endued with natural capacity, and fostered and disciplined by the highest style of education, so as to be competent for such a task. The battle in India has to be waged, alas! not with the highest style of intellect, but against the most degraded form of morality. And, miserable as the picture is, we must now shift the scene from philosophy to fact, and attempt to lay before our readers a little of the actual state of religion in India. The contrasts displayed in the commencement and development of both Buddhism and Brahmanism, are in themselves such as to form a strong argument in condemnation of both these systems.

It may reasonably be asked, What sort of worship can properly exist in a system which admits of no Supreme Deity, and professes to conduct its votaries to annihilation? And certainly modern infidels, in the Western world, have been more consistent in carrying out their principles into practice than their Buddhist colleagues, either in the Northern or Southern parts of Asia. The present state of Buddhism is the best instance in point to show that man cannot live without a religion, and that that religion must have external rites cognisable by the senses, and must prescribe injunctions, the performance of which shall exercise the physical as well as the mental energies. That Buddhism should have degenerated, if indeed it be a degeneracy, into idol-worship, may seem strange; but it was the necessary development of its teaching, if that teaching was destined to survive its author. It is of no importance to ascertain the precise time when image-worship may be said to have commenced. It is at present the universal custom. Not only have they images, but gorgeous temples, in which they are enshrined. And idol manufactories are spoken of as being of common occurrence in China and elsewhere; and the remains of Buddhist temples in India are such as to show that they

were of immense size and elaborately ornamented. What is very strange in their mode of worship is, that amidst many minor differences the worship of a triad is said to be universal. Mr. Spence Hardy, in his earlier work on 'Eastern Monachism,' says (p.)209, 'The invocation of the triad is noticed by a Mahometan traveller in Thibet, who calls its constituents, God, his prophet, and his word. By Rémusat it is translated, "Boudha, la loi et le clergé."'

Another very remarkable approach to Christian doctrine is in the prevailing belief in some form of atonement. That this should be connected with views somewhat resembling Solifidian views will not be wondered at. Both these points are illustrated by the following extract from the same work:—'The king of Ságala on one occasion said to Nágaséna, "You declare that although a man live in sin a hundred years, taking life and committing other crimes, if he thinks of Buddha once, when at the point of death, he will be born in a déwa-lóka; this I cannot believe. You say again, that if a man only once takes life, and does not think of Buddha, he will be born in hell; this, also, I cannot believe." Nágaséna replied, "How so? If we put ever so small a pebble in the water it will sink, but a hundred yálas of stones may be put into a boat, and floated across the river without difficulty; and it is the same with those who acquire merit." —P. 211.

All writers on the subject of Buddhism have noticed the resemblance in the externals of its worship to the rites of the Roman Church. Some have not scrupled to avow their belief that the monastic system of the Church is derived from its contact with Eastern habits and manners. The resemblance itself it is impossible to deny. The cave monasteries of the Buddhists are both much more numerous, and on a considerably larger scale than those of Catholic countries. The number of priests, also, is very great; and their method of conducting service such as forcibly to remind spectators of the practice in Roman Catholic churches. Upon the whole, however, as might perhaps reasonably be expected, the resemblance of worship is rather to the corruptions than the legitimate developments of Christian worship. The image worship which is universal, is not in Thibet connected with the worship of relics, which is so prevalent in Ceylon. It is interesting to trace these two developments of Buddhist worship. In Thibet, the prevalence of a belief in successive incarnations of Deity fixes the attention of the worshipper upon its living representative. In Ceylon, on the contrary, where the Buddha is supposed to have ceased to exist, the mark of his footstep, one of his canine teeth, and other parts of his bones, have become the

objects of worship. It would be scarcely necessary to say anything of the manifest absurdity of worshipping parts of the body of a being whose existence has altogether ceased; but we are tempted to make a long extract from Mr. Spence Hardy's volume, with the view of illustrating the extraordinary methods in which absurdities can be defended, and that especially with the view of illustrating the intellectual difficulties that missionaries may have to encounter.

The view of the following dialogue is to reconcile the apparent contradiction of worshipping an extinct God. The defender of Buddhism commences:

'N. When that fire, that although it has no mind, receives the grass and fuel, is extinguished—is the world without fire?

'M. No; any one who wishes to produce fire, may do so by the friction of two pieces of wood.

'N. Therefore they who say that no benefit can be received from the making of offerings to Buddha, utter that which has no foundation in truth. Whilst Buddha was in the world, the glory that he possessed may be compared to a brilliant flame; now that he has attained Nirvána, his passing away is like the extinguishing of that flame; but as the flame receives the grass or fuel that is thrown into it, though without any desire on its part, so although Buddha does not receive the offerings of the faithful, the reward of those offerings is certain. For as any man may procure a flame by the rubbing together of two pieces of wood, by the light of which he will be able to carry on whatever work he has in hand, so the faithful by making offerings to Buddha, and reflecting on the excellences of the Dharma, will reap the reward for which these exercises are practised. There is another comparison to which you must listen. There is a high wind; it shakes the trees and causes them to fall, and then dies away; after thus passing away, is it from desire that it again returns?

'M. This cannot be, because it has got no mind.

'N. Does the wind that passes away make some sign to the wind that is to come?

'M. No; any one may cause wind by means of a fan; when he is warm, he can cool himself in this way.

'N. Therefore the unbelievers that say there is no benefit from the making of offerings to Buddha speak falsely. As the wind spreads itself in every direction, so the virtue of Buddha is diffused everywhere; as the wind that has passed away is not again produced, so there is no reception of the offerings on the part of Buddha. As men are subject to be annoyed by the heat, so are dévas and men afflicted by the three-fold fire of evil desire, enmity, and ignorance; and as men, when thus annoyed,

'cause a wind to refresh their persons by means of a fan, or some other instrument, so are they assisted who seek the protection of Buddha; and the three-fold fire is extinguished, although Buddha has attained Nirvána, and does not receive the offerings that are presented. Another comparison may be given: a man strikes the drum, and causes a sound to be produced; the sound dies away; is it afterwards produced again?

'M. No; the sound has passed away, but the same man can cause a repetition of the sound by again striking the drum.

'N. In like manner, though Buddha has attained Nirvána, the benefit to be received from the making of offerings and meditating on the Bana is still certain. This benefit is gained though Buddha does not receive the offerings. . . . Again, does the earth say, "Let such and such trees grow upon my surface?"

'M. No.

'N. Then how is it that flowers, and buds, and shrubs, and trees, and creepers, passing from one to the other, are produced?

'M. The earth, though itself unconscious, is the cause of their production.

'N. Even so, though Buddha is now unconscious, he is nevertheless the source of benefit to those who seek his protection. That which is the opposite of evil desire, enmity and ignorance, is thus like the root of merit set in the ground: the exercise of samádhi is like the trunk of the tree; the doctrines of the Bana are like the hard wood in its heart; the four Sangwara precepts are like the higher and main branches; the five forms of knowledge called Wimukti, that reveal the way in which emancipation is to be obtained, are like the colours and perfume of the flowers, and the fruition of the paths leading to Nirvána is like the immortal fruit; and all this is brought about by Buddha though he has attained Nirvána and is unconscious.'—Pp. 229—231.

We might add much of a similar character, in which it would be difficult to say whether the beauty of the analogy or the grotesque absurdity of the application was more conspicuous. We wish we had more data to go upon in forming an opinion of the actual working of this extraordinary system on the mind of its votaries. But Tartary and Thibet are little known, and in other countries, Buddhism has been so modified by the other forms of religion with which it has come in contact, that no fair estimate of it can be made. Mental inactivity, there can be no doubt, is universally characteristic of Buddhism; but we are inclined to think that Buddhist practice, in point of purity of morals, has nowhere sunk so low as in those parts of the peninsula.

of India which are not at present subject to its sway. We now turn to Brahmanism.

The original distinction of castes is in many parts of India altogether extinct. The Brahman is in these parts the only caste that exists in the present day; numerous castes, it is true, may be found; but though, perhaps, founded upon the ancient division of society, they seem to have little in common with it. The subordinate class of Sudras is now reduced to a family proud of its descent; the Vaisyas are almost unknown, and the Kshatriyas are confined to Rajpútana.

Yet a system of castes exists, which, however little understood as yet, is very influential, and has important bearings on the future progress of Christianity amongst them. We remember a remark made by the late Bishop of Madras, which is printed in one of the accounts of his visitation of his diocese, to the effect that he did not profess to understand the distinctions of caste, or to pronounce any judgment upon the matter, whether they were to be regarded as only a part of the natural framework of society, corresponding to the distinctions of rank in other countries. Yet this remark is followed by the singular announcement that he should make it an indispensable condition to applicants for holy orders that they should not refuse to eat with himself and the rest of his clergy.

The belief in the Unity of the Godhead is obscured by the prevalence of an idolatry which comprehends in its sphere thousands of fancied deities. We need not repeat the observation, so often made, that there are three hundred and thirty millions of gods in their Pantheon. The idol-worship which prevails, is quite intelligible as the only possible development to an uneducated people, of the mysterious doctrine of all things being an emanation from Deity. For an account of these deities, and a dissertation upon Hindú worship in general, we are indebted to a Baptist missionary named Ward. The third edition of his useful work appeared just forty years ago. We may take it for granted that his facts are trustworthy, derived as they were from personal observation, and conversations with all classes of Hindús. Yet, though evidently well acquainted with the system of religion such as at present prevails, as well as with the books to which it makes its appeal, and the philosophic system with which it is connected, he is evidently unable to appreciate Brahmanism. He sees nothing but darkness when the nearest approach to truth is made; and his prejudice in this respect is in part owing to the unutterable abominations which he witnessed and heard of. The principle of self-sacrifice, which in itself demands our warmest sympathy, meets with no favour from him; nor is it much to be wondered

at, when it is so strangely connected with the most degrading sensuality. Impurity of every kind is indeed the main characteristic of Hindú life in the present day. We have heard the remark made, that fornication and adultery sink altogether into the shade when placed in comparison with the horrid forms of impurity practised in India. Mr. Ward's book is full of passages where he professes himself obliged to stop short; it being impossible to pollute his pages with such filthiness as he has seen in their books, and heard from their priests. He tells us that, amidst all the objects of worship, there is not one which tends to elevate or improve the mind. The many deities which they worship, have their origin in the countless corrupt desires which have arisen in the hearts of worshippers. There is prevalent amongst them, an impure form of worship corresponding to the phallic worship of the Greeks; and whatever opinion may be formed as to the propriety of suppressing religious ceremonies, and interfering with national modes of worship, it might at least, we think, have been expected of English authorities to interfere, to prevent the eyes of women and children being polluted with the sight of disgusting objects of worship, stuck up like the statues of Hermes in the streets of Athens.

There is one remark made by this author which seems to imply that there is one characteristic of the Hindú which may be pressed into the service of Christianity. They profess a great reliance upon the merit of their works, and will listen to any new proposal with as much eagerness as though they had hitherto done nothing towards obtaining heaven. And, perhaps, Christian missionaries in India may derive a lesson from St. Paul's preaching of the unknown God at Athens, viz. that of using their sagacity in accommodating themselves to the prejudices and habits of the natives when it can be done without compromising the truth. Another, and a still more hopeful quality to work upon, is the great fear that Hindús manifest of future punishment. And much, no doubt, may be done by judiciously giving this fear its proper direction, and by purifying it by bringing it into contact with the doctrines of redemption and atonement. But alas for the missionary prospects of the Church of England if that series of doctrines, which has lately made its appearance amongst us should, be destined to make further progress! It can scarcely be said any longer that we are at issue about mere externals or non-fundamentals. Internal disputes have been gradually reaching further and further, till they have at last touched the central truths round which all other teaching is formed. The course in which denial of the truth has been progressing is steady, consistent,

and logical. The fear of future punishment has been set aside by the denial of the doctrine of its eternity. There follows, as a matter of course, an indefinitely lowered estimate of the sinfulness of sin, and an entirely different view of the atonement necessary for it. And if the essential Deity of the Saviour has hardly yet within the pale of the Church been openly impugned, it is easy to foresee that that will be the next point of attack, which will be made covertly, and perhaps with the outward show of explaining the statements of the Nicene and Athanasian creeds.

Already it has been objected against us by the philosophers of India:—‘Settle it among yourselves what your faith is before you can hope to convert us to it.’ Alas that our divisions should tell so fearfully against the progress of Christianity amongst the heathen! Alas that we must be content with desultory action where it is all-important to exhibit an unbroken front to the enemy! We need hardly say that there are two methods of meeting this difficulty which have been resorted to ever since the Reformation of the sixteenth century. There will be the attempt to compromise matters, by representing lesser points as of no importance. And there will be the efforts of those, from which alone we expect any good to arise, who refuse to acquiesce in a hollow and merely apparent agreement, and who will not concede one iota of Catholic truth: The latter half of Mr. Williams’ book shows that we should have to count him amongst the former class. As for our own opinion, we will only add here that the contemplation of the subtleties of Hindú metaphysics have only impressed us with a stronger conviction of the profound, and, we doubt not, super-human wisdom of the early Church, in so jealously guarding the language in which the truth once delivered to the saints was to be transmitted through successive generations.

We cannot, at the conclusion of so long an article, enter upon the discussion, which, after an expression of difference of opinion from the author, might seem fairly demanded of us. He is far too independent a thinker to allow of his being classed with any of the three schools of religion that profess adherence to the Church of England. And though he certainly would not, in the estimation of people in general, be associated with the principles with which this Review is supposed to be connected, we may be permitted to say, that we have never seen in any of the writings of the Latitudinarian party, so much to demand our admiration and sympathy, as in this volume. The author is perhaps more hopeful of efforts to convert the people of India, than we are, if only on the ground that he would consider dif-

ference of faith and practice in minor points as of less importance. Doubtless there can be no difference of opinion about this point, that the infinitesimal and straggling attempts that have been made, must be replaced by one gigantic effort on the part of the whole Church. It is not likely that the Christian Church will make much way against a system which exhibits itself in such conspicuous grandeur, if its services are performed in the cheapest edifices that can be erected, or if they are wholly devoid of that gorgeous ceremonial which is so peculiarly attractive to the uneducated natives of Eastern countries. It is said that Benares alone contains a thousand Hindú temples, and more than three hundred Mahometan mosques. Many Hindús have left their own belief and adopted the faith of the false prophet, and Mahometans have successfully used and adopted their temples and style of architecture. *Fas est et ab hoste doceri.* We must do the same, though we are far from asserting that it will be as easy to adapt the externals of a false religion to the requirements of Christianity, as it has been found to modify the edifices for the purposes of Mahometan worship. And we seem to be likely to have a splendid opportunity offered us. Even whilst we write, the intelligence has arrived that all the land-holders in Southern Oude have taken up arms, and are against us. Now, the entire confiscation of all such lands will certainly be a punishment much lighter than the occasion will demand; and we venture to suggest that Government could not do anything, which, in the long run, will be more advantageous than to appropriate whatever may be necessary to the endowment of a cathedral, schools, and colleges, on a large scale, where missionaries may be educated, and sent out to all parts of the peninsula. We have little hope of any such suggestion being acted upon; but of this we are sure, that the desultory efforts of the two Missionary Societies which represent the two parties in the Church which are anxious for the salvation of the heathen, will never make much impression upon the people of India. They must not only hear of the Gospel, but they must see it in operation; and, above all, they must have before their eyes examples of holy living, such as, for the most part, they have not yet witnessed.

ART. V.—*Missionary Travels and Researches in South Africa, &c.*
By DAVID LIVINGSTONE, LL.D., D.C.L. London: Murray.

No one can rise up from the perusal of Dr. Livingstone's book without feeling that in its author we possess a genuine traveller of the useful, hardy old school. Many travels have lately inundated the world, the results of holiday tours, or the experiences of professional life; a journey to some remote part of the world has been often a favourite stock-in-trade for authors of the descriptive class; but the ingrained natural love of travel, as the passion of youth surviving to the settled ambition of a strong and matured mind, is as rare as ever. A traveller, like a poet, must be born so; indeed, a traveller, to earn the name, must be a poet—must have that ardent love of nature, that aspiring after unseen, unexplored beauties and wonders, that power of abstraction from the immediate and visible pursuits or ends of life, which are the foundation of a poetic mind. There is always something touching and romantic about the history of a genuine traveller; he is no vulgar note or even book-maker; he is pervaded, ever after, in the reputation of the world, with the same halo that rests on the head of genius in other forms; for high and persevering investigations into nature, however simple, however plain—be they only accurate, close and true—are very near akin to the highest efforts of human imagination. Penetration into the outward world, even in what seems to be a purely mechanical manner, bears a very close relationship to that inward penetration into the nature of things which we call philosophy or poetry. Ulysses, the father of all travellers, is the subject of a poem which surpasses every other production of the uninspired literary world (if we may thus speak of Homer) in its abiding influence over mankind. Ulysses was matter of fact, plain, and purely descriptive; placing accuracy of observation before any intentional display of the picturesque. In some features of the present book, we think Dr. Livingstone follows this great type of his class. An active inquiring mind, even to restlessness; a strong independent will; great personal coolness and courage; an intense appreciation of that high standard of beauty, which, though always inherent in nature, yet so seldom finds vent in this dull, cold, foggy, self-destroying world, that it may almost rank with spiritual existences; an acute pleasure in observing the ways of mankind; a quiet, yet constant sense of humour; all these,

with a love of science, technically so called, and a true ambition to benefit mankind, form the groundwork of a character which is celebrated in the *Odyssey*, and which impelled our author to cross over some seven or eight thousand miles of unexplored country in the centre of Africa. To be a traveller requires also a mind free from prejudice, open to conviction, and always ready to give facts and appearances their due places and relative proportions. He must not be a man of one object or taste, but of large comprehensive intellect; moreover, he must be endowed with physical health and powers of endurance; but, above all, with patience, both in nerve and mind—untiring, unconquerable patience.

Dr. Livingstone's early life is a most praiseworthy instance of a strong will and an independent spirit marking out its own course. His family was of a hardy race, small farmers in the island of Ulva in the Hebrides, a spot where we can easily imagine that adventurous spirits would not be tamed down either by the soft repose of nature or the luxury of effeminate living. As autumn storms gather round those Western islands, it can be no bad school for the nerves even to convey farm produce to its regular market. Seldom have we witnessed a more picturesque scene than the disembarkation at Tobermory from an open boat of a large party of the inhabitants of Ulva (or some adjoining island), having been many hours exposed to a sea that land-bred people would think far more suitable (to say the least of it) for a well-built steamer. Originally his family were Roman Catholics, and staunch supporters of the Stuart race; nor does he attribute this conversion to the effects of rational argument, but to the singular reason of a man coming round 'having a yellow staff.' Our author himself was, however, reared in the strictest school of the kirk of Scotland; and, when his father moved to the neighbourhood of Glasgow, he was kept close to the cotton-mill, and the religious atmosphere of the 'Cloud of Witnesses' and Boston's 'Fourfold State.' Steady and conscientious, however, as he was both as a 'piecer' at the age of ten, and the higher grade of 'spinner' at nineteen, he was somewhat rebellious on the point of literature, having a strong and obstinate prejudice for science and travels over the dim speculations of his native theology. Between the intervals of his toil, he educated himself late and early with that dogged industry that is so often the honourable distinction of the Scotch. When many of his cotemporaries were only learning to be idle at Eton or Harrow, he was devouring every book he could lay his hands on, from Horace to the 'Philosophy of a Future State' (always excepting novels), resting them 'on a portion of the spinning-jenny.'

The first design of Dr. Livingstone, after attending various lectures in Glasgow, medical and theological, was to go out to China as a missionary. Circumstances drew him to join the London Missionary Society; and after further training, chiefly in medicine, he was induced, by the previous labours of Mr. Moffat, to turn his thoughts to Africa. He landed at the Cape in 1840, and for sixteen years was engaged in those laborious researches which form the subject of his book.

We have called Dr. Livingstone a traveller rather than a missionary, because this is the obvious impression which his writings convey. We do not, however, mean to imply that by any other course of conduct from that which he adopted, he could have done more than he did toward the conversion of the heathen among whom he travelled. His strong good sense and honesty of principle rendered him incapable of anything like missionary cant, and produced in him a strong preference for teaching truth through means of example; by showing practical illustrations of Christian conduct, rather than by mere harangues or formal assemblies. A natural repugnance to the religious system of his father's house, led him in the first instance to the London Missionary Society, as representing to his mind a free unprejudiced system; and his whole subsequent career shows that his ruling principle in religion was to keep himself clear of everything unreal or, if we may use the expression, professional. Viewing him as a missionary, we should miss entirely the distinctive clerical character, that as Churchmen we naturally expect from any one in holy orders, especially one sent forth alone to be the representative of the Church into heathen lands; we regret, even as it is, that his early education had not brought him in contact with those great aids and encouragements to all missionary labours which the realization of Christ's Church as His earthly fold, can alone impart; but in his lay character, we hail him as an invaluable pioneer both to civilisation and religion. Though without any system of his own,—what may be called an unattached Christian,—yet he does not object to the system of others, in so far as he traces any good results; and we may often discern almost more than a secret yearning for some mode of operation more likely to leave behind it abiding effects than the missionary system he was most conversant with. He hopes, indeed, that the circulation of the Bible will be a guarantee that something remains; but he by no means ignores, as many of his school would do, the beneficial and solid effects of Jesuit zeal and system, as formerly brought to bear on those portions of Africa under the rule of the Portuguese.

It is not our province to give anything like an abstract of the

volume before us; and therefore we shall say very little of the plan under which these travels were arranged, the various shorter expeditions with which he felt his way, and the vast journey with which he consummated his labours. The general outline of his route, as shown on the map, is as follows:— From Capetown, in a direct northern direction, for about 1,300 miles, past Lake Ngami to the River Leeambye and the Makololo tribe; then in a north-west direction, for about the same distance, to Loanda, on the west coast: he then returned, by nearly the same road, to the Makololo, and followed the River Leeambye, or Zambesi (for these are one and the same) to the eastern coast, a distance of about 1,000 miles. The greater part of this was entirely unexplored country; the whole character of the centre of Africa was a mystery; the word *desert* was supposed to express the whole of this vast district; and where now have been found lakes, rivers, and fertile soil, it has always, up to this time, been supposed that nothing existed but the burning, consuming glare of a tropical sun, or some mythical snow-clad mountains, the source of those rivers which were seen to discharge themselves into the ocean.

The geological character of Central Africa has engaged much of Dr. Livingstone's attention. During the early part of his travels, when Mr. Oswell was with him, he collected many rough observations, which Sir Roderick Murchison made use of, and which led him, in his study in London, to arrive at the same conclusions which Dr. Livingstone also arrived at, after long years of travel. The latter was consequently somewhat astonished to receive, when in Africa, the copy of a discourse by Sir Roderick Murchison, before the Geographical Society, in 1852, containing the very hypothesis which he imagined to reside only in his own brain. Philosophy, however, came in to his aid.

‘There was not much use in nursing my chagrin at being thus fairly “cut out,” by the man who had foretold the existence of the Australian gold before its discovery, for here it was, in black and white. In his easy-chair he had forestalled me by three years, though I had been working hard through jungle, marsh, and fever; and, since the light dawned on my mind at Dilolo, had been cherishing the pleasing delusion that I should be the first to suggest the idea that the interior of Africa was a watery plateau of less elevation than flanking hilly ranges.’—P. 500.

The theory thus doubly sanctioned, is, that Central Africa was at one time a vast lake, stretching from 17° to 21° south latitude. On each side of the continent are mountain ranges, about 4,000 feet high, between which is an elevated platform, or rather bason. In this are various lakes, as Ngami, &c., and also rivers, some of which run from the sea toward the centre. Throughout this district there are many signs of active volcanic

agency, such as cracks and fissures; and also trap rocks, forced up through soil that bears evident tokens of having once formed the bottom of a lake; being full, indeed, of the very same kind of fresh-water shells which are now found in the existing lakes. This whole district would seem, then, to have been uplifted, and at the same time to have been rent in great fissures, through which the water found its way in the shape of vast rivers, out of the central basin to the sea. The Victoria Falls are occasioned by an abrupt fissure of this kind, and, perhaps, are the most extraordinary phenomenon in the whole world of waterfalls. The vast river of the Zambesi suddenly descends into a cavern, from which the only exit is through a fissure at one side. But our author must describe them himself:—

‘It had never been seen before by European eyes; but scenes so lovely must have been gazed upon by angels in their flight. The only want felt, is that of mountains in the background. The falls are bounded on three sides by ridges 300 or 400 feet in height, which are covered with forest, with the red soil appearing among the trees. When about half a mile from the falls, I left the canoe by which we had come down thus far, and embarked in a lighter one, with men well acquainted with the rapids, who, by passing down the centre of the stream in the eddies and still places caused by many jutting rocks, brought me to an island situated in the middle of the river, and on the edge of the lip over which the water rolls. In coming hither, there was danger of being swept down by the streams which rushed along on each side of the island; but the river was now low, and we sailed where it is totally impossible to go when the water is high. But though we had reached the island, and were within a few yards of the spot, a view from which would solve the whole problem, I believe that no one could perceive where the vast body of water went; it seemed to lose itself in the earth, the opposite lip of the fissure into which it disappeared, being only 80 feet distant. At least, I did not comprehend it until, creeping with awe to the verge, I peered down into a large rent which had been made from bank to bank of the broad Zambesi, and saw that a stream, of a thousand yards broad, leaped down a hundred feet, and then became suddenly compressed into a space of fifteen or twenty yards. The entire falls are simply a crack made in a hard basaltic rock from the right to the left bank of the Zambesi, and then prolonged from the left bank away through thirty or forty miles of hills. If one imagines the Thames filled with low tree-covered hills immediately beyond the tunnel, extending as far as Gravesend; the bed of black basaltic rock instead of London mud; and a fissure made therein from one end of the tunnel to the other, down through the keystones of the arch, and prolonged from the left end of the tunnel through thirty miles of hills; the pathway being 100 feet down from the bed of the river instead of what it is, with the lips of the fissure from 80 to 100 feet apart; then fancy the Thames leaping bodily into the gulf; and forced there to change its direction, and flow from the right to the left bank; and then rush boiling and roaring through the hills,—he may have some idea of what takes place at this, the most wonderful sight I had witnessed in Africa.’—Pp. 519, 520.

A remarkable feature of this scene consists in five huge columns of steam, or smoke, as the natives call it, issuing from the abyss. These are visible from a great distance.

'After twenty minutes' sail from Kalai, we came in sight, for the first time, of the columns of vapour, appropriately called "smoke," rising at a distance of five or six miles, exactly as when large tracts of grass are burned in Africa. Five columns now arose, and bending in the direction of the wind, they seemed placed against a low ridge covered with trees; the tops of the columns at this distance appeared to mingle with the clouds. They were white below, and higher up became dark, so as to simulate smoke very closely. The whole scene was extremely beautiful; the banks and islands dotted over the river are adorned with sylvan vegetation of great variety of colour and form. At the period of our visit several trees were spangled over with blossoms.'—P. 519.

A nearer approach to one of these only increases the charm.

'From this cloud rushed up a great jet of vapour exactly like steam, and it mounted 200 or 300 feet high; there condensing, it changed its hue to that of dark smoke, and came back in a constant shower, which soon wetted us to the skin. This shower falls chiefly on the opposite side of the fissure; and a few yards back from the lip, there stands a straight hedge of evergreen trees, whose leaves are always wet. From their roots a number of little rills run back into the gulf; but as they flow down the steep wall there, the column of vapour, in its ascent, licks them up clean off the rock, and away they mount again. They are constantly running down, but never reach the bottom.'—P. 521.

The great water system of this country has singular relics of bygone ages, as well as exhibiting the living wonders thus described. There are the remains of former lakes, called salt-pans, which are peculiar saline incrustations that have exactly the appearance at a distance of actual water—a tantalizing vision in these thirsty regions.

'The mirage on these salinas was marvellous. It is never, I believe, seen in perfection, except over such saline incrustations. Here not a particle of imagination was necessary for realizing the exact picture of large collections of water; the waves danced along above, and the shadows of the trees were vividly reflected beneath the surface in such an admirable manner, that the loose cattle, whose thirst had not been slacked sufficiently by the very brackish water of Nchokotsa, with the horses, dogs, and even the Hottentots, ran off towards the deceitful pools. A herd of zebras in the mirage looked so exactly like elephants, that Oswell began to saddle a horse in order to hunt them; but a sort of brake in the haze dispelled the illusion. Looking to the west and north-west from Nchokotsa, we could see columns of black smoke, exactly like those from a steam-engine, rising to the clouds, and were assured that these arose from the burning reeds of the Noka ea Batletli.'—Pp. 62, 63.

The peculiar bason-shaped country, thus surrounded by hills, with rivers flowing into central lakes, and discharging themselves by what may be called the new rivers—that is, the rivers formed by the more recent volcanic convulsions—as they account for the periodical inundations of the Zambesi, so would they point out the cause in the parallel case of the Nile. There is probably in the north, as in the south, a vast collecting bason, discharging its contents after the rainy season through these great river channels into the ocean.

'The characteristics of the rainy season in this wonderfully humid region, may account in some measure for the periodical floods of the Zambesi, and perhaps the Nile. The rains seem to follow the course of the sun, for they fall in October and November, when the sun passes over this zone on his way south. On reaching the tropic of Capricorn in December, it is dry; and December and January are the months in which injurious droughts are most dreaded near that tropic (from Kolobeng to Linyanti). As he returns again to the north, in February, March, and April, we have the great rains of the year; and the plains, which in October and November were well moistened, and imbibed rain like sponges, now become supersaturated, and pour forth those floods of clear water which inundate the banks of the Zambesi. Somewhat the same phenomenon, probably, causes the periodical inundations of the Nile.'—P. 475.

The love of nature, animate and inanimate, must, of course, be a principal characteristic of any traveller, and is the special gift of Dr. Livingstone. It was this which softened hardships, and cheered many a desponding day: it was his philosophy. Speaking of the luscious balmy air of morning amid scenes of surpassing loveliness, he regrets the jarring effect of 'bitter impure words' from his poor heathen companions. He then reflects in the following strain of deep reasoning and practical common sense:—

'I shall not often advert to their depravity. My practice has always been to apply the remedy with all possible earnestness, but never allow my own mind to dwell on the dark shades of men's characters. I have never been able to draw pictures of guilt, as if that could awaken Christian sympathy. The evil is there. But all around in this fair creation are scenes of beauty, and to turn from these to ponder on deeds of sin, cannot promote a healthy state of the faculties. I attribute much of the bodily health I enjoy to following the plan adopted by most physicians, who, while engaged in active, laborious efforts to assist the needy, at the same time follow the delightful studies of some department of natural history. The human misery and sin we endeavour to alleviate and cure, may be likened to the sickness and impurity of some of the back slums of great cities. One contents himself by ministering to the sick and trying to remove the causes, without remaining longer in the filth than is necessary for his work; another, equally anxious for the public good, stirs up every cesspool, that he may describe its reeking vapours, and, by long contact with impurities, becomes himself infected, sickens, and dies.'—Pp. 259, 260.

The early morning would seem always to have attracted his chief admiration in these rich tropical scenes. Our author's general style is plain, unostentatious, and unconnected, even to an extent that, especially at the commencement of the work, causes a slight feeling of disappointment. He has no eloquent preamble or commanding summaries; he begins in his usual quiet and detailed account of everything large and small which happens to come in his way. Occasionally, however, he warms up into very glowing language and masterly pictures:—

'I have often thought, in travelling through their land, that it presents pictures of beauty which angels might enjoy. How often have I beheld, in

still mornings, scenes the very essence of beauty, and all bathed in a quiet air of delicious warmth ! yet the occasional soft motion imparted a pleasing sensation of coolness as of a fan. Green grassy meadows, the cattle feeding, the goats browsing, the kids skipping, the groups of herdboys with miniature bows, arrows, and spears; the women wending their way to the river with watering-pots poised jauntily on their heads; men sewing under the shady banians; and old grey-headed fathers sitting on the ground, with staff in hand, listening to the morning gossip, while others carry trees or branches to repair their hedges; and all this, flooded with the bright African sunshine, and the birds singing among the branches before the heat of the day has become intense, form pictures which can never be forgotten.'—P. 441.

This love of nature showed itself in one trait of character rather unusual with the majority of devotees to the world of nature. He was no sportsman, and did not enjoy scenes of animated life with an eye to its destruction. He had, indeed, constantly to be killing wild animals for food (that is, when he could, for he was a bad shot), but he recoiled from mere slaughter. Speaking of Gordon Cumming, whom he frequently saw during his 'five years' warfare with wild animals,' he is indeed courteously reserved, and gives him credit for conveying a *truthful* idea of South African hunting; but with a slight vein of sarcasm he remarks, that such information is 'for those who love that sort of thing.' As guns increase, this style of hunting will soon go out; for the preserve of rhinoceroses will not allow sportsmen to go on for long killing seventy-three each in a season. He also warns young sportsmen not to follow the example of the 'famous hunter,' lest the charge of an infuriated elephant should overpower their nervous system, or if not their own that of their horses, which would be as disastrous as the other.

'A young sportsman, no matter how great among pheasants, foxes, and hounds, would do well to pause before resolving to brave fever for the excitement of risking such a terrific charge; the scream, or trumpeting, of this enormous brute when infuriated is more like what the shriek of a French steam-whistle would be to a man standing on the dangerous part of a railroad, than any other earthly sound: a horse unused to it will sometimes stand shivering instead of taking his rider out of danger. It has happened often that the poor animal's legs do their duty so badly that he falls and exposes his rider to be trodden into a mummy; or, losing his presence of mind, the rider may allow the horse to dash under a tree and crack his cranium against a branch. As one charge from an elephant has made embryo Nimrods bid a final adieu to the chase, incipient Gordon Cummings might try their nerves by standing on railways till the engines were within a few yards of them.'—Pp. 152, 153.

On another occasion he gives a graphic and touching description of an elephant hunt, concluding with his own reflections on the scene.

'On the following day, while my men were cutting up the elephant, great numbers of the villagers came to enjoy the feast. We were on the

side of a fine green valley, studded here and there with trees, and cut by numerous rivulets. I had retired from the noise, to take an observation among some rocks of laminated grit, when I beheld an elephant and her calf at the end of the valley, about two miles distant. The calf was rolling in the mud, and the dam was standing fanning herself with her great ears. As I looked at them through my glass, I saw a long string of my own men appearing on the other side of them, and Sekwebu came and told me that these had gone off saying, "Our father will see to-day what sort of men he has got." I then went higher up the side of the valley, in order to have a distinct view of their mode of hunting. The goodly beast, totally unconscious of the approach of an enemy, stood for some time suckling her young one, which seemed about two years old; they then went into a pit containing mud, and smeared themselves all over with it, the little one frisking about his dam, flapping his ears and tossing his trunk incessantly, in elephantine fashion. She kept flapping her ears and wagging her tail, as if in the height of enjoyment. Then began the piping of her enemies, which was performed by blowing into a tube, or the hands closed together, as boys do into a key. They call out to attract the animal's attention—

"O chief! chief! we have come to kill you.

O chief! chief! many more will die besides you, &c.

The gods have said it," &c. &c.

Both animals expanded their ears and listened, then left their bath as the crowd rushed towards them. The little one ran forward towards the end of the valley, but, seeing the men there, returned to his dam. She placed herself on the danger side of her calf, and passed her proboscis over it again and again, as if to assure it of safety. She frequently looked back to the men, who kept up an incessant shouting, singing, and piping; then looked at her young one and ran after it, sometimes sideways, as if her feelings were divided between anxiety to protect her offspring, and desire to revenge the temerity of her persecutors. The men kept about a hundred yards in her rear, and some that distance from her flanks, and continued thus until she was obliged to cross a rivulet. The time spent in descending and getting up the opposite bank, allowed of their coming up to the edge and discharging their spears at about twenty yards' distance. After the first discharge, she appeared with her sides red with blood, and, beginning to flee for her own life, seemed to think no more of her young. I had previously sent off Sekwebu with orders to spare the calf. It ran very fast, but neither young nor old ever enter into a gallop; their quickest pace is only a sharp walk. Before Sekwebu could reach them, the calf had taken refuge in the water, and was killed. The pace of the dam gradually became slower. She turned with a shriek of rage, and made a furious charge back among the men. They vanished at right angles to her course, or sideways; and, as she ran straight on, she went through the whole party, but came near no one, except a man who wore a piece of cloth on his shoulders. Bright clothing is always dangerous in these cases. She charged three or four times, and, except in the first instance, never went farther than 100 yards. She often stood after she had crossed a rivulet, and faced the men, though she received fresh spears. It was by this process of spearing and loss of blood that she was killed, for at last, making a short charge, she staggered round and sank down dead in a kneeling posture. I did not see the whole hunt, having been tempted away by both sun and moon appearing unclouded. I turned from the spectacle of the destruction of noble animals, which might be made so useful in Africa, with a feeling of sickness, and it was not relieved by the recollection that the ivory was mine, though that was the case. I regretted

to see them killed, and more especially the young one, the meat not being at all necessary at that time; but it is right to add, that I did not feel sick when my own blood was up the day before. We ought perhaps to judge those deeds more leniently in which we ourselves have no temptation to engage. Had I not been previously guilty of doing the very same thing, I might have prided myself on superior humanity, when I experienced the nausea in viewing my men kill these two.'—Pp. 561—563.

The enjoyment of nature is, however, but one side of such travels through Africa as Dr. Livingstone undertook. The dangers and hardships which he encountered with the admirable courage and patience, most unaffectedly described, by which they were uniformly met, are a solid guarantee for the strength and reality of his character. Hardships and dangers consecrate a cause; they show that the honours of ultimate success, and the approbation of the world, have not been obtained without cost and real sacrifice. Sudden emergencies and prolonged trials of patience, frightful accidents, bodily illness, hunger and thirst, all had their turn, with innumerable other ills, in trying what sort of stuff our traveller was made of. Many of his dangerous encounters with native tribes required the utmost promptness, presence of mind and temper, and happened when he was reduced in strength by long continued fever, or suffering from its most violent attacks.

At the very commencement of his travels he had a sharp foretaste of the kind of reception he might expect from the animal world, whose region he was about to invade. Having fired once at a lion, he was preparing to do so again, when the following struggle ensued, which affords very interesting material for students on the subject of the nervous system:—

'When in the act of ramming down the bullets I heard a shout. Starting, and looking half round, I saw the lion just in the act of springing upon me. I was upon a little height; he caught my shoulder as he sprang, and we both came to the ground below together. Growling horribly close to my ear, he shook me as a terrier dog does a rat. The shock produced a stupor similar to that which seems to be felt by a mouse after the first shake of the cat. It caused a sort of dreaminess, in which there was no sense of pain nor feeling of terror, though quite conscious of all that was happening. It was like what patients partially under the influence of chloroform describe, who see all the operation, but feel not the knife. This singular condition was not the result of any mental process. The shake annihilated fear, and allowed no sense of horror in looking round at the beast. This peculiar state is probably produced in all animals killed by the carnivora; and if so, is a merciful provision by our benevolent Creator for lessening the pain of death. Turning round to relieve myself of the weight, as he had one paw on the back of my head, I saw his eyes directed to Mebalwe, who was trying to shoot him at a distance of ten or fifteen yards. His gun, a flint one, missed fire in both barrels; the lion immediately left me, and attacking Mebalwe, bit his thigh. Another man, whose life I had saved before, after he had been tossed by a buffalo, attempted to spear the lion while he was biting Mebalwe. He left

Mebalwe and caught this man by the shoulder, but at that moment the bullets he had received took effect, and he fell down dead. The whole was the work of a few moments, and must have been his paroxysm of dying rage.'—Pp. 12, 13.

A curious physiological fact is related with regard to the bite of a lion. Pains are felt in the part periodically ever afterwards, and wounds burst out afresh; in the case of the man whose shoulder was bitten in the above encounter, on the very same month next year. Dr. Livingstone himself escaped the result, in consequence, as he supposes, of a tartan jacket, the material of which may have wiped off the virus.

The cavalcade of oxen and Makololo natives must at all times have been a picturesque sight, wending their way over deserts and crossing rivers; but occasionally the scene was rendered far wilder by the sudden flight of all these animals at the sight of a hyæna. Away they go for miles, followed by their native guides, who, on one occasion, were two days before they returned with their recovered herd. But the party, though sometimes dismayed by a hyæna, were not backward in asserting their dignity upon other occasions. On entering a village, his guides delighted in following the custom of their tribes by sending forward a herald, shouting at the top of his voice, 'Here comes the lord,—the great lion;' as these words were often pronounced, they sounded like 'the great sow,' a designation which the honoured man felt obliged to disown. Their natural instinct after plunder on the part of his guides, required also a strong hand to control. Off they would go in full chase after some members of a hostile tribe, and return laden with spoil, which most unwillingly they were compelled to leave behind on the ground, by the stern command of their leader. The passage of a river we leave to our author's description:—

'In the afternoon we came to another stream, fuana Loke (or child of Loke) with a bridge over it. The men had to swim off to each end of the bridge, and when on it were breast deep: some preferred holding on by the tails of the oxen the whole way across. I intended to do this too, but, riding to the deep part, before I could dismount and seize the helm, the ox dashed off with his companions, and his body sank so deep, that I failed in my attempt even to catch the blanket belt, and if I pulled the bridle, the ox seemed as if he would come backwards upon me, so I struck out for the opposite bank alone. My poor fellows were dreadfully alarmed when they saw me parted from the cattle, and about twenty of them made a simultaneous rush into the water for my rescue, and just as I reached the opposite bank one seized my arm, and another threw his around my body. When I stood up, it was most gratifying to see them all struggling towards me. Some had leaped off the bridge, and allowed their cloaks to float down the stream. Part of my goods, abandoned in the hurry, were brought up from the bottom after I was safe. Great was the pleasure expressed when they found that I could swim like themselves, without the

aid of a tail, and I did, and I do feel grateful to these poor heathens for the promptitude with which they dashed in to save, as they thought, my life. I found my clothes cumbersome in the water; they could swim quicker from being naked. They swim like dogs, not frog-fashion, as we do.'—Pp. 336, 337.

It was the custom of most tribes through which he passed to demand presents, varying according to their insolence or audacity. As a general rule, it was politic to comply with this demand; but occasionally our traveller had to stand out, under alarming circumstances, surrounded by spears, swords, and arrows.

'I then said, that as one thing after another had failed to satisfy them, it was evident that *they* wanted to fight, while *we* only wanted to pass peaceably through the country; that they must begin first and bear the guilt before God: we would not fight till they had struck the first blow. I then sat silent for some time. It was rather trying for me, because I knew that the Chibouque would aim at the white man first; but I was careful not to appear flurried, and, having four barrels ready for instant action, looked quietly at the savage scene around. The Chibouque countenance, by no means handsome, is not improved by the practice which they have adopted, of filing the teeth to a point. The chief and counsellors, seeing that they were in more danger than I, did not choose to follow our decision that they should begin by striking the first blow, and then see what we could do; and were perhaps influenced by seeing the air of cool preparation, which some of my men displayed, at the prospect of a work of blood.'—Pp. 341, 342.

This matter was soon amicably arranged, but the catalogue of difficulties was very various, as the following incident will also show. Marching through a gloomy forest, apprehending an attack from some natives, the rain descending in torrents, and suffering from fevers, his favourite riding-ox played him a dangerous trick:—

'Sinbad went off at a plunging gallop, the bridle broke, and I came down backwards on the crown of my head. He gave me a kick on the thigh at the same time. I felt none the worse for this rough treatment, but would not recommend it to others as a palliative in cases of fever!'—P. 350.

On approaching the Portuguese settlements on the West Coast, the natives were far more troublesome than in the interior; and the long-continued fever under which Dr. Livingstone then suffered made these trials doubly arduous.

'We were all becoming disheartened, and could not wonder that native expeditions from the interior to the coast had generally failed to reach their destinations. My people were now so much discouraged that some proposed to return home; the prospect of being obliged to return when just on the threshold of the Portuguese settlements distressed me exceedingly. After using all my powers of persuasion, I declared to them that if they returned I would go on alone, and went into my little tent with the mind directed to Him who hears the sighing of the soul; and was soon

followed by the head of Mohorisi, saying—"We will never leave you. Do not be disheartened. Wherever you lead, we will follow."—P. 353.

In the Portuguese settlements he was most kindly and cordially received; everything supplied to him free of charge, and every care taken for the recovery of his shattered health. On arriving at Loanda, he found in Mr. Gabriel, the English commissioner for the suppression of the slave-trade, a firm friend; and he thus describes his reception:—

'When we entered his porch, I was delighted to see a number of flowers cultivated carefully, and inferred from this circumstance that he was, what I soon discovered him to be, a real whole-hearted Englishman.

'Seeing me ill, he benevolently offered me his bed. Never shall I forget the luxuriant pleasure I enjoyed in feeling myself again on a good English couch, after six months' sleeping on the ground. I was soon asleep; and Mr. Gabriel, coming in almost immediately, rejoiced at the soundness of my repose.'—P. 389.

The great result of Dr. Livingstone's investigations through this vast extent of country, acquired also by so entire a devotion of his life, can only very imperfectly be stated even in the thick volume of their author. It does not pretend to be a very comprehensive, though it is a very long, work; and its merits indeed consist, in its being only that chance collection of notes and descriptive remarks, which an observant eye and a natural love of travel would put down on the spot, or relate from a vivid memory. The general conviction arrived at in his mind, is evidently that Central Africa is capable of immense development; that its climate, its soil, its vegetable and animal life, and the disposition as well as the powers of its natives, are all most hopeful and encouraging both for colonization, for trade, and the extension of Christ's religion.

In the first place, what does he say of the climate? This is an important inquiry, considering how much he suffered himself from constant fever. We must be prepared here for the greatest vicissitudes, not as would be the question in our climate, of heat and cold, but of dry and damp; for within the tropics *this* is the variation on which everything depends. On the *river* Kolobeng, for instance, among the Bakwains (this was at the beginning of his African residence), he remains for three years, in so continual a drought, that he was accused by the natives of having charmed off the rain, and defeated the exertions of a very popular class among themselves, the rain-makers,—in whom they strongly believe. Needles lying out of doors for months did not rust; the fish in the river's bed were left to be the food of hyænas, or to putrify in masses; and vegetation shrivelled up. The bulb of the thermometer being placed three inches under the soil, caused the mercury to stand

at 134°; and beetles, placed on the surface, ran about a few seconds and expired. In spite, however, of this, water was to be had in sufficient quantities by digging, to support life; and, strange to say, the ceaseless activity of the long-legged black ants only increased under the intensity of this heat. Their organs of motion seemed, like those of the muscles of the human heart, incapable of fatigue; whilst they possessed the extraordinary power of keeping their subterranean nests thoroughly moist. No other solution of this strange moisture suggested itself, than that these ants must have had the power of chemically producing water by combining the oxygen and hydrogen of their vegetable food. Occasionally also in the desert there is a wind from the north, so dry and in such an electric state, that boxes and furniture all become warped; ostrich feathers clasp the advancing hand with a loud cracking sound; and the fur worn by the natives becomes quite luminous if touched. These extremes are, however, exceptional; and, as a general rule, the neighbourhood of the great Kalahari desert is admirably suited for patients having pulmonary complaints. Cold and damp are never combined; the atmosphere never has the steamy feeling of India or the coast of Africa; and the evening air is deliciously cool, even in the hottest weather.

‘Nothing can exceed the balmy feeling of the evenings and mornings during the whole year. You wish for an increase neither of cold nor heat; and you can sit out of doors till midnight without ever thinking of colds or rheumatism; or you may sleep out at night, looking up to the moon till you fall asleep, without a thought or sign of moon-blindness. Indeed, during many months there is scarcely any dew.’—P. 133.

From this scene of dryness, however wholesome, the change to wet had its charms.

‘There was considerable pleasure, in spite of rain and fever, in this new scenery. The deep gloom contrasted strongly with the shadeless glare of the Kalahari, which had left an indelible impression on my memory. Though drenched day by day at this time, and for months afterwards, it was long before I could believe that we were getting too much of a good thing. Nor could I look at water being thrown away, without a slight, quick impression flitting across the mind that we were guilty of wasting it. Every now and then we emerged from the deep gloom into a pretty little valley, having a damp portion in the middle; which, though now filled with water, at other times contains moisture enough for wells only. These wells have shades put over them in the form of little huts.’—Pp. 285, 286.

The rank vegetation of tropical climates in the neighbourhood of rivers has always a tendency to engender fever; and this cannot easily be avoided, so long as nature has its own way, and follows its own course of cultivation. In return, however, for the presence of fever, there is the absence of many other

diseases. There is no consumption or scrofula, and but little insanity; and many diseases, common in England, are unknown there. The question also may well suggest itself, as to whether the progress of artificial cultivation, and properly regulated irrigation, would not greatly check this evil. How many districts in England, once noted for ague and fever, are now as healthy as any other, entirely from the effects of artificial drainage? Malaria is generally of a very local character. The healthiness of a situation depends far more on the immediate nature of the soil, than on the general character or elevation of the country. A well-drained house, or one built on gravel, is far safer as regards fever, however low its situation may be, than the most airy exposed residence at the top of a hill, if it is built on clay without proper drainage to carry off the damp of its immediate neighbourhood. The picture described in the following words is evidently that of a thoroughly uncultivated district, the evil effects of which would soon yield before human art:—

‘The great humidity produced by heavy rains and inundations, the exuberant vegetation caused by fervent heat in rich moist soil, and the prodigious amount of decaying vegetable matter, annually exposed after the inundations to the rays of a torrid sun, with a flat surface often covered by forest through which the winds cannot pass, all combine to render the climate far from salubrious for any portion of the human family.’—P. 504.

It must also be taken into consideration that Dr. Livingstone severely tried even the best climate, and that we must not lay his fever wholly to the score of the special dangers of African air.

‘Compelled to sleep on the damp ground month after month, exposed to drenching showers, and getting the lower extremities wetted two or three times every day, living on native food (with the exception of sugarless coffee, during the journey to the north and the latter half of the return journey), and that food the manioc-roots and meal, which contain so much uncombined starch that the eyes become affected (as in the case of animals fed for experiment on pure gluten or starch), and being exposed during many hours each day in comparative inaction to the direct rays of the sun, the thermometer standing above 96 degrees in the shade—these constitute a more pitiful hygiène than any missionaries who may follow will ever have to endure.’—P. 505.

The truth, we take to be, is that Africa, like other countries, has its healthy and unhealthy localities. Those near the sea, and consequently those chiefly known to ourselves, are the most unhealthy parts of the whole continent, while those least known are the central and also the most salubrious parts. This much is the result of Dr. Livingstone's experience, which consequently must in every way raise our ideas above what

they have hitherto been, on the climate of Africa as a liveable country.

We come now to the subject of vegetation. Its luxuriance in all tropical climates suggests very mixed associations. At times its gorgeous splendour is beyond all expression; but utilitarian ideas are much shocked by its enormous waste, and its tendency to empty show. Rankness and decay are as rapid as growth; the poison of death goes hand in hand with the vigour of production. This vigour is difficult to control; it shoots past that happy mean of usefulness which is best adapted to the common wants of human nature; it knows only of extremes, either intense rapidity in the development of internal organization, or equally quick decay. Yet labour can do wonders; and nature can be tamed. Many tropical productions are simply incidental luxuries; and there is often want of solid food, as experienced by our party in their journeys, amid the most boundless fertility; yet the vast herds of wild animals show that in Africa there is a wonderful sustaining power in the soil, of a kind thoroughly capable of useful and practical application.

'The quantity of grass which grows on this remarkable region is astonishing, even to those who are familiar with India. It usually rises in tufts with bare spaces between, or the intervals are occupied by creeping plants, which, having their roots buried far beneath the soil, feel little the effects of the scorching sun. The number of those which have tuberous roots is very great; and their structure is intended to supply nutriment and moisture, when during the long droughts they can be obtained nowhere else.'—P. 47.

Take again the neighbourhood of Kuruman:—

'The aspect of this part of the country during most of the year is of a light yellow colour; for some months during the rainy season it is of a pleasant green mixed with yellow. Ranges of hills appear in the west, but east of them we find hundreds of miles of grass-covered plains.'—P. 113.

The botanical catalogue is infinite of trees and herba. We cannot omit the camel thorn (*Acacia giraffe*), a tree of slow growth, which lives for centuries, but which is likely to become extinct, as young trees do not grow. Its wood is imperishable, and it is probable that the Ark of the Covenant and the Tabernacle were constructed of it, as it is reported to be found where the Israelites were at the time these were made. In its growth it is always surrounded with a curious plant, named *ngotuané*, which bears a profusion of fine yellow strong-scented flowers, as quite to perfume the air, an unusual thing in Africa. This plant is poisonous; he supposes it to be the giraffe's *medicine*, after feeding on the tree. The mowana trees are extraordinary instances of size and vitality. One, at three feet above the ground, was eighty-three feet in circumference, consisting of

six branches uniting into one trunk. Nothing can injure it; the natives bark it, for making cord, repeatedly; but still it lives; and even when cut down it clings to life. It is often without bark, and hollow, and still vegetates; while it is no easy task to attack it with an axe, for its spongy wood embraces the iron, and forbids its extraction. Some of these trees are supposed to be as old as the Pyramids, if not as the flood; for Dr. Livingstone says he would back them against ten deluges, unless they were boiled in sea-water. Strictly speaking, this—and the same is true of the baobab, and the dragon-tree—is not a tree so much as a gigantic vegetable. Our author continually expresses his firm and impartial conviction, both that the rivers afford very superior means of transport, and that the soil adjoining them could support its millions as well as thousands:—

‘The grass of the Barotse valley, for instance, is such a densely-matted mass that, when “laid,” the stalks bear each other up, so that one feels as if walking on the sheaves of a hay-stack, and the leches nestle under it to bring forth their young. The soil which produces this, if placed under the plough, instead of being mere pasturage, would yield grain sufficient to feed vast multitudes.’—P. 265.

The river Leeba he thus pictures:—

‘It winds slowly through the most charming meadows, each of which has either a soft sedgy centre, large pond, or trickling rill, down the middle. The trees are now covered with a profusion of the freshest foliage, and seem planted in groups of such pleasant graceful outline, that art could give no additional charm. The grass, which had been burnt off and was growing again after the rains, was short and green; and all the scenery so like that of a carefully-attended gentleman’s park, that one is scarcely reminded that the surrounding region is in the hands of simple Nature alone.’—P. 265.

On one occasion he came upon large forests, and beautiful open lawns, with a few native men and women collecting great stacks of vegetation, to burn for salt—a poor return, we should think it, for the luxuriance of nature. The grass, in these kind of pastures, he describes as looking like ‘ordinary English hay;’ while the Quango valley is no bad specimen of arable land:—

‘This valley, as I have before remarked, is all fertile in the extreme. My men could never cease admiring its capability for raising their corn (*Holcus sorghum*), and despising the comparatively limited cultivation of the inhabitants. The Portuguese informed me that no manure is ever needed, but that the more the ground is tilled, the better it yields. Virgin soil does not give such a heavy crop as an old garden, and, judging from the size of the maize and manioc in the latter, I can readily believe the statement. Cattle do well, too. Viewing the valley as a whole, it may be said that its agricultural and pastoral riches are lying waste.’—Pp. 372, 373.

This is in the country of the Portuguese, who trade only in wax and ivory, while they actually import flour, butter, and

cheese, from America. The cotton-tree is a most promising source of wealth in Africa. If cultivated, cotton could be obtained in any quantities. At present all slave-traders discourage it, cut down the plants, and have thrown seed into the sea, imported to Loanda by order of Lord Clarendon.

Turning from the useful to the ornamental, how pretty is the following specimen of the world of vegetation!—

‘Another beautiful plant attracted my attention so strongly on these plains, that I dismounted to examine it; to my great delight I found it to be an old home acquaintance, a species of *Drosera*, closely resembling our own sundew (*Drosera Anglia*); the flower-stalk never attains a height of more than two or three inches, and the leaves are covered with reddish hairs, each of which has a drop of clammy fluid at its tip, making the whole appear as if spangled over with small diamonds. I noticed it first in the morning, and imagined the appearance was caused by the sun shining on drops of dew, but, as it continued to maintain its brilliancy during the heat of the day, I proceeded to investigate the cause of its beauty, and found that the points of the hairs exuded pure liquid, in, apparently, capsules of clear glutinous matter. They were thus like dewdrops preserved from evaporation. The clammy fluid is intended to entrap insects, which, dying on the leaf, probably yield nutriment to the plant.’—P. 472.

From the vegetable, we ascend a step higher to animal life. In this large range of creation, there is much indeed that captivated our traveller, that inspired awe, or excited curiosity. Nothing was unobserved, from the lions which roared all night round his tent, to the touching little bird's-nest, composed of growing leaves sewn together with threads of the spider's web; or the terrible tsetse, an insect in appearance much like our common house-fly, but more deadly than the lion; and so destructive to all domestic cattle, that whole regions are at present unfit for civilised life in consequence. The whole tribe of African antelopes is beautiful in the extreme, from the large species of the eland, to the little tianyáne, about eighteen inches high, the dams of which may be seen teaching their young to kneel down in the long grass, when alarmed, by touching with their uplifted feet, the seventh cervicle vertebra of the little creature—the very same part which the Arabs touch to make the huge camels of the desert stoop down to receive their burdens. The wonders of African life must speedily pass away on the use of guns becoming general. Wild animals very soon learn the difference of range between arrows and guns. Where guns were not known, it was as easy to approach within two hundred yards, as five hundred, where they were. The beauty of these animals often saved their lives.

‘It was grievous, however, to shoot the lovely creatures—they were so tame. With but little skill in stalking, one could easily get within fifty or sixty yards of them. There I lay, looking at the graceful forms and motions of beautiful pokus, leches, and other antelopes, often till my men

wondering what was the matter, came up to see, and frightened them away. If we had been starving, I could have slaughtered them with as little hesitation as I could cut off a patient's leg; but I felt a doubt, and the antelopes got the benefit of it. Have they a guardian spirit over them? I have repeatedly observed, when I approached a herd lying beyond an ant-hill with a tree on it, and viewed them with the greatest caution, they very soon showed symptoms of uneasiness. They did not snuff danger in the wind, for I was to leeward of them; but the almost invariable apprehension of danger which arose, while unconscious of the direction in which it lay, made me wonder whether each had what the ancient physicians thought we all possessed, an archon, or presiding spirit.'—Pp. 255, 256.

How, indeed, is it that, in ordinary country sports, the more we admire wild animals, the more we desire to kill? Dr. Livingstone did not thus allow the savage instincts to predominate; but this is a moral problem hard to solve. The lion is commonly called the king of beasts, but Dr. Livingstone would rather bestow the crown on the elephant. We have seen, however, that a lion assumed a very formidable aspect to himself on one occasion; and we think the tribe deserves respect at his hands. The noble and majestic ideas of a lion do not seem to have been realized in his mind on first seeing them. They seemed like no more than large mastiffs, standing a second or two, and then turning away. The nose is longer in real life than the mythical image of painters, whose ideas of majesty is shown, he says, 'by making their lions' faces like old women in night-caps.' Lions keep far away from human habitation while young and strong, and it is only when unable to catch game that they approach villages to seize on goats or men. It is a common remark of a lion—'His teeth are worn, he will soon kill men.'

Of the elephant we have already spoken. In Africa this animal attains its greatest size, especially in the south; for in the tropics they are somewhat less. They are distinguished from the Asiatic elephant by their enormous ears, under which a man may shelter himself from rain; it is also as rare in this continent to find an elephant without tusks as in India with them. They are never tamed or made use of as beasts of burden in this continent, though two Roman medals are extant, struck A.D. 197, representing elephants thus employed; which, from the ears, are at once recognised as of the true African type. Not one of the species has ever been exhibited in England.

Hippopotami abound in many of the rivers, and present on every occasion the unvarying aspect of our friends in Regent's Park. To one who has witnessed that mass of round flesh, that wonderful mouth, that amphibious existence, and those quaint manners, that mixture of ferocity and childishness, it is wholly unnecessary to give any further description. We may content

ourselves with saying, that they are pleasanter animals to look at through stout iron rails than from a boat on their native rivers when they are disposed to be angry. There are two species of the rhinoceros—the black and white, of which the former is of the most savage nature, and (as Dr. Livingstone remarks), like the ill-natured in general, is never found with an ounce of fat in his body. Mr. Oswell was severely tossed by one of these animals; nor is the white rhinoceros always safe, for this same adventurous hunter was also tossed by one of them. The charge of the rhinoceros is wonderfully rapid, more so than the size and clumsiness of the animal would lead one to anticipate. Still to a naturalist's eye they give great interest to a scene, accompanied, as they generally are, by attendant birds who live on insects picked out of their great rough skins.

We cannot pause to relate of buffaloes, except that they often are a match for a lion; or of ostriches, whose roar is equal to the same animal; or of alligators, reposing their great slimy bodies on the river's bank, ready for any game—man or beast. Of birds, the number is legion. Swifts, in flocks of more than four thousand, reminded our author of home; while the following pretty picture is wholly characteristic of other climes:—

‘In passing along under the overhanging trees of the banks, we often saw the pretty turtle-doves sitting peacefully on their nests above the roaring torrent. An ibis had perched her home on the end of a stump. Her loud, harsh scream of “Wa-wa-wa,” and the piping of the fish-hawk, are sounds which can never be forgotten by any one who has sailed on the rivers north of 20° south. If we step on shore, the *Charadrius carunculula*, a species of plover, a most plaguy sort of “public-spirited individual,” follows you, flying overhead, and is most persevering in its attempts to give fair warning to all the animals within hearing, to flee from the approaching danger.’—Pp. 238, 239.

Green pigeons and scarlet-breasted trogons, with many other birds, fill up the animated scene; but we do not read much of the boundless race of parrots, or of those supernaturally exquisite little creatures, the race of birds of paradise (which do indeed seem like drops of heaven), that abound in the tropical regions of America; birds, some of them hardly larger than a bee, but with those dazzling breasts, that seem by their brightness to atone for size, like a bright electric light, so far outshining the large dull flame of an inferior order.

Of insects, we have already incidentally alluded to the vigorous omnipresent ant, and the pestilential tsetse; spiders also abound of alarming size and peculiar properties. One kind have discovered, without having recourse to Birmingham manufactures, the use of hinges to their doors; while others have the good-nature to erect tents over those sleeping frogs, which

have buried themselves in the sand to escape the heat. When, however, a sudden shower of rain descends, these tents are suddenly evacuated, and a chorus of frogs is heard as if just arrived from heaven in company with the rain. The universality of insect life is thus well described by our author:—

‘ In the quietest parts of the forest there is heard a faint but distinct hum, which tells of insect joy. One may see many whisking about in the clear sunshine in patches among the green glancing leaves; but there are invisible myriads working with never-tiring mandibles on leaves, and stalks, and beneath the soil. They are all brimful of enjoyment. Indeed, the universality of organic life may be called a mantle of happy existence encircling the world, and imparts the idea of its being caused by the consciousness of our benignant Father’s smile on all the works of His hands.’
—P. 609.

From the animal world we now further ascend to the African *man*—that oppressed stock of the race of Ham, so fearfully, yet we may almost say poetically, noted as the sad victims of slavery. That the African has thus for so long been sought for, by fair or foul means, at any cost, at any risk, is sufficient testimony to his powers of work, and his docility of character. In the centre of the continent, where slave-traders have not penetrated, there is much simplicity and genuineness of character. Those who accompanied Dr. Livingstone were most faithful during the greatest trials, and showed real truth and perseverance of character. The annoyance he met with was on approaching the Portuguese settlements upon the West Coast, where they were suspicious of each other and of everybody, their whole character having obviously been degraded by the operation of the slave-trade; by a covetous desire on the one hand to obtain slaves for the market, and a fear, on the other hand, lest themselves should be the victims. The chief of the Bakwains, named Sechele, excited Dr. Livingstone’s interest to a very high degree. The man readily became a Christian, and even betook himself so diligently to the study of the Scriptures, that, having been formerly accustomed to the violent exercise of hunting, he now became exceedingly corpulent from his sedentary life. Sechele had three wives, residing, as is the custom, in tents circling his own. To part with these at once was too heavy a trial; but meanwhile he endeavoured to propagandize among his tribe. He met, however, with the too common result of all who preach good things. He had to regret that whereas he had hitherto found his subjects ever ready to follow his own turn of mind, yet that, in becoming Christian, they were not equally submissive:—

“ In former times,” said he, “ when a chief was fond of hunting, all his people got dogs and became fond of hunting too. If he was fond of

dancing or music, all showed a liking to these amusements too. If the chief loved beer, they all rejoiced in strong drink. But in this case it is different. I love the Word of God, and not one of my brethren will join me."—P. 17.

They would not attend his services with any great avidity, and even his principal wife rebelled against ecclesiastical discipline, on the point of wearing clothes in public worship. She was what our author calls 'a greasy disciple of the old school;' and when sent out of church by her husband, to put her gown on, she went away 'with her lips shot out, the very picture of unutterable disgust at his new-fangled notions.' At length he put away his superfluous wives, making them handsome presents, and was baptized. At a subsequent period, 'black Sechele' fell into trouble among the Boers, who killed his people, and stole all his cattle, burning also Dr. Livingstone's own house. This he graphically narrated in a letter beginning, 'Friend of my heart's love, and of all the confidence of my heart.' This misfortune prompted in him an ardent desire to visit the Queen of England. He proceeded as far as the Cape, dined with the English officers, but not having sufficient resources for his passage, he was compelled to return home. He is described as very dark, with great intelligence, reading well, and speaking fluently.

The dress of the African races is subject to considerable variation, though generally very small in extent, and sometimes so beautifully less, as to forget even the traditionary fig-leaf. There is nevertheless much personal vanity, though not a conviction of possessing beauty. One man looked at himself in a glass for a long time, and exclaimed, 'People say I am ugly, and how very ugly I am indeed!' Women also, looking at themselves in a glass, made very true and impartial remarks: 'Is that me?' 'What a big mouth I have!' 'My ears are as big as pumpkin leaves!' It is the fashion among some to wear heavy rings round their ankles, which compel them to walk in a mincing way; and conceited young men, though they possess not the coveted rings, yet adopt the gait of those who have them, in order to appear fine. These, however, are vanities common to all mankind in their different habits, even as our author says, to our dragoons. The hair is often dressed in most fantastical ways; and upon one occasion, there was an odd scene of competition for an advantageous young lady as a wife. There were five candidates, who were summoned to appear in a row before the object of their love. Two refused the chance of defeat; while the lady unhesitatingly selected from the other three the best and most promising in good looks.

Women in Central Africa are by no means in that slavish

position we often find in savage life. They are often appointed as chiefs of a tribe; and men, if asked to do anything, will say most properly, 'Well, I shall go and ask my wife.' One lady chief, of masculine nerves, severely tested both our traveller's muscular powers, and his gallantry, by her determination to guide them in person to a far more remote village than they were disposed to reach in one day. The traces of religion in the African race are wonderfully small. The nearest approach to a priesthood met with, was that certain persons in one place kept charge of the relics of a dead chief, and received offerings. They said 'Santuru' refused to let them part with any of the relics, meaning some invisible deity. There is no stated day of rest, except after the appearance of the new moon, for which they eagerly watch, and utter some prayer, which they suppose then to have peculiar efficacy. An alligator represents *sin* to their minds, and the sight of it is imagined to produce inflammation of the eyes. Again, if a zebra bites a man, he is compelled to take his wife and family to Kalahari. These instances seem to be remains of animal worship. They have forms of exclamation which seem to be derived both from the Mahometan and the Christian faith, though no other traces of either religion are found. When surprised, they exclaim 'Allah,' and they greet each other 'Ave-rie' (Ave Marie). There is a very strong belief in witchcraft and charms. Witches are often submitted to the ordeal of swallowing poison; and many thus miserably perish in the valley of Cassange. Some good, however, results even from charms, or supposed medical incantations. The powerful are thus held in awe by the weak, and much violence is restrained. Some tribes also believe strongly in departed spirits, whom they propitiate by offerings. One curious relic our traveller came across, for which it is difficult to account; and which shows that some time or other Christians have penetrated these regions. At the junction of the Loangwa and the Zambesi, about 500 miles from the East Coast, he discovered the ruins of a church, built of stone, on one side of which lay a broken bell, with the letters I.H.S. and a cross, but no date.

Such being the blank state of these people's minds, it remains to consider how to treat them for missionary purposes. They are intelligent, tractable, and capable in many ways of civilization; and it would be grievous to let slip such an opening as Providence has now put in our way, by any neglect of means of our part at once to convert them. Dr. Livingstone is well qualified to advise, though not a member of our own Church. He travelled with an inquiring and impartial spirit. He has

opportunities of testing the effects produced by previous teaching of various kinds, and of observing the heathen mind in its complete native obscurity. He is never enthusiastic, sanguine, or liable to be swayed by hollow profession. He is, moreover, singularly unprejudiced by party-spirit. Through parts of Southern Africa Mr. Moffat had preceded him, who for forty years has laboured in this work, during which he has completed a translation of the Bible in the language of the Bechuanas,—one of singular use for this purpose, from its simplicity and copiousness. On this work our author is hopeful, but not over-sanguine:—

‘The fact of the complete translation of the Bible at a station seven hundred miles inland from the Cape naturally suggests the question, whether it is likely to be permanently useful, and whether Christianity, as planted by modern missions, is likely to retain its vitality without constant supplies of foreign teaching? It would certainly be no cause for congratulation if the Bechuana Bible seemed at all likely to meet the fate of Elliot’s Choctaw version, a specimen of which may be seen in the library of one of the American colleges—as God’s Word in a language which no living tongue can articulate, nor living mortal understand; but a better destiny seems in store for this, for the Sichuana language has been introduced into the new country beyond Lake Ngami. There it is the court language, and will take a stranger anywhere through a district larger than France. The Bechuanas, moreover, in all probability possess that imperishability which forms so remarkable a feature in the entire African race.’—P. 115.

Dr. Livingstone does not disguise that he was at first much disappointed at the effects which missionary labour often left behind them. He expected *character* in the new converts, but found it not; yet when he travelled further on, into regions which had never heard of Christ, he then saw the difference, and could trace the good which even very imperfect views of the Christian religion had wrought, though in a general and diffused manner. He deprecates the idea of missionaries confining their attention to the young,—thinking to make them model Christians. ‘To begin with,’ he says, ‘missionaries themselves are not models, and therefore must not hope to ‘make others so.’ He would trust rather to energetic missionaries working their own way through fresh ground; either carrying with them the teaching of civilisation, or acting as pioneers, persuading to a civilised life. Mere occasional preaching he has no confidence in.

‘When converts are made from heathenism by modern missionaries, it becomes an interesting question whether their faith possesses the elements of permanence, or is only an exotic too tender for self-propagation when the fostering care of the foreign cultivators is withdrawn. If neither habits of self-reliance are cultivated, nor opportunities given for the exercise of that virtue, the most promising converts are apt to become like spoiled children.’—P. 115.

He ventures even to quote examples in support of his own theories, which may offend some few of his friends. Speaking of the successful station of Kuruman:—

‘This place has been what the monasteries of Europe are said to have been when pure. The monks did not disdain to hold the plough. They introduced fruit-trees, flowers, and vegetables, in addition to teaching and emancipating the serfs. Their monasteries were mission stations, which resembled ours in being dispensaries for the sick, almshouses for the poor, and nurseries of learning. Can we learn nothing from them in their prosperity as the schools of Europe, and see nought in their history but the pollution and laziness of their decay? Can our wise men tell us why the former mission stations (primitive monasteries) were self-supporting, rich, and flourishing as pioneers of civilisation and agriculture, from which we even now reap benefits; and modern mission stations are mere pauper establishments, without that permanence or ability to be self-supporting which they possessed?’—P. 117.

The connexion between missionary labour and the encouragement of trade he considers indispensable. Wherever a missionary lives, traders are sure to come. It is not, indeed, expedient that missionaries should themselves be traders, though he does not think this combination in itself morally wrong. The present result he thinks unfair, towards the missionaries and the cause also. Traders follow their work and profit by it, without in any way aiding it.

‘The Jesuits, in Africa at least, were wiser in their generation than we; theirs were large influential communities, proceeding on the system of turning the abilities of every brother into that channel in which he was most likely to excel; one, fond of natural history, was allowed to follow his bent; another, fond of literature, found leisure to pursue his studies; and he who was great in barter was sent in search of ivory and gold-dust; so that, while in the course of performing the religious acts of his mission to distant tribes, he found the means of aiding effectually the brethren whom he had left at the central settlement. We Protestants, with the comfortable conviction of superiority, have sent out missionaries with a bare subsistence only, and are unsparing in our laudations of some for not being worldly-minded whom our niggardliness made to live as did the prodigal son. I do not speak for myself, nor need I to do so, but for that very reason I feel at liberty to interpose a word in behalf of others.’—P. 34.

There is much practical wisdom in all this. We want system to make religion and civilisation co-operate together in the first teaching of a heathen country. How often is it that traders spoil the Gospel work by at once introducing the evils to counteract the good of Christian teaching. If bodies of men united together by Christian ties, yet following their several vocations as Christian laymen or clerics, were to be established in central positions, instead of the isolated wandering preacher with nobody to fall back on, we might surely hope that the necessary witness to the truths of revelation, which is required

in the facts of civilisation, would be more easily obtained. Each then would strengthen the other. Let the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel take hints from this, and establish such corporate bodies in connexion with the mercantile world. England would bear a more Christian reputation over countries thus influenced, than the mere isolated missionary could ever manage to infuse as the mark of that country which sent him forth.

Mere teaching at first produces, according to Dr. Livingstone's experience, wonderfully little effect. Minds so sunk in barbarism cannot comprehend it. Kneeling down or singing often makes them burst out into incontrollable laughter, though listening with respect and attention. The following is a specimen of what might occur :—

‘ Long after we had settled at Mabotsa, when preaching on the most solemn subjects, a woman might be observed to look round, and, seeing a neighbour seated on her dress, give her a hunch with the elbow to make her move off ; the other would return it with interest, and perhaps the remark, “ Take the nasty thing away, will you ? ” Then three or four would begin to hustle the first offenders, and the men to swear at them all, by way of enforcing silence.’—P. 187.

Yet long afterwards it might be found that habits of prayer had been steadily maintained, perhaps secretly, but disclosed on a bed of sickness. Intelligent men among the Bakwains seemed moreover to recognise in Christian teaching the realization of their own dim notions of right and wrong ; and would declare, that their own previous knowledge of good and evil, of right and wrong, and of the providence of God, were just the same as taught by Christians, with the exception of the Christian law forbidding more wives than one. To promote reverence and concentration, it was always found necessary to have places of worship as soon as possible. To require attention and decorum in a building, which half an hour afterwards would be used for dancing or such amusements, was found to be too great an assertion of authority, which hurt their feelings of independence. In a special religious building this was attained with far more the appearance of free-will. Are we above these influences ourselves ? This is a question we should have been tempted to ask of their author, if sitting by him the other day, when on the platform of an Exeter-hall service.

Missionary schemes are just now occupying a large share of public attention ; not only as separate works and duties to be done, either in person or by substitute, but as part of our connexion with all those heathen people whom commerce brings in our way, or whom the ties of a common empire unite with

us. The subject is at the present moment assuming a forcible character with reference to India. We see there our former mistakes and shortcomings; and may therefore turn to a new country like Central Africa with a hope that we shall have profited. We doubt not that vast extents of this country will before long be colonized by, or in some way dependent on, the English people. Whatever system is adopted, let Christianity be its handmaid; and let us have no more either of that timid profession of the Cross which has been such a failure elsewhere, or of that wretched divided way of teaching and preaching the Gospel, which Dr. Livingstone so justly laments, and the true remedy for which we hope, before long, he will have acquired as part of his religious faith. We admire his *independent* heart and mind, but we do not think that independence, rightly understood, is inconsistent with being (in the Church's sense of the words) knit together in one communion and fellowship in the mystical body of Christ our Lord.

Having thus far fulfilled our intention to do full and ample justice to Dr. Livingstone, as a most useful and persevering traveller, something yet remains. There are other points in the work before us, which we feel bound to notice, if our readers wish for an impartial review. As we have before hinted, he was more of a traveller than a writer; and it is much to be regretted that so long a period as fifteen years, spent in this new field of adventure, should not have been more fully and systematically described. It is difficult to find out how so long a time was spent; and interesting as many of the details are, yet there is a total want, throughout the whole book, of any clear arguments of a serious and practical nature, which may prove to commercial men that Central Africa is a profitable field for speculation. He appears to think so himself, and we are disposed to agree with him; but the present volume does not offer sufficient data for so great a work as he contemplates. His notices on natural history show an observant eye, but even these are very imperfect, and will be of very partial use as a contribution to science. The absence, however, of any practical suggestion for trade, is still more striking, especially as the country has been kept waiting a whole year for this authentic narrative of his travels. If the expedition is to be of use, about which we can hardly doubt, we presume that the river Zambesi must be the great and almost the only means of access into the interior. The commercial advantages, then, of this river, is the great point of interest. We could sincerely wish that a more complete analysis had been given of the many local circumstances which must inevitably be considered, before men of capital will risk their fortunes in the concern. This

river, for instance, finds its way to the sea, much in the same way as the Nile, through a delta of low marshy land, in a great number of separate streams. After this difficulty is surmounted, about which we have little guidance, we require next some practical suggestions as to the most appropriate sites for commercial depôts or towns. For this purpose, we require accurate surveys of the most likely districts for cultivation, with the nature of the produce that each will yield. The navigation, also, of this all-important river, is only imperfectly noticed. Small river-steamers are mentioned as likely to afford uninterrupted passage for several hundred miles, but would this be sufficient for any extended commerce? Where should be the port for sea-going vessels; and how, again, are the rapids and falls to be surmounted higher up? We do not say that all these things have escaped Dr. Livingstone's consideration, or that they do not admit of explanation; all we mean is, that the present work hardly satisfies our expectations, in affording practical solutions of apparent difficulties. It is announced, however, that Parliament is to be called upon to sanction a grant for the exploration of the Zambesi, under Dr. Livingstone's—no longer professional—superintendence.

But it may be said that Dr. Livingstone was a missionary, and not a commercial man. We hardly think this ground will stand; for, as we have said before, he did not bind himself to the routine of missionary work which other missionaries, be they right or wrong, commonly adopt. He sighed even for more perfect independence than he enjoyed; and did not scruple to acknowledge that the salary he received from the Missionary Society was a clog to the free pursuit of his own plans and wishes. We may in fact almost say that he *cut* his Missionary Society as far as was possible even when in their service; and, we doubt not, intends to do so wholly for the future. He probably designs to come out more boldly on his return, as trader and settler; at which, indeed, we do not complain; but, for his own sake, we think that such being his intention, the present work ought to have been a more systematic treatise on the commercial prospects of such an undertaking, than we feel assured practical men of business will judge it to be.

We have made these concluding remarks in perfect consistency with all that we have said before; for our admiration for Dr. Livingstone, as a traveller, is hearty and sincere. A splendid field was still open to the world, and his has been the fortune to penetrate its secrets. North, South, East, and West, had been ransacked; every corner of the ocean, every field of ice, had been searched; yet Central Africa remained enwrapt in

mystery. Such a chance can never again occur. To understand the vastness of his explorations, we may picture to ourselves what a Roman citizen, of the time of the republic, might have done; and what we should think of him, taking Europe as his field instead of Africa. Starting from Rome, he might have worked his way to the highlands of Scotland, back again to Central Europe, and eastward to Moscow, without traversing a greater extent of unknown country than that in Dr. Livingstone's case. If an ancient MS. was discovered narrating the travels of such a man, we should indeed highly value it; but the craving we should have, in its perusal, for a distinct consecutive narrative, may in some degree express what we acknowledge to be our feeling of disappointment at the work before us. Our consolation is, that we are not beyond remedy. With far less an amount of practical observation, books have often been written that form text-books for the world; and, in the present case, with careful selection of material, and its judicious arrangement, with professional literary assistance, and with time devoted to so worthy an object, we do not see why something should not be given to the public, which may last, as a useful book of reference, in times when Central Africa is inhabited by civilised men, and takes its part in the politics of the world.

- ART. VI.—1. *A Statement Respecting an Association for the Spiritual Aid of English Churchmen emigrating to the United States of America.* Rivingtons. 1855.
2. *Occasional Paper of the Anglo-American Church Emigrants' Aid Society.* [Continued from the Statement.] February, 1855. Rivingtons.
3. *Occasional Paper of the Anglo-American Church Emigrants' Aid Society.* No. II. [Continued from No. I.] September, 1857. Rivingtons.
4. *Millie's Journal; or the Emigrant's Letters.* Edited by the Author of *Amy's Trials.* Masters.
5. *Colonial Church Chronicle.* December, 1857.

THE occupation of the continent of North America by the English race is a great event in history, greater indeed than many among ourselves are ready to admit. When we survey the map of that continent and contemplate its vast extent (the United States alone occupying nearly three millions of square miles, or twenty-five times the area of Great Britain and Ireland); when we consider the fertility of its soil, the magnitude of its rivers, and the generally temperate character of its climate, we can form some estimate of the population which it is destined at no distant period to support. Even now, the United States contain a larger English-speaking population than England itself; a population too, which, though widely diffused, is rendered compact by the late development of railroads and telegraphs. Our language will yet find its chief home in that country, where, in the course of little more than half a century, it will probably be spoken by a hundred millions of mankind.

Other nations recount their *past* glories, but the American is fully justified in looking forward to a splendid *future*. There can be no doubt that the moral and physical power of the Anglo-Saxon race in the West, will become tremendous either for good or for evil. Authors will arise, whose works will be read by millions instead of hundreds and thousands; and the curse of Babel will be in a great measure removed. Arts, manufactures, and commerce will be diffused on a scale of corresponding magnitude; and naval and military operations may be conducted with a force and energy hitherto unknown. The British Isles themselves, though great in historic importance, may be distanced in the long race; and from North America will issue

forth influences which will act upon the entire family of man. We need not say how much of human happiness and virtue must depend on the character of those influences.

Certain it is that we have already felt in this country, and that we shall feel hereafter with increased force, the effect of opinions and habits originating with our transatlantic offspring. The good and the evil which we infused into the character of our infant colonies return to us with accumulated interest. What English Churchman does not rejoice in receiving the visits of the earnest-minded bishops, clergymen, and laity of the American Church? On the other hand, who does not deplore the pestiferous teaching of the heretical impostors who have come to us from Nauvoo, or from the Valley of the Salt Lake? Let it be borne in mind also, that the intercourse between this country and America will hereafter be greatly increased; and that, ere long, a score of 'Leviathans,' may be engaged in transporting cheaply and speedily five or ten thousand persons each from shore to shore. A flood of new-country ideas will rush in upon us, not only in the shape of books, but in the more portentous forms of living orators, divines, and philosophers, the teachers of truth,—and the intelligent and irreverent emissaries of schism, infidelity, and imposture. Events have yet to show whether, in this instance, community of language will prove to us a great blessing or a great curse.

Should the latter be averted, we must thank the good providence of God, not our own wisdom or foresight. The history of the country now forming the United States, and once our own, is not such as would, *à priori*, afford much ground for encouragement. Bold, unscrupulous adventurers, and disaffected or criminal refugees, constituted, with few exceptions, the earliest elements of its population. The Puritans, from whom the present Americans have traditionally derived no small portion of their religious character, were bitter enemies of the ecclesiastical order and discipline established in the mother-country. Then followed Dutch and Scotch Presbyterians, German Lutherans, English convicts transported to the plantations, and Irish Papists, virulent in their animosity against the Church and State of England. This heterogeneous population settling in a new country, and casting off many old habits and reminiscences, felt the secularizing effects of emigration in all their power; and in the eager search for wealth, became, in a great measure, lost to reverential ideas of duty and religion. The Church of England, though established by law in some of the southern colonies, and aided by the Society for Propagating the Gospel in New England, New York, and elsewhere, existed in a state of much feebleness; and, moreover, being kept without

bishops, through the timid policy of the Home Government, was unable to extend itself or to develop its internal resources. Emigrants from the old country, even though attached to the 'establishment,' found such a destitution of churches and clergymen that they generally felt or fancied themselves compelled to attach themselves to sectarian bodies, if any religious fellowship were to be maintained. The Revolution of 1776 broke out; the Churchmen generally sided with the King, and ultimately experienced the unpopularity which, in such a contest, must always attach itself to the losing party. Many of the clergy and laity left the country, the Society for Propagating the Gospel withdrew its aid, churches were left desolate, were destroyed, or were appropriated by sectarians, and the little Church property which existed was in many cases confiscated.

Under these circumstances the American Church found itself placed, when it acquired the rights of self-government and of the free election of its bishops. Those who contend that our Reformed Church is but a 'function' of the English State, must find it difficult to account for the existence of our Church in America, after its separation from the mother-country, and still more, for its rapid advancement to prosperity. The Royal Supremacy had been utterly swept away; Acts of Parliament had become a dead letter; and the new government of America, in consequence of the divided state of the people, repudiated the idea of connecting itself with any existing system of religion. The remnant of Churchmen, however, felt as conscious of their continued ecclesiastical existence as of their personal identity. Their baptismal vows were as obligatory upon them as in the old times of British ascendancy; and it was as evident to *them*, as to the compilers of our Prayer-book, 'that 'from the Apostles' times there had been these orders of ministers in Christ's Church; Bishops, Priests, and Deacons.' The general truths and order of the Catholic Church were felt to be independent of political changes. Consequently, American Churchmen continued to believe the Church to be 'a witness and keeper of Holy Writ,' possessing 'power to decree Rites or Ceremonies, and authority in Controversies of Faith.' Having now become a 'particular' church, they believed that in conformity with the 34th Article, they had authority to ordain, 'change and abolish, ceremonies or rites of the Church ordained 'only by man's authority, so that all things be done to edifying.' Whether Henry VIII. and the Reformers contemplated the possibility of such an event or not, they found the Church actually surviving, where Royal Supremacy and Acts of Parliament had passed away and vanished like a vapour.

Upon these principles the Church of England, in America, perpetuated itself, under the somewhat prolix, and indeed unhappy, title of the 'Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States of America.' Its continued corporate identity was admitted not only by the King, Lords, and Commons of England, who passed an Act enabling the English prelates to consecrate its first bishops, but by the English bishops themselves, who engaged in those consecrations. A similar admission was made by the several State governments in America, which confirmed the Church in the possession of certain endowments bestowed upon it in the Colonial period, and even restored a portion of what had been confiscated during the revolutionary troubles. It thus became plain that the Royal Supremacy is not an *essential*, but merely an *accident* of a portion, of our Reformed Church.

It is not necessary to vindicate all the doings of the early synodical assemblies of the Church in America. Those were dark days; and, while we cannot but deplore the objectionable character of much that was changed in the authorized formularies, we must, considering the tendencies of the eighteenth century, be grateful that so much of what is good was retained, and even re-introduced. The admission of a lay-element into ecclesiastical assemblies was vindicated by Bishop White of Pennsylvania, on the ground of its being a natural consequence of the principle of following the Church of England. 'We could not,' he says, 'in any other way, have had a substitute for the parliamentary sanction to legislative acts of power.'¹ Certain it is that, after the establishment of its episcopacy, and of its mixed synods of clergy and laity, the American Church began to rise from its extreme depression, and that during the present century it has increased its clergy from 200 (in the year 1800) to nearly 2,000 (in 1857), while its communicants have advanced in the same period from ten thousand to one hundred and thirty-five thousand, and its regular worshippers from sixty thousand to more than a million. Great and satisfactory as is this progress, it began too late; and the Church, although gaining upon even the rapid increase of the population, is still outnumbered by sectarian bodies nearly in the proportion of twenty to one. It has within itself also several elements of weakness; among which may be reckoned the religious divisions and the pew-system, which it has inherited from ourselves.

We have seen that, previously to the Revolution, emigration contributed far more to the strength of sectarian bodies than to the numerical importance of the Church. Since that period, while

¹ *Memoirs of the Episcopal Church*, p. 78.

the Romish community has gained important accessions in the multitudes who have flocked to America from Ireland and from several countries of Continental Europe, emigration from England has contributed but little to the 'Protestant Episcopal Church.' From what source then has it derived its more than tenfold multiplication? We answer, without hesitation, that the greater part of this increase has been obtained from the various sectarian bodies.¹ In other words, the American Church is of indigenous rather than foreign growth. The descendants of Englishmen, having become intelligent and educated Americans, with a sense of respectability, and with some appreciation of historical and moral truth, have thus, to a great extent, come forth from the ranks of schism and arranged themselves under that Episcopacy which their immediate fathers either knew not, or else wilfully deserted.

It is certainly satisfactory to know that, while the Church of Rome in America consists chiefly of foreigners, with a foreign priesthood and foreign bishops, our Reformed Church in the same country is principally of home-growth. Still it is a great question what becomes of the thousands and tens of thousands who annually remove from England to the great Republic of the West. Do they in any degree remain faithful to the Church at whose fonts the greater part of them were baptized? or do they chiefly contribute, as in the old Colonial times, to swell the existing amount of schism and irreligion in America? The valuable publications of the 'Anglo-American Emigrants' Aid Society' enable us to throw considerable light on this important and interesting question.

There can be no doubt that the United States, on account of their comparative vicinity to the Old World, will continue for ages to absorb the greater portion of European emigration. During the year 1854 alone, 413,583 emigrants landed in the United States, of whom more than three-quarters (327,076) disembarked at New York. Forty-seven thousand of the whole number were natives of England; and the remainder consisted chiefly of Irish, together with Scotch, Germans, Swiss, Hungarians, Norwegians, and persons belonging to miscellaneous European States.

The forty-seven thousand English, like the swarms of their fellow-countrymen who preceded them, consisted chiefly of the class which constitutes the main strength of nations. There were agricultural labourers in great proportion, small farmers, and a few professional men and gentlemen of property. There were many miners, engineers, weavers, shoe-

¹ See the work of the Rev. Mr. Mines, entitled 'Presbyterian Clergymen looking for the Church, by One of Three Hundred.'

makers, tailors, blacksmiths, carpenters, and masons. Besides these there was a sprinkling of butchers, bakers, saddlers, printers, shipwrights, and gun-makers, not to speak of a mixed multitude of mere adventurers. Many of the emigrants were accompanied by their wives and families, and carried with them no inconsiderable amount of capital.

As to their religious character, though, as we have said, generally baptized in the Church of England, we have no reason to doubt that Bishop Kemper's statement,¹ as to the English in his own diocese (Wisconsin), will apply too truly to them:— 'Many had become dissatisfied with both Church and State before they left their native land. Some were Socialists, and 'a vast proportion careless of their spiritual interests.' The Emigrant Chaplain, stationed at Liverpool, testifies that the character of those who proceed to the United States is decidedly inferior to that of the emigrants to Canada. In regard to the former, he says:²—

'In my last report, I alluded to the large number of *Mormons* emigrating hence to Utah. Some check has been given to the movement of late, as only 500 or 600 of these people have sailed from this port during the past quarter (1856). They were, however, about the most degraded specimens of their class I have ever fallen in with. But if the number of such fanatics is on the decline, there is another class of persons on the move, holding principles equally pernicious. I allude to infidels—downright, avowed infidels. With several of these I have lately come in contact, in visiting ships about to sail from the Mersey. They all seem to be mechanics, and come chiefly from Manchester, Rochdale, and London. It is surprising to observe with what zeal these men endeavour to spread the poison of infidelity amongst the unsophisticated class of emigrants who come from our rural districts. They read books and tracts to them of the most blasphemous character, and ridicule their simple faith in the Gospel. I lately found a man on board a ship, reading to a group of farm-labourers and their families, from a book which seemed to be a sort of burlesque on the Bible. I asked him to let me see the book; but he refused, and put it in his pocket, saying, he intended to preach from it on the voyage.'

Besides being exposed to contact with *Mormons* and *Infidels*, it is to be feared that the emigrants are witnesses of great profligacy on board some of the vessels bound for New York. Without crediting all the stories which have been published on this subject (one of which, in particular, seems as incredible as the narrative of '*Railways and Revolvers*,' which appeared in the *Times*), there still remains good reason to believe that many of the younger voyagers land on the shores of America far worse, in a moral point of view, than when they left England.

Having disembarked at New York, our emigrants find that city, with its population of 700,000, too densely crowded to allow of its absorbing any considerable portion of their number.

¹ Statement, p. 6.

² Mission Field, p. 137, vol. ii.

Part of them, however, choose to remain either in New York or in some other of the cities on the Atlantic. Bishop Southgate, of Boston, described the condition of many of these poor people in his sermon preached in 1853, at the consecration of the Fredericton Cathedral,¹ in the British Colony of New Brunswick:—

‘During the last winter, I explored a small portion of Boston, immediately adjacent to my parish church. I sent through the district a deacon, who is himself an Englishman, but has lately been admitted to orders in the American Church. He visited every house, and every family. The result was, that, in this single section, embracing probably not more than one-tenth of the city, he found one hundred and seven families, comprising doubtless more than five hundred souls, who were members of the Church (most of them of the Church of England and Ireland), who were living in utter destitution of the means of grace, or were unconnected with any *parish* [*i.e.* congregation], most of them never going to church, and all destitute of pastoral care; their children unbaptized, and untaught; the parents, in many cases, alienated in their affections from the Church. This estimate does not include another portion, who, having been baptized in the Church of England, have emigrated to the United States, and, after a time, have connected themselves with some Protestant sect. These are now lost to the Church, many of them irrecoverably.

‘In my own parish [congregation], probably nine-tenths of our pensioners [*i.e.* those who receive the Communion alms] were baptized in the Church of England; and more than nine-tenths of our charities are devoted to such. Besides this, the *occasional* applicants for aid are, with rare exceptions, Englishmen.’

The question may occur, Why do not the English residents (at least, in the American cities where churches are numerous²) more generally seek out the clergy? Bishop Southgate replies: ‘They have been allowed, almost without exception, to come to the United States from England, Ireland and the British American Colonies, without so much as a commendatory letter from their pastors at home, without a certificate, or any other written evidence of their membership in the Church.’ We may add, from our personal knowledge, that the greater part of them are wholly ignorant of the existence of a branch of the Church of England in America. If they chance to hear of it, it is probable that sectarians will endeavour to prejudice them against it. Bishop Williams, of Connecticut, says:—

‘Every kind of direct influence—where certainly the *indirect* ones are enough for evil—is brought to bear on English emigrants, to draw them away from the Church of their fathers. I remember once, while I was a parish priest, finding a family who had been told, that if they went to the Episcopal Church, they would have to pay *tithes*, and to be subject to all sorts of pecuniary impositions. And this, I doubt not, is a fair specimen of the way in which their ignorance is practised upon.’

The ordinary language of America favours the pretensions of

¹ Statement, p. 11.

² There are now about *seventy* Episcopal Churches in the city of New York and its suburb city of Brooklyn.

³ Ibid. p. 4.

the sectarians. *Every* place of worship in America, even a Mormon meeting-house, is called a *Church*. Judge Huntington, of Connecticut, remarks¹ that the first impression on the emigrant's mind is that all these places are alike, and that in America the meeting-house is as really a church as the parish-church in England. It is in regard to the English in the American towns and cities, that the Rev. Dr. Coit, of Troy, New York, writes :²—

'It is a thousand pities that English people should slide off into the sects here. I know not how or why it is, that, even if communicants at home, they do not consider themselves so here. I tell them it is the *same Church*. But they know it is not the same *country*, and suppose they have severed their ecclesiastical connexions.'

Should the poor emigrant, notwithstanding these discouragements, straggle into an Episcopal Church, in one of the large cities, the chances are that he will find it to be one of those genteel affairs described in Caswall's '*American Church*.'³

'There are churches which rather resemble splendid drawing-rooms than houses of worship, and in which the poor man could hardly feel himself at home. Handsome carpets cover every part of the floor; the pews are luxuriously cushioned, in a manner calculated to invite repose; while splendidly embroidered pulpit-hangings, and a profusion of silk and velvet, of gilding and of painting, excite the curiosity of the stranger more than his devotion.'

In such a church, he will, of course, find all the pews strictly appropriated, with the exception of a few inconvenient free seats, almost out of sight and hearing, where he may be allowed to take his seat, in the neighbourhood perhaps of half-a-dozen negroes. It is right, however, to add in this connexion, that much has been done of late years, in America, towards the establishment of churches with free and open seats; and that some of the clergy, like Bishop Southgate, bestow extra pains on the emigrant and the stranger.

The great mass of our emigrants, however, wisely avoid the older and more crowded cities. Engineers, weavers, and those highly skilled in mechanical arts, very generally settle in the manufacturing districts of the New England States. Agricultural labourers, small farmers and blacksmiths, proceed to the country parts. Miners expect to find abundant employment in the vast copper and lead districts near Lake Superior, or among the coal and iron of Pennsylvania. Engineers seek engagements on the new railroads, and other public works. Shoemakers, tailors, carpenters, masons, bricklayers, butchers, and bakers, are generally aware of the openings presented to them wherever new towns or villages are rising into existence. The Mormon portion of our English move off to Utah, according to the

¹ Statement, p. 7.² Occasional Paper, p. 28.³ Page 288, first edition.

directions of their false prophet.¹ After every deduction is made, more than half of the whole number, avoiding the Slave States, proceed to the North-Western districts.² Having passed through a period of great bewilderment and confusion at New York; having been plundered by land-sharks, and misdirected and imposed upon in a variety of ways; they manage at length to reach the railway-station or the North-River steamer, and find themselves once more on the move. Of the forty-seven thousand English, whom we have mentioned as landing in the United States in a single year, twenty-five thousand thus began their journey to the North-West—the very threshold of which was still, by the shortest route, a thousand miles distant. Some of them, blessed with less scanty means than others, proceeded by the Erie Railway to the lake of the same name, then by railway along the lake-coast, and so across the peninsula of Michigan to Chicago. Others, on the deck of a steamer, ascended the North River (or Hudson) to Albany, travelled a weary week by canal to Buffalo, and then undertook a long voyage of eight or nine hundred miles across the length of three lakes (Erie, Huron, and Michigan), until they landed at either Milwaukee in Wisconsin, or Chicago in Illinois. Twelve thousand of them went ashore at Milwaukee, where they found a settled population of *sixty* thousand, and about the same number found themselves in Chicago, a city of not less than *eighty* thousand inhabitants.

In these two cities, described as the great gateways of the North-West, the emigrants pause awhile, and consider their future prospects. The Mormons who accompanied them on

¹ See the 'Prophet of the Nineteenth Century.' Rivingtons.

² The following is the number of natives of England inhabiting the United States, by the census of 1850:—

Free States.	Maine	1,949	Slave States.	Mississippi	593
	New Hampshire	1,469		Louisiana	3,550
	Vermont	1,546		Texas	1,002
	Massachusetts	16,635		Arkansas	166
	Rhode Island	4,490		Tennessee	706
	Connecticut	5,091		Kentucky	2,805
	New York	84,820		Ohio	25,680
	New Jersey	11,377		Michigan	10,620
	Pennsylvania	38,048		Indiana	5,550
	Delaware	952		Illinois	18,628
Slave States.	Maryland	3,467	Free States.	Missouri	8,379
	District of Columbia	682		Iowa	3,785
	Virginia	2,998		Wisconsin	18,972
	North Carolina	394		California	3,050
	South Carolina	921		Minnesota	84
	Georgia	670		Oregon	209
	Florida	300		Utah	1,056
	Alabama	941		New Mexico	43
Total		281,608.			

their voyage, are now far on their way in a different direction; and the infidel mechanics who tried to upset their faith, are probably hard at work in some factory or foundry in New England. The bewilderment and perplexity of their long journey is ended, and they are not only willing but anxious to receive friendly counsel. Two clergymen, the Rev. Messrs. Keene and Clarkson (the former an Englishman), have exerted themselves in Milwaukee and Chicago, with some effect, in giving these poor people good advice, and in directing them to places where the ministrations of the Church are to be had. The Rev. Dr. Van Ingen, too, while residing in Chicago, put forth an excellent little tract designed expressly for the spiritual benefit of English emigrants. Greatly increased exertions at these two points are highly desirable; and here, at least, the American Church has a strong claim upon us for our sympathy and assistance. Mr. Keene estimated that, in 1855, four thousand English were residing in Milwaukee, 'as sheep without a shepherd, perishing for lack of care.'¹ Mr. Clarkson says, respecting Chicago:—

'I know that I speak within bounds, when I say that there are at this time 300 English families in this city, brought up in the Church at home, who are now destitute, to a great extent, of its ministrations, and living in practical heathenism. Our pew-system, their own pride, and the inability of our ministers (who have all large and increasing congregations) to hunt them up, and watch over them, are the three main causes of this deplorable state of things.'

Comparatively few of our emigrants remain in Milwaukee and Chicago. From these places they diffuse themselves over Illinois, Minnesota, Iowa, and Wisconsin, and generally without regard to the advantages which the Church at this time offers in many of the towns and villages of those immense districts. Those of the agricultural class, who possess a little capital, seek out situations where they expect to make advantageous purchases of land. The very poor become labourers or servants wherever they can find employment.

It is a great mistake to suppose that these agricultural emigrants immediately find their circumstances changed for the better. Some of them continue objects of charity to the end of their days; either from sickness, or from inability to do the work of a backwoodsman. We recollect an English labourer, who, notwithstanding the possession of good health, was constantly dependent on the kindness of his American neighbours. The poor fellow had been a hedger and ditcher in England, and nothing more. Finding himself in a country without either hedges or ditches, and being unable to learn to plough, cut down trees, and

¹ Statement, p. 8.

build log-houses, he was, of course, a pauper, and that too without the benefit of the English poor-laws. The Rev. W. Adams, of Nashotah College, Wisconsin, lays it down as a general rule that, whatever may be his industry and diligence, 'for the first ten or twelve years in America, the English emigrant is poor.'

From causes originating in his poverty, ignorance, and want of forethought, together with the neglect of some and the inability of others to help him, the English emigrant, in nine cases out of ten, does not consider himself a Churchman, and too often becomes dead to all religion. If the latter calamity is in a measure averted, the probability is that (unless previously a dissenter in England) he will attach himself to the first Protestant sect which may happen to come in his way. All this will be readily understood by those who know how easily, from the most trivial causes, the poorer members of our congregations in England are led to quit the Church for the meeting-house. The spiritual and moral condition of our labourers who inhabit remote heaths and downs, distant from a place of worship, is also an index of the state of too many of our settlers in the woods and prairies of America. The Rev. W. Adams gives the following painful testimony :¹—

'English Churchmen who come here, have no sufficient training in Church doctrines. Dissenters from the English Establishment consider themselves bound, from the very fact that they dissent, to know the reasons assigned, or supposed to be assignable, for their dissent. Methodists have their defence of Methodism, their glorifications of Wesley, their strong reasons why they are Methodists, and not Church of England people. Baptists have their arguments for baptism by immersion, and against "baby-sprinkling." Independents and Unitarians all have their reasons put on their tongues' ends for their notions; but the English peasant-Churchman seems to have few reasons for and against to give. He is dumb and uninstructed, and ignorant of any distinct reason why he is a Churchman. An American child of the Church knows, in truth, more of the reasons for his faith and practice, than the mass of ordinary English adults that come out here. The English Church does in general great wrong to her people by a teaching that brings about so sad a result.'

The Rev. W. Keene, writing from Milwaukee, in 1855, says :²—

'I may safely say that the census to be taken this year will show twenty thousand English residents in Wisconsin. In the Convention of the Diocese of Wisconsin, held last June, there were reported, all told, 1,172 communicants. Now, calculating that the number of attendants upon our services is in the proportion of twenty to one communicant, this would give us not quite 22,000 worshippers—but little, if any, over the number of English residents alone. That not a tithe of the attendants upon Church services are English, I know every clergyman in our Diocese would bear me out in saying. Supposing that a third of the English residents (and this is a liberal estimate) belong to the different religious denominations, and that

¹ Occasional Paper, No. II. p. 65.

² Ibid. p. 62.

³ Statement, p. 7.

2,000 are attendants upon the services of the Church, this would leave us upwards of twelve thousand unaccounted for; concerning whom, we must in sorrow say that they are scattered as sheep without a shepherd, and perishing for lack of care.'

The Rev. Mr. Adams makes an estimate in 1856, not very different from that of Mr. Keene. He writes: ¹—

'When I came to Wisconsin, in 1841, there were 30,000 inhabitants of this State. Now, by census of 1856, there are 600,000; of these there are of English birth, by the United States census of 1850, 18,972. Now, what number has the Church in Wisconsin of these English? The Church in Wisconsin has a Bishop and Clergy, certainly not inferior to those of any Western State in zeal, piety, and learning, and yet the number of her communicants is only 1,400. The number of her laity, including all attached to her worship and attending upon her services, may be 15,000; that is to say, we have, allowing for the increase since the census of 1850, 20,000 English in the State, and the Church only 15,000 in all. But are not some of these English emigrants in connexion with the Church? Of course there are some; but I question, from my knowledge of the diocese (and Bishop Kemper, also, is of the same opinion), whether there are 1,500 in all, out of the 20,000, attached to us. That is to say, here, in the State of Wisconsin, of 20,000 English emigrants, by the fault of some one or other, eighteen thousand [nine-tenths] are lost to the Church.'

A very great proportion of this loss is unquestionably owing to a cause already adverted to, and which must always operate in new countries, viz., the scattered condition of the emigrants and the sparseness of the churches and clergy. Wisconsin is nearly the size of England and Wales, containing 53,000² square miles. Throughout this extent of country there are perhaps fifty or sixty Episcopal clergymen, or about one for every thousand square miles, a district equal to an English county. But Mr. Adams gives a further reason: ³—

'The Church in England is established by law. The burden of its support is upon the land. To the mere labourer the expense is actually nothing in England. He goes to church; the edifice has cost him nothing; its revenues are no burden upon him; clerical superintendence and the expense of the ministrations of religion are not paid out of his pocket. Now, the English emigrants here are for the most part of the very class who in England are at no expense for the services of the church—agricultural labourers. They find that here the expenses of religion are wholly cast upon the congregation; that if a man has the spiritual services of a clergyman, and the use of a Church edifice and Church instruments, he must pay for them; be a member of the congregation, and defray his part of the cost, whether poor or rich: nay, owing to the pew system, he finds that the poorer he is, the more he has to pay proportionably to his means. Again, on the other hand, he finds that, so far as legal compulsion is concerned, he is entirely free; that if he do not go to church, he has nothing to pay. He actually saves money, or thinks he saves it, by *not* going to church! If he goes to any church, or meeting-house, he must pay five to ten dollars a-year for a pew; staying at home, he saves so much per

¹ Occasional Paper, No. II. p. 65.

² England contains 50,387, and Wales 7,425 square miles.

³ Occasional Paper, p. 60.

annum. It seems to him that there is a gain in staying away. It takes a training in American traditions, a teaching of years, to teach the individual man,—especially the man of the labouring classes,—that religion is worth paying for; that the family cannot exist without it; that ruin, dissolution, and destruction to morality, to character, and to prospects, are the consequence of this saving of five or ten dollars a-year, by going to no church or place of worship weekly, but living as a heathen without God in the world. It is a great principle, an undoubted matter of fact, that no foreigner of the labouring classes, transferred from any country in Europe to the United States, can be convinced of the necessity of supporting the clergy, even those who minister to himself.

The above description of the agricultural English in the single diocese of Wisconsin will apply to our countrymen in other parts of the United States. We find that, by the census of 1850, the number of native-born English in the entire Union was 281,608. Add to these the increase during the last seven years (allowing for deaths), and the amount at present cannot be less than 400,000. The entire number of communicants in the whole American Church is about 135,000, of whom probably not more than 4000 are natives of England. Allowing *forty thousand*, or a tenth of the English, to be in the habit of attending the Episcopal Churches, there will remain 360,000 who have swelled the amount of schism and irreligion, and consequently have increased the number of the enemies of our communion beyond the Atlantic.

We are now prepared to admit the conclusion expressed in the '*Colonial Church Chronicle*' (p. 446), that the apostacy of nine-tenths of the English in America may be traced to some of the following causes:—

- 1st. Irreligious habits acquired at home (or on the voyage).
- 2d. The want of such Church principles as are capable of binding the conscience.
- 3d. The neglect of the Church of England in providing the means of grace for emigrants after their departure.
- 4th. The want of credentials addressed to the American Church.
- 5th. The secularizing tendency of emigration.
- 6th. The change of country and of associations in general.
- 7th. The misrepresentations of the Church by American sectarians.
- 8th. The change from an establishment to the voluntary system.
- 9th. The comparative fewness of clergy and churches in America.
- 10th. The pew system in the American Church.

And now we are led to ask the question, Is this great evil utterly without remedy? The answer must certainly be given in the negative. True it is that, in regard to large classes of

to the sects. We have no means for the purpose,—indeed, no endowments for almost any purpose; we are working up hill all the time,—struggling for existence against a majority of twenty to one. To expect, then, that the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States, under these circumstances, can put forth peculiar efforts in favour of the English emigrants here, is out of the question: she has not the means in men or money. Nay, in our present feebleness, we lose multitudes of American Churchmen moving westward, and our utmost efforts are needed for them. How can we, then, undertake the spiritual care of 400,000 English emigrants, whom the Church of England, their spiritual mother, wholly neglects, and for whose spiritual interests in their destitution, she does not expend one shilling?

We remark then, that notwithstanding the feebleness of the American Church, she has not been unmindful of her duty to the English who have come into her wide-spread dioceses.

We give a few instances out of many. Bishop Southgate, well-known in past years as an efficient missionary in Turkey, has met with considerable success among our countrymen in Boston, of whom about one hundred were communicants in his church (the Church of the Advent), in 1855. The reader has already seen that, in this work, the Bishop had the assistance of an English deacon.

The Rev. B. B. Leacock (son of the late devoted missionary to Africa) writes from Mobile:—

‘We have a free church [*i.e.* one in which the seats are free] in this city, which is sustained through the Christian liberality of three gentlemen. This Church numbers among its fold many Church of England emigrants. Its pastor, Mr. Ingraham, is a zealous and faithful labourer among them;’

	Ministers.	Houses of Worship.
Roman Catholics	1,081	1,073
Anti-Mission Baptists	897	2,023
Campbellite Baptists	843	1,848
Methodist Protestants	740	—
Universalists	700	1,184
Evangelical Lutherans	663	1,604
Wesleyan Methodists	600	—
United Brethren	500	1,800
Christian Baptist Unitarian	498	607
Quakers	—	715
Cumberland Presbyterians	350	480
Dutch Reformed	299	282
Presbyterians of various sects	293	530
German Reformed	273	261
Evangelical Association	250	600
Mennonists	250	400
Unitarian Congregationalists	250	245
Church of God Baptists	128	97
Reformed Methodists	75	—
Seventh Day Baptists	43	52
Swedenborgians	30	42
Six Principle Baptists	25	21
Moravians	24	22

looking them up and bringing them back to their duty. I regret to say that our first acquaintance with them is in the time of their distress. They *never* report themselves to the clergy till poverty or sickness compels them to seek our aid.'

In New York, the church of St. George the Martyr was designed expressly for the benefit of emigrants. Trinity Church, in the same city,¹ has put forth special efforts in behalf of British emigrants; and at one time, though we are not aware that the effort has been persevered in, endeavoured to have one of her clergy meet every emigrant who landed in New York, and, if from the Church of England, to give him such advice and assistance as might be needed. The energetic provisional Bishop of New York, Dr. Potter, has recently issued a Pastoral to 'those persons recently come from foreign countries, 'or residing in the interior of the diocese of New York, who 'desire to keep up their connexion with the Church.' In this useful circular the Bishop advises them to lose no time in making themselves known to a clergyman; and points out to them how, even though residing at a distance from a church, arrangements may be made for their receiving the visits of a pastor from time to time.'

In Boston, the Rev. Dr. Wells has shown himself a warm-hearted friend of the emigrant, and as the rector of St. Stephen's Church and House, has administered temporal and spiritual relief to multitudes of our poor people arriving in that city.³ We have adverted to the tract put forth by Dr. Van Ingen, at Chicago, and to the labours of the Rev. Messrs. Keene and Clarkson.

The Bishop of Indiana (Dr. Upfold), himself an Englishman, has shown great solicitude for the benefit of his countrymen, but states that 'from the limited means at his disposal and the 'scarcity of suitable clergymen, the service which he can perform is of necessity imperfectly rendered.'⁴ He receives frequent applications from English people, desiring the ministrations of the Church, of which the following is a specimen: ⁵—

"'RIGHT REV. SIR,—We are greatly in need of Episcopal Service in this county (Lake), as well as in Porter county. To-day I have been at our county-seat, and learnt from my friend, Charles Woodbridge, Esq., that our holy religion would be supported in that town, provided a minister could be sent. It is two years since I came into this country from my native land—England; and in this space of time I have not been privileged with once attending the ministry of a Church which I believe follows the doctrines of Christ and his apostles. In this locality there are quite a large

¹ Occasional Paper, p. 37.

² See the New York 'Churchman,' for October 8, 1857.

³ See a most interesting account of his doings in the Occasional Paper, No. II. p. 66.

⁴ Occasional Paper, p. 26.

⁵ Ibid. No. II. p. 74.

number of English people, who, with myself, were brought up in that blessed Church at home, being communicants; but now are as sheep having no shepherd.

“Praying that your Reverence will take such into your consideration,

“I remain yours,

“ROBERT TREWARTHA.”

Bishop Kemper of Wisconsin, aided by the clergy at the Nashotah Theological Seminary, has met with some success among the English in his diocese—sufficient to show how much more could have been obtained with further help. Mr. Adams gives the following striking narrative,¹ showing the vast importance of such help:—

‘Within seventy miles, or less, of where I write, there are two settlements of English, each about the same number,—say eighty families, or 400 people. The one has run through all grades of sectarianism, until finally it has ended in Socialism and Spiritual Rapperism. That settlement I know personally; and looking upon things with the eye of a man, I say, if a clergyman could have been sent in, these people, fourteen years ago, were willing to be trained and taught, and abide by the Church and Gospel. But they were poor settlers. The American Church, having then only five or six clergy in Wisconsin, was utterly unable even to supply her own native-born children, and the English Church was utterly careless of them, and the result is what I tell you. I know of *another* settlement of English agricultural labourers, of about the same number of families. In the year 1842, a parish was organized among them. Owing to particular circumstances,—the proximity of Nashotah and the pastoral work of the clergy from there,—they were enabled to have the Church services habitually, until they got above their original poverty. And now, although unable *wholly* to support a clergyman, still, by Missionary aid, they have a resident clergyman and regular Church services. There are 350 people and 90 communicants at the present time. The difference between these two cases is the supply of pastoral service to the one settlement, and the impossibility of a supply in the other. What is the result? A pious, moral, religious community in the one case; Socialism, Atheism, Rapperism—all kinds of irreligion—in the other.’

That the American Church is possessed of kindly feelings towards emigrants, we know indeed by many evidences which cannot be mistaken. The genial letters of Drs. Coxe, Wells, Van Ingen, and many more,² supply ample proof that the American clergy would rejoice to be associated with their English brethren in the work of missionary labour among our poor people. Still we cannot but think that the American Church, by well-directed and systematic exertions, might accomplish far more than she has done hitherto in this particular line.

And first we cannot but allude to the pew-system. We know the importance of this mode of obtaining a revenue in a Church without tithes or rent-charges, and with only a few endowments here and there. Perhaps it is almost too much to expect that

¹ Occasional Paper, p. 64.

² See the Statement and Occasional Papers.

the system should be altogether abolished. Yet, by the establishment in the United States of Church Societies, similar to that so admirably worked by Bishop Tyrrell in the Australian diocese of Newcastle, the evils of the pew system, as well as of the voluntary system, may be almost, if not entirely removed. Nothing is more Christian than that the people of the Church, who are benefited by her ordinances, should willingly offer for her support. On the other hand, nothing can be more unchristian than that the poor and the stranger should be made to feel themselves unwelcome intruders in the house of God. We believe that considerations of this kind are more than ever felt by American Churchmen, and that the idea of the Episcopal Church, as designed merely for 'ladies and gentlemen,' is already mentioned with the things that were.

In the next place, the American Church may be expected to enlarge greatly her domestic missionary operations, and to improve the method on which they are conducted. She has already partaken considerably in the benefits of that great ecclesiastical movement which has been going forward among ourselves during the last twenty years. The funds of her Domestic Missionary Committee, raised under the authority of the General Convention, have certainly more than doubled even during the last *four* years, as may be seen by the following table, taken from the 'New York Church Journal: '—

	\$		£
1853	23,856	=	4,771
1854	38,404	=	7,681
1855	42,107	=	8,221
1856	47,245	=	9,449
1857	55,586	=	11,117

While, in 1853, but 506 of her congregations contributed to this fund, in 1857 the number of contributing parishes had risen to 842. During the same period the number of Missionaries employed in Wisconsin, Minnesota, California, and other new States and dioceses, had more than doubled itself. Yet, owing to peculiar circumstances, the greater part of these Missionaries act as settled pastors in towns and villages. We certainly think that an itinerating class of missionaries is greatly required among the scattered habitations of the settlers in the West. Hitherto the Missionary Bishops have been almost the only itinerants of this description in the American Church. The venerable Bishop Kemper, in this capacity, has accomplished great things. In some of our Colonial dioceses, itinerant priests and deacons have been found exceedingly serviceable; and their monthly, or even quarterly visits have been the means of keeping many dispersed families within the fold of the Church.

We shall be glad also to hear that the design of Trinity Church, New York, in regard to searching out all Church of England emigrants arriving in that port, has been carried into execution, and efficiently maintained. The same might be done in Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore, New Orleans, and other sea-port towns.

But, after considering the above-mentioned facts, the injustice of leaving the whole work to the Church in America, will be more than ever apparent to the reader. A great duty devolves on the Church of England in regard to those who leave their native land, not so much from choice as from necessities originating in our social state at home. And she has been less slow to acknowledge this duty than probably Mr. Adams and other good Churchmen are aware. The late Bishop Chase, of Ohio, and afterwards of Illinois, collected not less than 12,000*l.* in this country for the establishment of theological institutions, —his appeal being mainly grounded on the fact of numerous British emigrants residing within his diocese. Bishop McIlvaine and a few others followed in the same line; and in a more private way, we know that benefactions to a considerable amount have flowed from this country to the new regions of the West. Mrs. Hannah More bequeathed a portion of her property to the Church in Ohio, with the express object of advancing Missions among the scattered emigrants. The liberality of the late venerable Countess Dowager of Rosse, took a similar direction, not to mention many other names of well-known philanthropic and Christian-minded persons. It is but recently too that the Society for Propagating the Gospel voted the munificent grant of 500*l.* towards a hospital in New York, available for sick emigrants. The same Society also sent a deputation to New York, in 1853, consisting of Bishop Spencer, Archdeacon Sinclair, the Rev. E. Hawkins, and the Rev. H. Caswall. These gentlemen were commissioned¹ in the name of the Archbishop of Canterbury, ‘to strengthen and improve the intimate relations which already happily exist between the mother and daughter Churches,’ and ‘to receive and communicate information and suggestions on the best mode of conducting missionary operations.’ After visiting many portions of the United States, and after much conference with American Churchmen, assembled at the General Convention, it appeared to these deputies that ‘the multitude of emigrants from Great Britain, who annually seek the shores of the United States, afforded a field of missionary labour in which the two branches of our Reformed Church might co-operate

¹ Statement, p. 1. See also ‘The Western World Revisited,’ by the Rev. H. Caswall. J. H. Parker and Son.

‘with good prospect of success.’ In his opening speech at New York, Bishop Spencer said :—

‘What a blessed view is here opened to the eye of the Christian, when he looks to the far west of this glorious land of America, and sees immortal souls coming hither by millions, for you, brethren,—you, the duly appointed ministers of the Protestant Episcopal Church,—to watch over ! I say, that there is a work given by God to the Church to do here in your own land, greater even than that which God has given to us in Africa and in Australia !’

In accordance with resolutions of the Board of Missions at New York, it was resolved at a meeting of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, ‘That the Standing Committee be requested to consider and mature a plan whereby emigrant members of the Church may be most readily and conveniently brought under the notice of the clergy of the United States, at the port of their debarkation, as well as at the settlements to which they may ultimately proceed.’ Although, for reasons growing out of the constitution of the venerable Society just named, this resolution was not carried into execution, we have mentioned enough to show that Churchmen in England have by no means denied their obligations towards their emigrating countrymen.

The Roman Catholic Church loses about one-half of its emigrants to the United States. In consequence of this loss (small compared with our own), great efforts have been made by certain authorities of the Church of Rome to discourage emigration to that country. At the same time, as Mr. Adams informs us,¹ ‘The Roman Catholics, in order to retain their people, put into the hands of the Roman Catholic Bishops here, a sum of 200,000 dollars (40,000*l.*) annually.’ We consider it useless to attempt to alter the course of emigration ; but at the same time we could wish our liberality to approach the Roman Catholic standard. It is not, however, merely in giving money that we can expect to perform our part in this great work. We must begin at the fountain-head.

We may hope that the great revival of religion now going forward in the mother country, will in a measure secure our people against the secularising tendencies of emigration. We may hope to see the time when ‘Manchester, Rochdale, and London,’ will no longer send forth active emissaries of the melancholy creed of infidelity. From certain indications also, we may anticipate the decline of the Mormon infatuation among our home population, and an increase of Christian principle among those who go forth from our country parishes. But much more is required. The English people, rich and poor, require far more clear and definite instruction in Church prin-

¹ Occasional Paper, p. 61.

ciples than they have yet received. They require to be grounded in those principles with a firmness which will remain unshaken either in the event of their own emigration, or in the very conceivable contingency of the disruption of Church and State at home. It were to be wished, perhaps, that a brief but perspicuous statement of these principles could be inserted in our Church Catechism. At all events, our bishops and clergy should make our people understand that their ecclesiastical relation does not properly depend on the country which they happen to inhabit; and that the Apostles' and Nicene Creeds have a meaning full of practical bearings, when they speak of 'One Catholic and Apostolic Church.' They should teach also that our present establishment is necessarily local, and possibly but temporary, while our Reformed Church in its essential principles has far outgrown the Royal Supremacy and the Acts of the British Parliament. That it is possible to engraft the above truths on the national mind, is plain from the great success with which we have in past years inculcated an abhorrence of popery. It is certain that whatever tendencies our emigrants may show to the different forms of Protestant dissent in America, they remain true to those traditions which keep them at a distance from the Church of Rome.

Those who contemplate emigration to America, should be further cautioned to settle in those places where a church is accessible, to seek out the clergy as their friends and advisers; and, if circumstances throw them in situations where churches and clergy are not to be had, to establish *lay-reading* for the benefit of their own families, and of their neighbours. In 'America and the American Church,' we read how a poor labouring man thus collected a congregation and kept it together for twenty-three years until a clergyman could be obtained.¹ In addition to this sort of advice, they should be supplied before their departure with American Prayer-books; they should be guarded against the misrepresentations of the Church which they will hear from American dissenters, and they should be made to comprehend that the 'Protestant Episcopal Church' in America is identical in its principles, as well as corporately, with the Church of England.

In the next place, following the example of the Roman Catholics, and of those Churchmen who assisted Bishop Chase, we should be willing to contribute for the spiritual good of our emigrants after their departure from their English homes. A Church Home in Liverpool, under good superintendence, would be of great benefit to them while awaiting the sailing of their

¹ America and the American Church, chap. IV. Second Edition.

respective vessels. Suitable chaplains on board the New York emigrant-ships would possess much influence in checking profligacy and profanity, and in keeping up early religious impressions. Every Church emigrant ought also to carry credentials, or letters of introduction, addressed to the bishop and clergy of that diocese in which he intends to settle. The importance of these credentials is incalculable, and may be illustrated by the following narrative from the pen of Bishop Southgate:¹—

‘I have seen a young woman, one of your daughters, a young mother, baptized and nurtured in the Church of England, who, with her child, was left alone in a garret, in one of the darkest alleys in one of our vilest streets—left alone, with her child sick, her means exhausted, her time occupied with attending to her dying infant,—no work to be found, even if she had been in a condition to do it,—her furniture sold, excepting the miserable bed on which the child lay, and a little table which stood by its side,—while, as if all this were not enough to fill up the cup of her sorrow, her hard-hearted landlord (and yet, why call him “hard-hearted,” for he was a poor man, and was obliged to live himself?) was threatening to eject her from his premises for non-payment of rent. I found her in this condition one bleak night in winter. She was without fire, for she had no money wherewith to purchase fuel. Her child was lying on the bed, in the agonies of death. “Oh, if he may only be christened,” she said, “before he dies! I cannot bear that he should die without baptism.” I baptized the child; and on inquiring into her circumstances, I found, and afterwards more fully learned, that she was of respectable parentage in her own country; that her husband was away in a foreign land; that she had shrunk from making her condition known because she had no recommendation; and that for two months she had been struggling with her evil fortune, without a word of sympathy from any Christian soul. Brethren, beloved in the Lord, these things, I again say, ought not so to be. That young woman told me who her pastor at home was. A single line from him would have enabled her, and would have encouraged her, on her arrival in Boston, to become connected with some one of our congregations. Her wants would have been relieved; her sick child would have been nursed—perhaps (for he died a few hours after his baptism) his life would have been saved; work would have been found for her: an honest livelihood would have been gained; and all this needless misery would have been spared. I need not say, after depicting such a scene as this (one out of many instances), that I deem it an imperative duty of our Churches to establish some system of communication, by which our members, passing from one to the other, may never need to lose the pastoral care of the Church.’

In addition to introductions, it would be well if the personal friends of emigrants, besides instructing them, were to keep up a Christian correspondence with them after their settlement in America. The following letter written to Bishop Kemper, from a settlement of English, at St. Alban’s, in Wisconsin, illustrates the benefit of such correspondence:—²

‘Thinking that it may be of service to those engaged in raising up friends to our cause, I here subjoin a brief history of the rise of this little

¹ Statement, p. 31.

² Occasional Paper, No. I. p. 41.

colony. I am moved to this more particularly, as I hear that there are now residing at Canterbury, the immediate descendants of those who, while living, always took the deepest interest in our people.

'The parent stock of our principal families was William Weaver, who, with his family, was thirty years in the service of Major Mascal, formerly of Ashford, Kent; afterwards of Peasmarsh. After the death of this gentleman, Mr. Weaver and his family continued in the service of his lady, Mrs. Mascal, for many years. By this pious lady, James, John, and William Weaver, jun., now our vestrymen, were regularly catechised in her own house, and taught the necessary doctrines of the Christian faith; and from her they received their earliest and most lasting impressions of devotion and attachment to the Church. In the year 1830, they emigrated to an obscure part of Oneida county (New York), where they were wholly deprived of their accustomed form of public worship, and where they received repeated letters from the good lady, exhorting them to constancy in the faith. After a residence of five or six years in Oneida county, by industry and economy, they had saved some little earnings, and determined to seek a home for themselves, and their little ones, in the Western wilderness. At Buffalo, they embarked on board a vessel bound for Chicago. Milwaukee, the metropolis of our thriving State, was then of so little importance as to be wholly unknown to the commander of their vessel. They succeeded, however, by means of a flat boat, in landing themselves and their effects. An old log hovel was the best accommodation the place afforded; and this was only sufficient for the more delicate and feeble ones; while others sheltered themselves by turning up their flat boat, and making their beds on the ground under it. Thus they spent the winter. The next spring, they penetrated the wilderness for twenty miles, and made a squatter's claim to the land they now occupy. Having built log cabins, with bark roofs, they set to work to make a planting for the ensuing winter. All their provisions, except a little venison obtained by traffic with the Indians, had to be transported upon their shoulders from Milwaukee, where it could only be obtained at exorbitant prices. They sought eagerly for the acorns under the trees, thankful if they could make even a scanty meal from such unwholesome food. Providence smiled on their labour, and their first planting produced a bountiful increase, but not enough to last till the returning harvest. A single coffee-mill served to grind corn to make the bread for several families. Our senior warden, Mr. James Weaver, says he felt thankful when his family of thirteen gathered round his board to make their evening meal upon only one small pigeon. Their sufferings were great; but in the midst of their poverty and toil, we have one thing to be thankful for above all others—they never forgot their God, and His Church. To preserve themselves and their families in the faith, they immediately established lay-service in their log-houses and barns. In 1839, the Rev. Mr. Hull began his labours of love in Milwaukee. They immediately reported themselves to him, and obtained occasional clerical services. In 1840, the Professors at Nashotah took this settlement under their charge. The settlement increased rapidly, and the Church prospered. On the 2d of October, 1842, St. Alban's parish was organized, and a humble but comfortable church was erected by the piety and zeal of the people. Three hundred souls belonging to the Church make this their place of worship.

'In our vicinity, there are, I suppose, about twenty families, baptized and confirmed in the Church of England, who have lived for some years in the Eastern States, so prolific with schism and sects of every kind, without the privileges of the Church, that they have been drawn away, chiefly to the Methodist denomination. We hope, by Divine grace, that they may not be utterly lost to the Church. Some have already returned to her bosom.'

Another way in which the Church of England may help our emigrants is, by sending out clergymen among them. No long expatriation is required. Many a clergyman, with leisure on his hands, might, usefully to others and profitably to himself, spend a summer in a tour through Wisconsin or Iowa, visiting (with the sanction of the Bishop) the English settlers in their log-huts and reviving or awakening their attachment to the Church. We have many young men among us, who, for want of means, are unable to bear even the small expense of theological education at St. Augustine's. Such as these might be assisted to proceed to Nashotah, where, by the munificence of American or English benefactors, they would be aided in their preparation for holy orders, and for usefulness among their emigrant countrymen. A young man, thus aided by the Emigrants' Aid Society, was lately received with open arms at Nashotah, and is now supported upon a scholarship given by a gentleman living on the Gulf of Mexico. Dr. Van Ingen says:—

'How many I met, while in England, of whom I felt that they could work happily and blessedly if transplanted to our fields. Single men, of good qualifications and a hearty Missionary spirit, to work with those who would share all their sacrifices,—by these you could aid us. If such a brother could come to us by your aid, casting in his lot for better for worse, there would be little difficulty in finding the means for his support.'

Lastly, we can aid the American Church by contributing to the maintenance of Missionaries among our emigrants. Dr. Van Ingen says, in the same letter with the above:—

'You can aid us by money, if that be at your disposal, to be divided among the Missionaries, helping on their support in the ratio of the labour they are providentially called to give to emigrants from you. Our excellent Missionary Bishop, Dr. Kemper, who will still for some time continue to be our head, is the legitimate channel and agency for all such aid.'

The main facts of the case are now before the reader, and we think it will plainly appear that our responsibility for our own people does not end with their departure for a foreign land. The foreign and heathen nations of China, Burmah, and the Pacific Isles, are justly the objects of our solicitude. How much more then ought we to regard our own kindred in the United States! They have left us, it is true, and have gone to reside among those of a different civil constitution. But they are still far more accessible to us than the heathen, they speak our language, they are bound to Old England by many tender ties and associations. It seems indeed a melancholy thing, that while we are making converts from heathenism by hundreds and thousands, we are losing our own people by thousands and hundreds of thousands.

¹ Occasional Paper, p. 55.

The Anglo-American Emigrants' Aid Society grew out of the deputation to America already alluded to. It was found, as we have remarked, that the constitution of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel precluded that body from following up the recommendations of the deputation. The only alternative was the formation of a new Society, having in view the same objects which had already been agreed upon in New York. The Society was accordingly established in June, 1855, under the patronage of the late Bishop of London, who accepted the post of President, and wrote a letter to the American Bishops, explaining to them the plan of the Association, and commending it to their favourable regards. The plan is simple, and the Association declares¹ that it hopes to effect its object by encouraging emigrants to America to avail themselves of the privileges afforded by the Protestant Episcopal Church, 'a body identical in its principles with the Church of England.' The principal means by which it proposes to supply such encouragement and assistance, are introductions to Churchmen in America, and temporary grants to aid in supporting pastors and teachers. It desires to act in connexion with the ecclesiastical authorities in America, and the American Bishops are *ex officio* corresponding members. The Association is also willing to receive donations for special purposes.

Among those who are in the habit of regarding the Church in a catholic point of view, the Society has met with considerable favour. We find, among its committee, subscribers and correspondents, the names of the Bishops of Oxford, Connecticut, New Hampshire, Illinois, Salisbury, Maryland, Massachusetts, California, Llandaff, Indiana, Wisconsin, and St. Asaph. We perceive that it has the sympathy and good-will of the Secretaries of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, Bishops Spencer and Southgate; Archdeacons Sinclair, Bartholomew, Grant, Denison, and Churton, the Rev. Messrs. Hobhouse, Horner, Massingberd, Oxenden, Pinder, Meyrick, Wordsworth, Greswell, Messrs. A. J. B. Hope, H. Hoare, and many others, including the Rev. Drs. Coit, Cleveland Coxe, and Van Ingen, of America. Its Secretaries are the Rev. H. Caswall, D.D., Vicar of Figheldean, Wilts, and F. H. Dickinson, Esq., of 8, Upper Harley Street, London. Mr. Henry Hoare (37, Fleet-street) has accepted the office of Treasurer.

Hitherto the means and opportunities of the Society have been very limited, its very existence being generally unknown. Yet it has done enough to show that it has entered on the right track, and that time alone is wanting to establish it in the

¹ Occasional Paper, p. 49.

favourable regards of Churchmen generally. It has introduced between one and two hundred well-recommended emigrants to the American clergy, and has made special donations to S. Stephen's House, in Boston, and S. Luke's Hospital, in New York. The appropriation of the grant in aid of S. Stephen's House, forms an interesting item in the last 'Occasional Paper.' It has granted small sums of 20*l.* or 25*l.*, in aid of missionary labours at Chicago in Illinois, Milwaukee and S. Alban's in Wisconsin. It has assisted the Bishop of Indiana to support a Missionary among some English in his diocese, as requested by Mr. Trewartha. In correspondence with the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, it has enabled the Bishop of California to supply the British ships of war in the harbour of San Francisco with Prayer-books, Bibles, and other religious works. It has furnished a student with the means of going to Nashotah, and of acting as a chaplain to his fellow-passengers while on the voyage.¹

In America, the establishment of this Society has been viewed with hearty satisfaction. Mr. Adams, somewhat too strongly, speaks of it as 'the only gleam of light, the only spark 'of warmth kindled in the body of the Church of England 'towards those poor and desolate souls,'—the emigrants. Dr. Van Ingen writes from Minnesota:—²

'It is no slight aid that by the very existence, constitution, and working of your Society, you have enabled us to give a living proof to Church of England emigrants that ecclesiastically we have one body and one soul. That is a great help. For a realization of unity and communion—organic, visible, and vital—is, in our day, what, more than all, feeds faith, and so cheers and warms the fountain of Christian love and zeal. God be praised for these "joints and bands," the instruments of a common life, and surely by influence from a common Head.'

Bishop Williams,³ of Connecticut, says:—'I really do look on 'this movement as of vast importance, and involving issues so 'good and great, that one's heart swells at thinking of them.'

The Bishop of Maryland thinks that 'if the objects of this 'Society are steadily and faithfully prosecuted, it cannot but 'be of great service to the interests of the Church in both 'hemispheres.'⁴

¹ We may add, that an interesting little book (Millie's Letters'), by the author of 'Amy's Trials,' has been published by Masters, detailing the adventures of a young woman who emigrated to a remote part of America, in connexion with this Society. The Rev. H. Caswall furnished her with letters to the Rev. Dr. Leacock, of New Orleans, where she landed; to the Rev. Mr. Clerc, of St. Louis, 1,200 miles up the Mississippi; and again, to the Rev. Mr. Giddinge, at Quincy, in Illinois. These gentlemen received her with the utmost kindness, and Mrs. Giddinge found her employment as a dressmaker. She was afterwards confirmed by the Bishop of Illinois.

² Occasional Paper, p. 55.

³ Ib. No. I., p. 21.

⁴ Ibid.

The Bishop of Massachusetts¹ believes it 'calculated to do great good in preserving from infidelity and ruin, and keeping within the pale of our Church, many of those who emigrate to the American shores.' The Bishops of California, Indiana, and Wisconsin all write to the same effect.

The Society will, of course, extend its plans in proportion to the growth of its resources. At present the Secretaries are ready to give introductions to all Church-people recommended to them by their parish ministers, and to apply to the purposes of the Association whatever contributions may be entrusted to them. They hope to be enabled to furnish every Church-emigrant, applying for an introduction, with a copy of the American Prayer-book and a Tract (now preparing by one of the Secretaries) containing such information on Church matters, &c., as is necessary to him. Ultimately, they desire to assist in effecting those two very important objects,—a Church Home for emigrants at Liverpool, and the appointment (in concurrence with the American Church) of regular chaplains in the New York emigrant-ships. Although it may be impossible to accomplish all that is wished, much remains which is decidedly practicable. We know of no better agency for effecting objects which must be dear to the heart of the true Churchman, than is presented by the Emigrants' Aid Society. And, to use the words of its first Report, 'May He, who is the Head of the Church, bless every effort tending to comfort those who are strangers in a strange land, to exhibit practically the parental character of the Church, and to advance a substantial unity and a habit of co-operation throughout all the branches of our Reformed Communion.'

¹ Occasional Paper, p. 22.

ART. VII.—*Introduction à la Théologie Orthodoxe de Macaire, Docteur en Théologie, Evêque de Vinnitza, Recteur de l'Académie Ecclésiastique de Saint-Petersbourg.* Traduite par un Russe. Paris: Librairie de Joel Cherbuliez. 1857.

MICHAEL BOULGAKOFF, the son of a priest in the diocese of Kursk, began his theological studies in the seminary of his diocese, and completed them in the Ecclesiastical Academy at Kieff. Here he had the advantage of two of the best instructors in the Russian Church—Innocent, one of the first preachers of his day, and at present Archbishop of Odessa; and Dmitri, now Bishop of Toula. After taking the degree of Bachelor in Theology, he took holy orders, assuming the name of Macarius; and was shortly summoned to S. Petersburg by the Holy Governing Synod. Here he distinguished himself by his 'Historical Memoirs of the Academy of Kieff,' remarkable in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries for its resolute opposition to the Latinism then threatening to engulf Russia. His next publication was his history of Christianity in Russia until the time of Vladimir; an introduction to a general history of the Russian Church, which is still in progress. The work, the title of which we have just quoted, is founded on the lectures delivered by the author in the Academy of S. Petersburg, and was rewarded by the degree of Doctor in Divinity. It was followed by a similar work on dogmatic theology.

The treatise which we are considering may be regarded as a work on the evidences of religion in general, and of the Catholic Church in particular. The first part, under the title of *The Object of Orthodox Theology*, treats, in its first chapter, of religion generally: in its second, of revelation; then of Christianity as a religion; next of Christianity as the only true revelation. This, it is evident, is the old, and, to an English reader, the trite ground, which the evidence-writers of the last century rejoice to occupy, and to re-occupy. The second part treats of the sources of orthodox theology: Holy Scripture; holy tradition; the Church as the interpreter of both. The third part is occupied by a system of orthodox theology, its objects and its sources.

We will quote one or two passages which are likely to be the most interesting to our readers. And first, here is an Oriental view of the grand epochs in the history of the Church.

' Period 1.—The exterior organization and consolidation of the Church of Christ.

' 1.—In the time of the Apostles (34—101).

' 2.—In the time of their successors, till the conversion of the Emperor Constantine the Great (100—318).

' Period 2.—The interior organization and consolidation of the Church of Christ.

' 1.—In the time of the first five Œcumenical Councils (325—503), when the doctrine of the Church was confirmed, fixed and defended against innumerable heresies, especially as regards our Lord and the Holy Ghost, whether by councils or by individual doctors.

' 2.—The period of the two last Œcumenical Councils till the epoch in which the Roman patriarchate detached itself from the Universal Church (553—885). In this epoch it was that the administration of the Church or Canon law was organized and fixed: (more especially by the Nomo-canon of John the Scholiast, the Council in Trullo, and the Nomo-canon of Photius). Then also the celebration of Divine worship was vigorously defended and invested with all its pomp (notice especially the contest of individual ecclesiastics and entire councils against the Iconoclasts; the sacred hymns of John Damascene, Cosmas of Maiuma, &c.).

' Period 3 —That of the conservation and constant defence of the organization of the Catholic Church, by the orthodox Church of the East; and of the gradual alteration of that organization by the Church of the West, (885—1848).

' 1.—The history of the orthodox Eastern Church may be divided into two sections:

' The first, from the epoch in which the Roman patriarchate detached itself from the Universal Church, and when the orthodox religion began to be planted in Russia; and till the establishment of the Russian patriarchate, which appears to have replaced that of Rome (885—1588).

' And the second, from the establishment of the Russian patriarchate till our days.

' 2. The history of the Schismatical Western Church may equally be divided into two sections:

' The first, embracing the time during which this Church went further and further from orthodoxy, till the era of the Reformation (885—1517).

' The second, comprising the whole interval between the Reformation and the present time, during which Western Christendom has still further separated itself from orthodoxy.

' That the predominating character of the orthodox Eastern Church has been really and exclusively, during this whole period, the conservation and defence of the ancient organization of the Universal Church, constantly taking for its basis the seven Œcumenical Councils, and the doctrine of the Holy Fathers; and that, on the contrary, during the whole of this time, the predominating character of the Western Church has been gradually to alter the ancient doctrine, by means of numerous innovations, introduced in every part; we have only to refer to history to prove with all imaginable clearness.'

The following section, on the symbols of faith, may also have its interest:—

' If the orthodox Church only merits this name because it has remained faithful in all points to the ancient Œcumenical Church, it follows that the expositions of faith maintained by her, whether brief or of some length, can be divided into two classes: 1. The expositions which she holds of the ancient Œcumenical, infallible Church, which have an absolute merit. 2.

Her own expositions which appeared at a later period, and which only derive their merit from their conformity with the first-mentioned, as the orthodox Church itself only derives its importance from its perfect conformity with the ancient Œcumenical Church.'

It will be seen how carefully our author declines to attribute to the Eastern Church the authority of the whole Catholic Church;—that is, to ascribe to it greater power than naturally belongs to the most venerable branch of the now divided Christian communion.

'To the expositions of the first class belong,

'1.—On one side the professions of faith drawn up in the Œcumenical Councils (*a*) The symbols of faith' (the English reader will notice how the Apostles' Creed is omitted, as unknown to the Eastern Church, in whose judgment it has been replaced by the Nicene), 'that of the 318 Fathers of the first Œcumenical Council; that of the 150 Fathers in the second Œcumenical Council; the dogma of the 630 Fathers of the fourth Œcumenical Council, regarding the two natures united in the one person of our Lord Jesus Christ; the dogma of the 170 Fathers of the sixth Œcumenical Council, concerning the twofold will and the twofold action in our Lord Jesus Christ; the dogma of the 377 Fathers of the seventh Œcumenical Council on the worship of images. And (*b*) in general, the decisions on matters of faith contained in the Apostolic constitutions; in the decrees of Œcumenical and Provincial Councils; and in the decrees of the Fathers mentioned by the Council in *Trullo*.

'2.—And, on the other hand, those expositions of faith which, without having been expressly examined and confirmed by Councils, are nevertheless received by the whole Œcumenical Church as the symbol of S. Gregory the Wonder-worker, and that known under the name of Athanasius of Alexandria.

'Expositions of the second class.

'Among the Expositions of Faith which have appeared in the orthodox Church of the East, some are common to the whole Church, and others only belong properly to the Russian Church. Of the best-known general Expositions we may mention—

'1.—Two Confessions of the Orthodox Faith. The first, that which appeared at Kieff in 1640, having for its object the defence of the purity of orthodoxy against the opinions of the Lutherans and Calvinists, and yet more against those of Roman Catholics and Uniats. This is *The Orthodox Confession of the Catholic and Apostolic Church of the East*. It was first examined at the Council of Kieff, and soon afterwards, in 1643, in that of Jassy. It was then reviewed and proved by the four patriarchs of the East, and unanimously admitted by the whole Greek Church. Lastly, it was approved and confirmed for all the Russian Church, by the Patriarchs Joachim, 1685, and Adrian in 1696. This latter went so far as to call it *inspired*, but not in the rigorous sense of the word. After this, it was received by the Holy Governing Synod. That body, not content with having reprinted it many times (there was an edition of 30,000 copies in 1837), confirmed, in 1840, a special ordinance of the Commission for the management of Ecclesiastical Schools; rendering its teaching obligatory in the inferior classes of all seminaries. It decreed, in 1845, that there should be a weekly special class for the study of the work in detail.

'The second Confession, mentioned above, appeared in 1672, at the Council of Jerusalem; its intention was to preserve orthodox purity from the errors of the Calvinists; and it was published with this title, *Exposition*

of the *Orthodox Faith of the Eastern Church*. All the holy patriarchs, and all the other prelates of the Eastern Church, confirmed the truth and the purity of this exposition, in 1723, when they sent it to the Christians of Great Britain as the true exposition and philosophy of the orthodox faith; and communicated it at the same time, and with the same intention, to our Holy Synod. The Holy Synod of all the Russias itself accepted and confirmed this Confession, by publishing it in the Russian language with this title: *Letter from the Patriarchs of the Orthodox and Catholic Church on the Orthodox Faith*; to serve as a guide for all the orthodox. Finally, in 1845, they commanded that it should be distributed gratuitously to all ecclesiastical scholars, for their ordinary use, both while in the seminaries and after they had left them.

'Besides these two general Confessions of the Orthodox Faith, there are some particular Confessions, which have been drawn up and are maintained by the Church, in the office-books for certain particular cases, as—

'1.—*The Oath of Bishops*. . . .

'2.—*Dogmatic Questions*, addressed to Jews and Saracens on entering the Church, and which clearly explain that which distinguishes the Christian from the Judaic and Mahometan Faith.

'3.—*The Profession of Faith*, pronounced by members of other Christian Communions, on entering the Orthodox Church; and in which are set down the distinctive marks which separate orthodoxy from heterodoxy.

'4.—*The Formula of Excommunication*, composed of twelve Articles, and recited in Orthodoxy-week.

'There are further certain Professions of Faith, composed properly for the Russian Church.

'1.—The positive Expositions of Christian doctrine which have been published in the name of the Holy Synod, for the instruction of the Christian in faith and piety; that is to say,—the Catechisms. The principal of these manuals is the great Christian Catechism, written by Philaret, Metropolitan of Moscow, examined and approved by the Holy Governing Synod.

'2.—We may also cite certain polemical writings, published by order of the Holy Governing Synod, as against Romanists, "Dialogues between a seeker for truth and one well convinced of the orthodoxy of the Eastern Church;" against the Reformed, "The Rock of Faith;" against Dis-senters, "The Spiritual Exhortation," &c.'

We will quote one more passage, and it shall be on the subject of the Apocryphal books.

'The Christian Church has always held, and still holds, the non-canonical books in great esteem. In fact, since the time that she first received them till now, she has constantly preserved them in one sacred volume with the Canonical writings. She proposed them from the beginning for the edification of the Catechumens and the faithful, who were to read them, not only at home, but in places of public worship; whence they obtained the name of Books of the Church. Sometimes in this point of view she ranked them, by her Constitution and Canons, among the Canonical books; as, for example, in the eighty-fifth Canon or Article of the Apostolic Constitutions, and in the thirty-third Canon of the Council of Carthage.

'Let us add, that the ancient Doctors of the Church often mention these books in a general manner. S. Athanasius says, that they were designed by the Fathers to serve for the perusal of the new converts, and of those who were desirous of religious instruction. S. Epiphanius calls them useful and profitable; S. John Damascene, good and instructive. Lastly, the

Doctors of the Church themselves have made use of these books, and have cited them with the addition of these words:—*according to Holy Scripture*. Thus Clement of Alexandria, S. Cyprian, Origen, S. Ambrose, S. Basil, S. Augustine, quote the book of Tobias; S. Clement of Rome, Tertullian, S. Jerome, S. Augustine, and others, that of Judith; Irenæus, S. Clement of Alexandria, Origen, S. Cyprian, S. Basil, S. Epiphanius, that of the Wisdom of Solomon. To conclude: whatever esteem the Church has always professed for the non-Canonical, we must carefully remember that she has never ceased to distinguish them from the Canonical writings. This distinction consists, in her judgment, in this; that the latter were written by the inspiration of the HOLY GHOST, and compose, in the most strict sense, the inspired writings; while the former form only an appendix to those writings, though excellent, and instructive, and sacred books.'

We have said enough to show the value and importance of the work to which we have introduced the reader; and we shall await with interest the appearance of a companion volume, on 'Dogmatic Theology,' which we see announced by the same writer.

ART. VIII.—*A Portion of the Journal kept by Thomas Raikes, Esq. from 1831 to 1847.* London: Longman & Co. 1856.

WE are sometimes disposed to wonder that more people do not keep journals, with a view to their subsequent publication, as a humble and tolerably obvious mode of securing a little posthumous fame, or, at least, of preserving their memory from the instant oblivion which swallows up most names when the grave closes over their owners. So few things seem requisite to fulfil the task creditably. A man need not be a doer nor a writer of great things, nor a deep thinker; he need not have office or personal distinction to make a good journalist: indeed, to judge by all who have excelled in the art, eminence of any kind would merely stand in the way of success. It needs a subordinate position to put the mind in a fitting deferential attitude for the work, which is, simply, noting down, with fidelity, what other people do, and say, and think, who come in contact with the writer, or who in any way fall under his observation. His task is to make a chronicle of his own personal connexion and intercourse with the society in which he moves; which, if faithfully recorded, must surely furnish the next generation with an interesting and useful history. Why then, if it is such a matter-of-fact, straightforward work, are we not all journalists, securing for ourselves, at this easy rate, a second life in the hearts, or, at least, the knowledge, of our posterity? We believe, because journal-keeping is an affair of temperament rather than of intellect. It requires an exact balance of opposite qualities; a combination—so to say—of industry and idleness, of habits of application and punctuality with a love of leisure, very rarely to be met with.

Persons of settled stated employments, which fill up their day, have no inclination, when the day is over, to go over the ground again; and, moreover, what have they to tell? Busy lives, though it seems a paradox, are generally least productive of daily records. We all know that it is our holiday-time, our moments of relaxation, our intercourse with friends or acquaintance, which supply our topics of conversation; not our *work*. And so it is with journals: a simple record of plodding work or duty-talk nobody wants to read. People must come in contact with others; and that not in the way of business,—not with a sense of a day's work before them, to which every interruption is a hindrance—but with the easy feeling of leisure which welcomes and brings the powers of the mind to bear upon every casual encounter, as food for thought, amusement,

or curiosity, to produce a good page at the end of the day. It is certainly not difficult to find men who depend on chance for their business, their interests, their ideas; who wake every morning without any other plan for the day than to make one of some concourse, to follow in somebody's wake; to be first to hear whatever is to be heard, foremost to see whatever is to be seen; eager only to trace out the news of each day, and then spread the grateful stream of intelligence far and wide. These men every town, every street, every club, every news-room furnishes in abundance; and they have their uses, as circulating mediums, as keeping up a certain freshening current, which preserves the plodders of the community from stagnation. But such men are not generally disposed to sit down alone every evening at their desks, and commit the history of these desultory days to posterity,—to indite sentence after sentence beginning 'Met so and so, who said,'—'Saw such an one at the club, who reports'—'Dined at Brown's, where Jones said this good thing,'—'Sat by Mrs. Smith, who whispered to me that marriage on the tapis,'—'Heard of one old friend taken in a fit; of another acquaintance given over; of such a hostile meeting yesterday,'—however curious or illustrative of the times, and therefore deserving of record, the matter thus introduced really is. Talkers and writers are generally distinct classes; and it would be hard work to the loungers and gossipers to recapitulate it all on paper;—so hard that they would very soon pronounce it waste of time, as all work seems to idle people; though if they did, we think they could not help producing a work of some value.

But there is one condition which will both save these details from the charge of triviality and supply the stimulus necessary to keep up a continuous labour. The class of men we have described, as dependent on others for their estimate of every event or circumstance, are peculiar lovers of rank. No *habitué* of places of public resort can help being influenced by the one standard of distinction and wealth. Not as a slavish sentiment, but on merely personal interested grounds. He finds himself better listened to and more considered if he tells what the great man thinks, than the small: the same ideas and expressions are of vastly more value and importance to others from titled lips, than from those of the commonalty. He therefore seeks and courts these noble confidences; the pursuit becomes pleasant for its own sake; and the dear satisfaction grows upon him, of dwelling on great names, till the notion creeps in of prolonging the agreeable sensation by noting down and giving a permanence to these privileged communications, as a double duty,—to self, and to the world.

These remarks apply mainly to one form of journal,—the most instructive of the whole class as an historical record,—that which describes society. For the gossip, anecdote, and small talk of a past generation—harmonised into a general colouring by distance, removed from all the fret and jealousy of personal collision, and dispassionately considered—constitute a valuable branch of its history. Great principles can be proved—great social, political, and religious questions can be elucidated—by a faithful picture of the every-day life of any period; and thus interests, which are really trivial, really petty, really narrowing if allowed to absorb the thoughts as they transpire, may enlarge the mind and extend the sphere of observation when removed to a sufficient distance to be viewed in their general bearings. For the reason above suggested, and for others as obvious, such records are too generally of the higher circles of society; the middle classes—with their steady virtues, homely trials, and less brilliant career—do not offer the same temptation to the annalist. It would also need more literary skill, more tenderness, more pathos, more heart, to excite the interest of the reader; but the task, successfully accomplished, would be of indefinitely more value.

It should always be remembered, that every journal, however faithfully it reflects the time, more faithfully reflects the writer. Modern thinkers are fond of saying, that the eye does not see all that passes before it, but only that which it has the power to see; and a man's observation is certainly mainly confined to those subjects and objects that interest him, so that the society he describes will pretty surely be a reflection of himself; but this matters little to the reader, for he still has before him an epitome of one aspect of the life of a given period—one of its characteristic creations which could not have been, but for a certain general condition of morals, habits, and modes of thought. All men in Charles the Second's time were not engrossed with their fine clothes; but Pepys could not have lived but in a gaudy, dressy, frivolous, pleasure-seeking, dissipated age. So Horace Walpole is at once the portrait and the painter of his own time. There were good Christians amongst his acquaintances, but himself, keen, cold, heartless, trifling, he shows the sneering sceptical animus which pervaded the fashionable world of England, especially before the French revolution. Boswell, anomaly as he is, was yet a production of his own age, when great men and great intellects had their followers, satellites, clients, hanging on their steps, catching the words that dropped from their lips, maintaining an attitude of subservience, implicit deference and attention, which simply could not be in our days. In our own early recollection, such memorials as Leigh Hunt's,

while they show a malignant and envious temper in the man, betray a habit of petty malice and suspicious jealousy in the school of which Byron was the head, and of the society in which they were teachers; and no doubt whatever records are being kept of this present current time will show to our children or grandchildren just as clearly what were the leading errors of this very year and day. Points on which no one can decide accurately now will be clear then; and more especially will the *meanesses*, the inferior, low, unworthy motives and impulses which actuate the society of which we form a part, of which we are either ignorant or only faintly suspicious, stand out clear against us: for in this we suspect the diaries of every age are unanimous—in showing the *worst* features of the period they commemorate; not at all by design, but unconsciously. Unintentionally all the bad comes out—rises, as it were, to the surface. Every social sore is uncovered, and made to occupy a much more prominent place in our eyes than it did while the evil was actively at work, and infecting the mass. All the heroism, all the patriotism, all the sentiment, and too often all the respectability of an age, is eliminated in this invidious process of peeping behind the scenes, and showing up the actors; so that it needs to be on our guard, and, by drawing a running analogy with our own experience, to temper the severity of the representation.

These reflections are suggested by the four volumes of the Journal of Thomas Raikes, Esq., which lie before us. In the portrait which graces the outer leaf, we recognise one of the men we have attempted to describe as the received circulators of intelligence. Stiff, well-dressed, portly, closely-shaven, hatted and gloved, we see him as the privileged world was, no doubt, in the habit of seeing him, as he set forth each day on the business of his life,—to see his friends and talk; to hear the news; to spread it; to win the coveted reputation of being *au courant* of everything worth hearing, in the only circle worth knowing. And certainly he must have been beyond most men fortunate in the sources of his information; for whereas innumerable noblemen, dukes, princes of the blood, ambassadors, and courtiers received their intelligence of what was going on from plain Mr. Raikes, he never seems to have gained his own impressions or knowledge of facts from any but titled lips,—and these not new creations, law lords, and such questionable and debateable greatness, but the true, ancient nobility of the land, men of large estates, historical names, and hereditary statesmanship; who clearly, one and all, found something very attractive in his society, held him in their confidence, and enjoyed a gossip with him. The secret of this

attraction is not revealed by the *Journal*; though we fully believe in its existence, and give Mr. Raikes credit for perfect accuracy and good faith in every conversation he records. But there is nothing in his style to lead the reader to suppose any charm of conversation or grace of manner. Nothing can well be drier than his tone of narrative. Our impressions, as we first read, are decidedly unfavourable both to head and heart. We feel to be poring over a file of old newspapers; the politics, the news, the casualties,—all have the same party, unsympathising character. We look on a mind, certainly honest in its way, but warped from early life; seeing only as the world sees; judging strictly as the world judges; a slave of fashion, who never has a moment's misgiving of the bondage; a politician without patriotism, and whose sympathies are wholly confined to party. We discern a nature free from generous impulses, with no bursts of feeling, no gleam of fancy, no kindling of poetry, romance, devotion; no refined curiosity; no felicity of thought or expression; no independent pursuit or view of life; no peculiar tastes or habits of thought; no characteristics that we can see; a mere type of the man of the world,—the man of the clubs,—whose highest aspiration is to know everybody worth knowing, to be familiar with the great, to make himself acceptable to them, to share their interests, to dine with the best company, and to be able always to play his part with ease and credit. We have no doubt that his success in all these points was due to his simple devotion to them. His worship of rank was heartfelt, and in a manner disinterested; and this would impart a genuineness to his adulation—if, indeed, we need use so invidious a word—that would, no doubt, make his society acceptable to its possessors. He had, besides, a head for a particular class of politics—the intrigues of courts, the working of parties, the machinery by which men win power: all quite separate pursuits from the true science of government, which implies a range of knowledge over which his vision never for one instant soared; but which needs a good share of sharpness and experience of men. In all the chicanery of politics, he finds himself at home; in dodging Louis Philippe through all his manœuvring, he shows intelligence, and expresses quite well what he means. His pen gets along with ease, if not with grace, in anecdote and narrative; so that we can believe, under the stimulus of society, he might relate them with success, and know the right thing to tell at the right moment. But it is quite curious to observe how his genius deserts him under the new weight and difficulty of an abstract idea. In every attempt at uncongenial speculation he flounders and blunders: he has not language to express a noble thought or religious sentiment;

he uses wrong words, like an uneducated person; and shows altogether, in these occasional flights, an obtuseness and ignorance, and want of cultivation of the intellect, at which we can only marvel.

There is nothing to make us suppose that Mr. Raikes was otherwise than most respectable in conduct. His wide toleration of other men's failings need not arise from sympathy in their vices, beyond that indulgence which he had always ready for the practices of fashionable people. We have, indeed, a good deal of moralizing on the crimes of society,—especially over their consequences: and considerable severity towards those errors which did not fall in with the habits of the day, or of his own set. But in these things there is no exercise of a private judgment,—no appeal to his own conscience from the world's decision. His code is precisely regulated by the formula of society: his contempt, respect, approbation, are in strict obedience to its rules: so much so, that we do not remember any censure so heartily expressed as on Mr. Hume, for refusing a challenge, while he yet allowed himself perfect liberty of censure and vituperation. A man of fashion may break every law of the Decalogue; may be atheist, duellist, profligate; may systematically prey on others for a living; be gambler, detractor, covetous: and yet, if he have social qualities—if his vices are fashionable vices, only a little in advance of his set—if they are not committed upon this same select circle, but upon the outer and inferior world, he glosses them over: they are not his affair; they do not prevent the man being extremely well bred, and excellent company; and it is ten to one that the balance of praise is on his side. But while he is thus moderate in tone towards what ought to excite indignation and contempt; while these dark hues are softened and paled under his lenient pencil, we observe, on the other hand, that whatever Mr. Raikes, in principle, ought to extol and value,—what it was the object of his life, so far as it had one, to maintain,—has, by his peculiar mode of handling, all the glory, prestige, and *shine* taken out of it. His Toryism is without loyalty, his kings without majesty, his princes without dignity, his courts without polish, his fashion without elegance. He upholds the aristocracy, but proves its members selfish; he worships grace of manner, yet shows it compatible with a vulgar and sordid soul; he contends for old institutions, yet betrays their rottenness. This, we need not say, is done wholly unconsciously and without design. It is partly owing to the want of imagination,—that faculty which sees the idea of a grand thought or institution clear and unimpaired beneath the disfigurements of time or abuse,—and partly from the reason

already touched on, that this mode of composition shows things piecemeal, and with all their blots and rents exposed. For whatever reason, the book ought to act as a disenchantment to all who have unnatural cravings after mere fashion and what is called, pre-eminently, society. The early volumes especially recall to our recollection the frenzy that once prevailed after style and fashion—the mere frippery appendage to solid rank and influence. The world has taken up other fancies since then, which have modified this insane *furor*, and we must rejoice at the change; for really it was the lowest form of imitation,—the weakest of ambitions; as it admired and aimed at a distinction which was without the pretence of virtue, or worth, or superiority of any kind, except in the merest externals.

Mr. Raikes's Journal gives us a peep into that society which used to be the forbidden, unattainable paradise of so many foolish imaginations; and thus furnishes ample food for moralizing. The manners, the habits, the amusements of exclusive fashionable society, are, like fashions themselves, only admirable the instant they are in vogue. It is curious to observe how those airs and graces which do attract at the time when they are in the ascendant and masters of the hour, and which induce a sense of failure,—of a certain deficiency,—in those who have not acquired the trick of them; which have then a brilliancy, a point, a charm, a finish, which realize our notion of an accomplishment;—how these fade into vapidness;—how mean, trifling, and puerile they look when their day is over, when we contemplate them as a past ephemeral affectation, as shown up by some hand which attempts to arrest a passing conceit, to give permanence to a freak of the day, to write down a mode. We do not, of course, touch here upon the manners of really good society—manners which approve themselves to our judgment as good at all times, from the Patriarchs' to our own, because they indicate that natural elevation which education, rank, and position give to the best natures, investing them with dignity and graciousness, and a constant sense of the claims of others. But what fatuity we see now in the superciliousness which certainly had power to wound at the time,—what flatness in the insolence which sounded like wit when it was spoken or quoted,—what reckless, besotted contempt of the true purposes of existence, we trace now in the more prominent leaders of *ton*, which then did not strike so forcibly, while gilded with the little equivalent of present success,—what narrow range in those powers which were thought highly of once,—what servile dependence on the will and opinion of others, in those who assumed, in their day, to be the sources of influence:—what cowardice lurked under the mask of that impertinence.

which brow-beat the world,—what infinite smallnesses transpire in those pretenders who were allowed to look down on all the world in their brief reign,—in short, what gew-gaw, and sham, and vulgar assumption, the whole artificial system of a school of manners looks when its day is over! After all, there is this excuse for men's different modes of viewing these fantastic doings, when in and out of fashion—that they cannot believe influence may be won without some foundation of solid qualities: they will suppose there is a background of real powers, or worth, or refinement, till time shows them their mistake; that the idol is, like all other idols, all outside: the farther you penetrate, the more worthless what you find.

When we read in Mr. Raikes' of 'Beau Brummell' and the society he ruled, it seems to us that we must have learnt a little wisdom since then. But we are probably mistaken. It is more likely that each age has its own peculiar folly, that is not seen in its true light till recorded for the benefit of posterity by some painstaking biographer, possessed with the worth of his subject, and sympathising in a certain degree even where he is obliged to condemn. We see this in the past. We can point out, ever since society had its historians, what were the eccentricities of each age, and can hardly pronounce one better than another; therefore we must be humble for ourselves, and not trust to a fancied immunity from popular delusions.

But, to enter more closely on our subject. It is no good fortune to any party to have such men as Mr. Raikes for its exponents: men engaged in its workings rather than its principles,—who take all the inferior motives as a matter of course. He happened to be a Tory; we therefore see Toryism denuded of all its poetry, and not a little of its patriotism. All we can say is, that had he been a Whig, we should then have seen Whiggery at its lowest. The *Journal* begins in 1832, with the passing of the Reform Bill, which his party sincerely regarded as the setting of England's sun. 'From this day,' he says, 'dates a new era in England;' the past from that time assumed to him a tenderer aspect; a broad line separated its glories from present degeneracy. He never gives his opponents credit for a sentiment of patriotism. The whole change 'was caused by an unprincipled set of men to keep themselves in place.' He declares the country on the eve of a revolution, and 'will go to his grave with the conviction that a virulent party spirit, and 'not one iota of patriotism or public feeling, has produced the 'change.' Talleyrand is quoted on all hands for pronouncing that the country will gradually go to ruin. Croker foretells national bankruptcy. These were the current Tory sentiments of the time. We do not wonder that Mr. Raikes

shares them. But we think that such men show where the error of these predictions lay—in a real ignorance of the British character. Mr. Raikes always regards the popular outbreaks in some crisis of affairs as the normal temper of the nation. He calls the people, as such, hard names. When he speaks of England's greatness, he means simply its aristocracy, and quotes with satisfaction the words of a friend, that the aristocratic element lies at the root of all its excellence. All sympathy with the masses is with him the merest clap-trap and humbug. But, while he sets the Whigs down in this summary fashion, he exhibits his own party as influenced by no higher motives than the very natural, but not distinctively patriotic ones, of holding their own. They are so much the people in their own—or, rather, in Mr. Raikes's eyes—that the interests of the community meet with little consideration.

'Tuesday, 12th.—I do not think that in all my experience I ever remember such a season in London as this has been; so little gaiety, so few dinners, balls, and *fêtes*. The political dissensions have undermined society, and produced coolnesses between so many of the highest families; and between even near relations, who have taken opposite views of the question. Independent of this feeling, the Tory party,—whose apprehensions for the future are most desponding, who think that a complete revolution is near at hand, and that property must every day become less secure,—are glad to retrench their usual expenses, and are beginning by economy to lay by a *poire pour la soif*. Those who have money at command are buying funds in America or in Denmark, which they think less exposed to political changes. Those who have only income are reduced to retrench; but all seem impressed with the idea that they cannot long depend on their present prosperity; and these very means of precaution may tend to accelerate the crisis, if such there is.'—Vol. i. pp. 49, 50.

A note adds, that the Marquis of Hertford invested £300,000 or £400,000 in American Stock, which was all repudiated. We gather that it is he, too, who secured for himself a 'clean shirt and a valet' in the Funds of every country in Europe. The Duke of Bedford on his death-bed earnestly exhorts his son to bring up the heir to the title with '*care and attention*.' 'We now 'live,' said he, 'in times when his brilliant prospects may be 'changed, and no one knows how soon he may be reduced to live 'by his own exertions.' The *naïve* simplicity of this dying counsel does not seem to strike Mr. Raikes; he writes it as a valuable comment on the evil times which give birth to such precautions, as if our hereditary legislators might be brought up anyhow, and care and attention only bestowed on those who had to look after private interests. Of course the new House of Commons was very little to Mr. Raikes's mind. He quotes with satisfaction an ill-bred and not very brilliant joke of 'Holmes:—

'When Mr. Morrison, the member for Leicester, who, being a haberdasher, had made himself conspicuous by a speech on the foreign glove

question, came up to him, and asked him if he could get him a *pair* for the evening: "Of what," said Holmes, "gloves or stockings?"—Vol. i. pp. 11, 12.

The reader can neither see the absurdity of Mr. Morrison speaking on a subject he understood, nor yet the danger to the nation of there being some members in the House conversant with details which must be brought before its consideration.

The fears of the defeated party began, however, to subside with time. We do not wonder at nor blame them for their panic; only experience can show how absolutely the character of a people influences its laws. They did not do justice to the stamina of the nation, and certainly they did not sympathise with the nation as a whole. The notion of keeping down a certain portion of it as necessary to the safety of the whole, was too much a part of their system; but they had high aims and a patriotic spirit, which it was not in Mr. Raikes to give expression to. As a sign of returning spirit, the Carlton Club is founded, and Mr. Raikes invited to join it. He describes successful dinners, and soon records the valuable acquisition of a French cook, glorious in all the laurels his art could bestow.

'They have hired a French cook for the Carlton Club from Paris, who lived formerly with the Duc d'Escars, *premier maître d'hôtel* of Louis XVIII., and who probably made that famous *paté de saucissons* which killed his master. It was served at breakfast at the Tuileries to the king, who with the duke partook so voraciously of it, that the former was attacked with a dangerous fit of indigestion, from which he with difficulty recovered, and the latter absolutely died from the excess on the following day. One of the French journals, remarkable for its *facéties*, announced the event in the following terms: "Hier sa Majesté très Chrétienne, a été attaquée d'une indigestion, dont M. le Duc d'Escars est mort le lendemain."—Vol. i. p. 141.

Lord Hertford, too, in spite of his forebodings, gives dinners; but nearer dangers interfered with their success. The cholera was raging. *Entrées* and champagne, ices and fruit, were all discarded for simpler fare. This new apprehension for the time drove out the old: it was shared by all classes alike. The set at Crockford's were startled and electrified as one distinguished name after another fell victim. Rothschild refused to advance money, not knowing, as he told his applicant, but he might be dead to-morrow; and, whether stricken by the evil prognostic or not, the poor man was dead the following day.

With the new régime, *parvenus* begin to show themselves—that class so odious to those who find themselves, more by good fortune than by right, within the privileged circle. He complains of 'our new levelling system;' quotes with complacency a letter from D'Orsay, satirising the new aspect of

London,—the new fortunes which do not know how to spend, the new faces filling the windows of the Clubs and seen in public assemblies, belonging to people of no discernment, who inflict on him the *desolation*, if by chance he says a *bêtise*, of commending it amongst his most spiritual efforts; fondly contrasting these blunders with the refined appreciation of his friend, 'to whom he had always done justice.' In connexion with this subject, Mr. Raikes thus theorises on vulgarity as a quality not inherent in any nature, but developed by collision of classes; it follows a comparison of English and French manners.

'In England vulgarity is a modern monster, full grown, full fed, and dressed, and therefore more hideous than in its native deformity; it is a miasma, a plague, a pestilence: it has its colours, classes, and odours, like aristocracies, and our nice sense of difference and distinction in the one corresponds pretty nearly with those of the other. Of old, our straining for gentility were few; we gave it up to our neighbours, battled and brawled about our liberties, and called them courtiers and slaves.

'This would do no longer, when we met them after peace; they had got our liberties and laws, and we thought we must get their manners. It, however, was not so much an affair of rivalry with them, as of self-defence for ourselves. New glories and wealth had been showered down upon us. The wheel of fortune had taken such jerks, that dirt was flinging up as dignity was flinging down, and therefore a new school of manners became necessary. Here gentility and vulgarity got their distinct tickets and labels, and in calling our friend a "gentlemanly man," we summed up his entire character. This, however, had nothing to do with Chesterfield. Politeness is of two kinds, moral and mechanical; the one mere friction externally, the other an internal sentiment. True politeness partakes of both, and seeks to make others as easy as itself. How could this be, when circles were all clashing, when each sought its own exclusiveness, and when the art of ingeniously cutting was the art of ingeniously tormenting?'—Vol. ii. pp. 160, 161.

No wonder that he fondly recalls the days of refinement till we could almost share his regrets, but that all his models of manners do seem to have been so singularly wanting in the proper feelings of a gentleman, that our faith in the whole thing vanishes. Take, for example, Lord Cholmondeley, friend of George the Fourth,—held up as a sample of that high-bred politeness which vanished with the passing of the Reform Bill,—the feudal state of whose dinners is dwelt on with such tender regret. He was a sordid gambler, and won three or four hundred thousand pounds by systematic successful play; and, besides, had such a knack of self-appropriation as to be always making out a claim on other people's estates, so that Mr. Coke, of Holkham, wrote to him 'that, wishing to feel easy as to his own property, 'which he had inherited from a long train of ancestors, but 'knowing the various claims which his lordship possessed upon 'that of others, he begged leave to inquire what sum he would 'be contented to receive as an indemnity.' Talleyrand we find described as one of the last of that great school of politeness

and social eminence, which is now nearly if not quite extinct. One 'high-bred' gentleman, whose loss he will long deplore — 'one of the few remaining with a tincture of the old school, which is almost extinct' — is a determined atheist, and dies in his unbelief. Another friend, by his high sense of honour and religious principle, is brought into the following delicate dilemma:—

'I have lost an old and intimate friend this week in poor Charles H. Bouverie, who died of a paralytic affection. He was the son of Mr. and Lady Bridget Bouverie, by whom he was left a large fortune and the property of Betchworth in Surrey. It all melted like snow before the sun at the gaming-table, and for the last ten years he has had little more than a pittance of 300*l.* a year to live on. With the exception of this one fatal propensity, for which he so dearly paid in his lifetime, never was there a more sterling, honourable, and high-minded character: of him it might be said, that his word was better than his bond. In the course of his pecuniary distresses at one time, he wished to sell some property in Kent, which, though he was unmarried, was still entailed on any lawful issue he might have. He found a purchaser for it in Mr. Thornhill, who took no other security than his verbal promise that he would never marry. He was also a man of strong religious feelings, though weak in practice, like many others; and well do I know the subsequent pain which this bond entailed upon him when serious scruples urged him to legalise his long-standing connexion with the mother of his children. To me he has often confessed, with bitter anguish, how more severely than any other he lamented this last consequence of past imprudences.'—Vol. ii. pp. 372, 373.

Then, not to dwell on 'the refinement' of that fop, Beau Lascelles, we have Brummell described at great length: 'the 'most gentleman-like and agreeable of companions, with his well-bred tincture of the old school, which has since declined, who 'gave a tone to the manners of the young men of his day.' The favourite of the men,—the idol of the ladies,—the absolute leader of fashion. We are not left to mere description in his case, but are allowed to judge for ourselves of his peculiar charm. Take the following extract from a letter addressed to Mr. Raikes:—

'At times he would write in better spirits, and the following later extract will very much remind his old friends of his usual style of conversation in society:—

"I hear you meditate a *petite domicile* at Paris for your children; you cannot do better. English education may be all very well to instruct the hemming of handkerchiefs and the ungainly romp of a country dance, but nothing else; and it would be a poor consolation to your declining years to see your daughters come into the room upon their elbows, and to find their accomplishments limited to broad native phraseology in conversation, or to thumping the 'Woodpecker' upon a discordant spinet. You will do well, then, to provide in time against natural deficiencies by a good French formation of manners as well as talents; and you will not have to complain hereafter of your gouty limbs being excruciated by the uncouth movements of a hoyden, or of your ears being distracted by indigenous vulgarisms."—Vol. ii. pp. 214, 215.

Very indifferent wit and feeling this sounds in our ears; surely

we have mended in refinement of style since this coarse strain of disparagement was thought the best taste. We are shown, too, the Prince of Wales, the cynosure of the betting ground:—

‘In those days, the Prince made Brighton and Lewes Races the gayest scene of the year in England. The Pavilion was full of guests; the Steyne was crowded with all the rank and fashion from London during that week; the best horses were brought from Newmarket and the North to run at these races, on which immense sums were depending; and the course was graced by the handsomest equipages. The “legs” and betters, who had arrived in shoals, used all to assemble on the Steyne at an early hour to commence their operations on the first day, and the buzz was tremendous, till Lord Foley and Mellish, the two great confederates of that day, would approach the ring, and then a sudden silence ensued, to await the opening of their betting books. They would come on perhaps smiling, but mysterious, without making any demonstration; at last Mr. Jerry Cloves would say, “Come, Mr. Mellish, will you light the candle, and set us a-going?” Then, if the Master of Buckle would say, “I’ll take three to one about ‘Sir Solomon,’” the whole pack opened, and the air resounded with every shade of odds and betting. About half an hour before the signal of departure for the hill, the Prince himself would make his appearance in the crowd:—I think I see him now in a green jacket, a white hat, and tight nankeen pantaloons and shoes, distinguished by his high-bred manner and handsome person.’—Vol. ii. pp. 379, 380.

The gambling of that day is one of its most distinctive features, and therefore these pages teem with anecdotes of its fatal fascination. There is the Watier Club, over which Brummell presided, and where our author himself owns to have sometimes played till five in the morning. Watier was ‘a superlative cook,’ hired to be master of the revels. His dinners became so *recherchés* that all the world of fashion became members.

‘The most luxurious dinners were furnished at any price, as the deep play at night rendered all charges a matter of indifference. Macao was the constant game, and thousands passed from one to another with as much facility as marbles.

‘Brummell was the supreme dictator, “their club’s perpetual president,” laying down the law in dress, in manners, and in those magnificent snuff-boxes, for which there was a rage; he fomented the excesses, ridiculed the scruples, patronised the novices, and exercised paramount dominion over all. He had, as I have before said, great success at Macao, winning in two or three years a large sum, which went no one knew how, for he never lost back more than a fourth of it before he levanted to Calais. During the height of his prosperity, I remember him coming in one night after the opera to Watier’s, and finding the Macao table full, one place at which was occupied by Tom Sheridan, who was never in the habits of play, but having dined freely had dropped into the Club, and was trying to catch the smiles of Fortune by risking a few pounds which he could ill afford to lose. Brummell proposed to him to give up his place, and go shares in his deal; and adding to the 10% in counters which Tom had before him 200% for himself, took the cards. He dealt with his usual success, and in less than ten minutes won 1,500%. He then stopped, made a fair division, and giving 750% to Sheridan, said to him, “There, Tom, go home and give your wife and brats a supper, and never play again.” I mention the anecdote as characteristic of the times, the set, and of a spirit of liberality in Brummell,

which with all his faults he possessed, and which was shown towards an old friend in a way that left no pretext for refusal.'—Vol. iii. pp. 85, 86.

Few of the members reached the average age of man ; most were irretrievably ruined ; not one but looked back to it as the source of life-long embarrassment : but all this wanton recklessness of extravagance and mere desperation is partly redeemed in our journalist's eyes by being acted out in the spirit he sighs after, if acted out with perfect good breeding, good humour, and a high sense of honour. In spite of himself, however, his book is admonitory, and leaves perhaps a stronger impression than any formal treatise against gambling as a vice. We are told that the best whist-player, and also deepest gambler of his day, died in needy circumstances, after having retrieved his affairs several times, and once made a fortune from 5*l.* of borrowed money. We hear of the Duc de T——, no doubt brother of Prince Talleyrand (for these mysterious blanks are interspersed with very little real concealment and no judgment throughout the volumes), who nightly frequented the hazard table, and invariably retired to the fireplace, before he began to play, to say a little prayer for success behind his hand. We read of another victim of this passion, who lived steadily to the age of forty-five, and took good care of his fortune of 80,000*l.*, till passing through Paris on his way to Italy, after the peace, he was induced one night to go to the *salon* (frequented, it is consolatory to think, by the best society), and there sat down to play. He lost and won, and lost again ; and stayed on so for years, never quitting that table till he had lost every shilling ; indeed, not then ; for he haunted the scene of his folly like a spectre, when supported by a small maintenance from his brother. We are told of the infatuation of Charles Fox, who could appreciate worthier excitements, and yet pronounced this the highest ; and was often heard to say that the 'greatest pleasure in life' was winning at hazard, and the next approaching to it was 'losing at hazard.' It ought to satisfy those whose lot is compulsory exercise of head or hand in some fixed vocation, that such delusion as this is so constantly the consequence of leisure and easy circumstances. Indeed, it is as a record of wasted privileges, and what we are accustomed to consider advantages of every sort recklessly thrown away or misapplied, that the main value of these volumes consists. The thoughtful reader, of another class, must rest satisfied, after their perusal, that it is after all better to find troubles inherent in our lot than to *make* them for ourselves ; and, strange to say, people will have them almost by an act of volition, if they do not come of themselves.

One of Mr. Raikes's fondest and proudest recollections is his intimacy with the Duke and Duchess of York. Oatlands was

the court of this reckless, dissipated, high-bred set. When times go ill with him, and the current day offers little pleasant or well-sounding to note down, his mind returns to these halcyon days:—

‘ Having nothing for my diary, I fall back on my recollections of the past; and no subject recurs to my mind so readily as that of his late Royal Highness the Duke of York, who died about this time six years ago. What reminiscences are attached to that name! His agreeable dinners in the Stable-yard, St. James’s, and constant hospitality at Oatlands, must always be recollected with pleasure, though past and never to return. The *entourage* of their Royal Highnesses the Duke and Duchess of York was indeed a little court, but blended with all the ease and comfort of private life. It was perhaps a rare circumstance to see, on one hand, the uniform kindness and condescension of this amiable prince and princess to all around them, and, on the other, the unceasing respect, and I may say affectionate deference, which even in the gayest moments (and no house was more gay) constantly pervaded the manners and conduct of every individual in that society; more particularly as the men who composed it, generally speaking, were at that time rather spoiled by the world, living on terms of the greatest familiarity with each other, and perhaps distinguished by a more *bruyant ton* among themselves than the young men of the present day. There were many visitors at Oatlands while the family was established there; but in my time those generally invited to go down from Saturday till Monday were Alvanley, Brummell, Cooke, Foley, Yarmouth (now Lord Hertford), Worcester, Craven, Armstrong, A. Upton, W. Spencer, Berkeley, Page, C. Greville, De Ros, Anson, &c. : and at times the elder set, of Lords Lauderdale and Erskine, Sir Herbert Taylor, Duke of Dorset, Warwick Lake, Torrens, &c. The hour for leaving London was generally about five o’clock; and so many chaises often started from White’s, that post-horses were not always to be obtained on the road, and I have often gone by Hounslow to avoid the run. The Duchess seldom had any other ladies in the house but Lady Ann Culling Smith and her three daughters, the eldest of whom was afterwards married to Lord Worcester and cut off in the prime of youth and beauty—an untimely fate. When assembled under this hospitable roof every one did as he pleased, and if any exception could be made to such an agreeable existence, it was that sometimes we had rather too much whist. It was indeed the Duke’s passion, and he never would get up as long as he could make an excuse for another rubber.

‘ Few characters in any situation of life could be placed in competition with the late Duchess of York; she was not only a *très-grande dame* in the fullest sense of the word, but a woman of the most admirable sound sense and accurate judgment, with a heart full of kindness, beneficence, and charity. The former was proved by the adroitness and tact with which she so successfully avoided any collision with the cabals and *tracasseries* which for so many years unfortunately ruled in various branches of the Royal Family; and the latter was attested by the constant attachment of her friends and dependents, the gratitude of her poor neighbours during her life, and the undisguised grief of all at her death. Whatever clouds (if indeed they ever existed) obscured the earlier period of her marriage were, in later times, completely dispersed, and nothing could equal the respect and attention with which she was treated by the Duke on all occasions. I have heard him myself express the highest opinion of her good sense, and I believe he rarely failed to consult her opinion on most questions of importance to himself.’—Vol. i. pp. 145—147.

He goes on to describe the Christmas festivities in this select circle. The Duchess first introduced the custom of 'the Christmas tree' into England. In return for her little gifts, this was made the occasion of proving the homage and devotion of her guests. Brummell, for example, offered a lace dress worth a hundred and fifty guineas, though this was thought hardly in right taste by those who had prepared humbler gifts. Mr. Raikes had the good fortune to please her by a musical work-box, which elicits a letter, in which she signs herself his *très affectionnée amie et servante*.

The Duke and Duchess of York form the one exception to the cold truthfulness of his colouring. Towards them he does observe decorous concealments, if we are to believe what Rogers is reputed to have said of these illustrious personages, who does not give quite so courtly or refined an impression of the doings at Oatlands. The Duke's weak point seems to have been whist. Rogers betrays that, late in life, he forgot his debts of honour; while he is throwing an air of unroyal precariousness and uncertainty over their jovial *ménage*. He, too, was a frequent visitor, and describes the guests as being perfectly aware of the shifts behind the scenes, and that their being invited to spend another day depended on the royal host and hostess being able to raise money for the entertainment. It is of the Duchess that the story is told against Monk Lewis. He was a favourite with her; and on leaving the dinner-table one day, she whispered something in his ear which filled his eyes with tears. On being asked what was the matter, he replied, 'Oh, the Duchess spoke so very kindly to me!' 'My dear fellow,' said one of the guests, 'don't cry; I dare say she did not mean it.'

The Prince Regent and the Duke of York are titles with a peculiar triteness about them. There is something old-fashioned, *passé*, and stale in them and in the circles of which they were the heroes; they are memorials of a tasteless age, like some fashion which has gone out of date too recently, to have become historical; too long ago to retain any hold on our indulgence.

We notice in Mr. Raikes and his friends—and probably the peculiarity belongs to *all* waiters upon fortune—a certain superstitious propensity, which must be akin to the gambling spirit, to penetrate by some means into the future. In some men, though not in Mr. Raikes, this curiosity is the religion of infidelity. It is the subjugation of the mind to an unseen power; a temporal power, and connected only with their temporal fate (for their interest does not extend beyond time), but still an influence which impresses and subdues their nature, which they cannot contest, and which they feel to be their master. These books contain many instances of successful fortune-telling,

second-sight, forebodings and verified predictions. As an example, here is one which happened to himself:—

‘ I was in Paris in October, 1820, and one morning, meeting John Warrender in the Rue St. Honoré, he urged me to accompany him to visit a fortune-teller who lived in that neighbourhood. She was an old woman in a garret, and not so much known as Lenormand, but had made some successful hits in that line which had gained her a certain celebrity. I have never forgotten the words which she spoke to me, whom she could never have heard of in her life.

“ 1. Vous n’avez point de père.

“ 2. Vous avez une mère; elle mourra dans un an.

“ 3. Vous serez arrêté dans six mois par un huissier, pour cause de dette.

“ 4. Vous êtes riche, mais dans sept ans vous perdrez toute votre fortune, et puis après vous la regagnerez.”

The first was true; the second was fulfilled in about that period: the third was accomplished in rather a curious manner. I was then in very prosperous circumstances, living in Grosvenor Square; the repairs of that house had been performed by contract, the builder failed before his work was concluded, and the assignees claimed of me the whole amount of the agreement, which I would only pay as far as it had been fairly earned; the difference was only 150*l.*, but the assignees really did send a bailiff into my house, and arrested me, while my carriage was waiting at the door to convey me to dinner at York House, where the story caused considerable merriment at the time. The last has been fatally verified also, but the good fortune at the end alone turns out a complete fallacy.—
Vol. ii. p. 84, 85.

People can unconsciously dress up these things so much, suppressing what does not fit, and giving point to what does, that we do not quote this as really curious beyond an instance of a tendency to superstition in certain classes, and a feature in the desultory, dependent, pleasure-seeking character, which desires, above all things, a fortunate and worldly-prosperous lot as the one great good, and yet has not energy to carve one out for itself. Mr. Raikes is not himself without religious impressions, though his language on such subjects betrays a mind totally at a loss; or rather, the impressions themselves are too dim to clothe themselves in accurate wording. While at Venice, he is impressed by the splendour of the churches, and he labours to convey his ideas by means of such heavy terms as ‘ Respect for the Divinity,’ ‘ Sensations of veneration;’ ‘ of being no advocate for the Catholic religion, but,’ &c. &c.; while he describes an expiatory chapel being ‘ instituted as a ‘ token of retribution to a man’s soul,’ with much more of such loose and vague phraseology. Once or twice we find him glancing at prophecy, with a notion of adapting it to politics of his time; and, by the way, he reports, the Duke of Wellington was at one time reading a book on the same subject. But all this is really quite out of his way. We merely touch upon them as traits of

the man. Whatever feeling he had for the mysterious, finds its real food in the study of crime and popular manias. This last feature is one of the curious points of the book. We suppose that any one, who notes down every murder, every duel, every remarkable crime that comes to his ears, will make out a catalogue which will surprise himself at the end of his task; but really such a list as Mr. Raikes's life, and especially his sojourn in Paris, furnishes, is something enormous and surely exceptional. It was clearly one of his hobbies to be well informed on these points; he must have had emissaries to acquaint him with the latest outrage. We find him always going to see any remarkable criminal in fashion, and taking pains to note down the interview. By this means are related many interesting particulars which throw light on crime,—as a study, as illustrating the eccentricities of the French character, and as bearing on some of our own recent *causes célèbres*. Take, for instance, the case of Madame Lafarge (supposed descendant, by the way, of Madame de Genlis), who poisoned her husband with arsenic. 'Never,' to translate the French report, 'never' was witnessed such perfect *sang froid*. During the seventeen days that the trial lasted, she never once changed her position, nor the expression of her face. At the moment, when the *avocat général* brutally apostrophised her as a thief and a poisoner, when he turned with fury towards her and repeated, "Yes, you are guilty, Marie Capelle," all eyes—the eyes of thousands—fixed on her, could not discern the slightest movement in the muscles of her face.' The same composure befriended her as she listened to the revolting details of her husband's death and disinterment. The papers of the time described her as *très séduisante*; every man who had ever known her had been more or less in love with her; such fascinations of voice and manner had she, that the counsel against her had to shut his ears to the sound of her voice. All these attractions, however, did not save the French poisoner. She was, as will be remembered, condemned to hard labour and exposure in the pillory; being only saved from death by those extenuating circumstances which French ingenuity could discover in the most barbarous and treacherous crimes.

The details of Fieschi's attempt, trial, and execution are given at length; and rouse the lively interest of our author; and not without reason. The *small* motives which actuate great criminals must always create surprise. We expect some parallel between the act and the stimulus which caused it. But it is not so. This Corsican bandit had no political inducement, as it seemed, for this 'gunpowder plot'; he seemed to have no strong motive of any kind; and at the last had half resolved to retract;

but he felt bound in honour to his associates, and, besides, owed twenty francs to one of them,—a debt which he could only discharge by keeping his word. There is revealed, too, in criminals of this class, an extraordinary craving for notoriety. We cannot but think, that in many cases, the sensation of being the object of general interest—all thoughts dwelling on them, all eyes eager to behold them—has, in itself, such intense satisfaction as, for the time being, to overrule every other consideration. The disgrace is nothing to their callous natures, if by *any* means they can excite universal observation. This whole class of criminals are egotists; the paramount and diseased love of self is the one appetite which renders them regardless of everything else, and a morbid vanity shows every circumstance and event to them in a false light. In the following description we see evident *enjoyment*. The future was nothing to this man,—exhibiting his full powers, conscious of the interest of his auditors, and flattering himself in the notion of making a very remarkable display.

‘Fieschi is a short man, about forty years of age, stoutly built, all nerve and muscle; irritable to excess, but with great power over himself; easily affected, but mastering his emotions with a will of iron: prompt in reply, speaking in metaphors, and never at a loss for expressions; at times overflowing with ideas, but never losing sight of one, his principal object, which is to represent himself as a great malefactor, and not a low pitiful assassin. At present, that the plot which he himself styles horrible has failed, he has only one passion, which is to engross notoriety, and be the subject of general remark. Not inaccessible to repentance or remorse for the wide-spreading mischief which he has committed, he exhibits no weakness in his regrets, but has brought himself, and tries to induce his audience, to look upon the details of his scheme as a very natural recital. More at his ease than the president of the court, who during the examination is constantly recurring to notes before him which had been previously arranged for his use, he has during his long interrogatories constantly replied with the utmost readiness and precision to questions, even the most lengthy and embarrassing. He seems to preside over the discussions, and even to direct them. Having established himself in a manner *assistant* to the *accusation*, which he affects to consider as a plea in his own favour, he cannot help occasionally dropping casual expressions which would intimate that he had not quite abandoned all hope. This circumstance perhaps gives an interest beyond mere curiosity to everything that he says; so strong indeed, that, incredible as it may appear, it has at times excited cheers and bravos from the peers themselves.’—Vol. ii. pp. 316, 317.

So convinced are we of the love of notice in some minds, that we have no doubt the pillory was not without its attractions. Fieschi dwelt so greedily on his notoriety as actually to leave his *head* to his mistress, Nina Lassave, that a mould might be taken from it, and casts sold for her benefit. The provisions that were made for this woman were all of a

singular character. A café hired her to exhibit herself, after the execution of her lover; and our friend was not above going to see the show.

'Wednesday, 24th.—The Café de la Renaissance, in the Place de la Bourse, was for the last two days completely thronged, in consequence of the proprietor having engaged the too celebrated Nina Lassave to take her seat at the *comptoir* at a salary of 1000*f.* per month. She appeared in a satin flame-coloured gown, and her hair adorned with rich ornaments. At the entrance of the room two men were stationed, who demanded a franc from each visitor, giving them in return a ticket for refreshments to that amount. Nina is rather pretty, and unless approached close, the loss of one of her eyes is not apparent. She seemed overwhelmed by the notice she excited, and from time to time the most cruel sarcasms were thrown out against her. Some one having reproached her for daring to show herself in public four days after the execution of Fieschi, she fainted, and was carried out of the room. In half an hour she resumed her seat, and when any one seemed disposed to be severe in their censure, she entreated that sport might not be made of her misfortunes.

'Nina is a good-looking girl, with rather a vulgar expression of countenance. I observed that, besides one eye, she has lost two fingers on her right hand; it is said from a scrofulous humour.'—Vol. ii. pp. 330, 331.

Another singular criminal, described by Mr. Raikes, may have suggested the villain Blandois, in Mr. Dickens' last romance,—one of the few characters in that book who now and then recall to us the author's genius. This man, Lacenaire, when the journal brings him under our attention, had already made a cold-blooded confession of various revolting crimes, and excited the wonder of his many visitants by his absolute contempt of death, and the pleasure he could still derive from the exercise of a highly cultivated understanding. Mr. Raikes dwells on this as an argument against the universal diffusion of education, about which we always see he has his prejudices. Lacenaire had nothing of the ruffian in his appearance; his phrenological development showed a preponderance of the intellectual over the animal faculties. After his trial and condemnation, he delighted in conversation on general topics, on which he could bring the full powers of his mind to bear, regardless of his impending fate. With him too, it is evident, that vanity was a constantly actuating motive, confining his thoughts to the present so long as there was food for its gratification. He was confined to the Infirmary of his prison; here his friends—the men of science, who regarded this wretch simply in the light of a curious study—followed him, after having already held a long philosophical conversation with him elsewhere.

'“After an hour, we passed to his bedside, in the great room of the infirmary. He had for a neighbour a young man, a professed robber, ruined by the most disgraceful debauchery, devoured by a pulmonary

complaint, and having only a few hours to live. 'Lacenaire,' said the young man to him, 'I regret that I am not free to attend your execution, and see whether, on mounting the fatal scaffold, you have the same self-possession as you have here.' 'I can give you this assurance,' replied Lacenaire, without affectation; 'as the most guilty I should be executed last, and before dying, I could bear to see the heads of my fellow-culprits fall, if they should be condemned to death.' At these horrible words, I no longer hesitated to talk with him on his own affairs. 'Lacenaire,' said I to him, 'you are not a common man; you have a deplorable direction of mind. How is it that your intelligence has not protected you against yourself?' 'It happened,' said he, 'one day of my life, that I had no alternative but suicide or crime.' 'Why did you not commit suicide?' 'I then inquired of myself, whether I was the victim of myself or of society, and I imagined that I was the victim of society.' 'That is an argument common to all criminals,' Lacenaire made no reply. 'But even if it were true, that you were the victim of society, those whom you smote were innocent.' 'Tis true, and hence I pity those whom I smote, but I killed them because it was a resolution formed against all.' 'Thus you made a system of assassination?' 'Yes; and chose it as the means of my own preservation, and to secure my own subsistence.' 'It is more easy to conceive how a man, urged by imperious necessity, commits a crime, to satisfy it; but with you, it was to spend the blood in orgies. Say, Lacenaire, did you never experience some access of moral fever—a sort of frenzy for crime, and pleasure in executing it?' 'No.' 'Then you did this coolly as a commercial operation, by calculation, by combination?' 'Yes.' 'If you were not naturally cruel, how was it possible for you to succeed in stifling within your breast every sentiment of pity?' 'Man does whatever he wishes: I am not naturally cruel, but it was necessary for the means to be in harmony with the end; being a systematic assassin, it was requisite to lay aside all sensibility.' 'You never then felt any remorse?' 'Never.' 'Any fear?' 'No; my head was my stake; I never reckoned on impunity. There is one thing, in fact, in which one is forced to believe, and that is justice, because society is founded upon order.' 'But this sentiment of justice is conscience.' 'Without the remorse.' 'I do not comprehend the one without the other; does not the idea of death terrify you?' 'No, not at all; to die to-day or to-morrow of apoplexy or by the axe, what does it matter? I am thirty-five years old, but I have lived more than a life; and when I see old men dragging themselves along, and perishing in a slow or painful agony, I tell myself that it is better to die at a blow, and in the exercise of all my faculties.' 'If you could now commit suicide, to escape the ignominy of the scaffold, would you do it?' 'No: if I had the most active poison, I would not commit suicide. Besides, is not the guillotine the most active of all poisons? This is why I would not commit suicide; I could have killed myself before I shed any blood. As an assassin, I felt that I had established between the scaffold and myself a bond, a contract,—that my life was no longer my own, but belonged to the law, to the executioner.' 'This, then, in your view will be an expiation?' 'No: a consequence—the payment of a gambling debt.' 'What logic! Do you believe, Lacenaire, that all will be ended with life?' 'It is a subject upon which I have never been disposed to reflect.' 'Do you imagine that you shall continue to have the same confidence up to the last moment?' 'I believe that I shall look at the scaffold without fear; the punishment is less in the execution than in the expectation, and the moral agony that precedes it. Besides, I have such power over my imagination, that I create a world for myself. If I wished, I would not think of death till it was before me.' After a pause,

Lacenaire said, 'Do you think that I shall be despised?' 'A man such as you inspires nothing but horror.' 'Then it is hatred I am to expect. There is nothing which, according to me, is so insupportable as the contempt of another, or one's own contempt.' After having uttered these words, he filled a glass with wine, and added, smiling, 'This is not Falernian;' and quoting a line of Horace, 'this wine is not

"Nata mecum Consule Manlio!"

a citation of Horace at the foot of the scaffold!"—Vol. ii, pp. 264, 267.

Lacenaire's more private recreations were writing his memoirs, in which he confessed to having committed nine murders. He looked forward to his work forming the subject of a melodrama. But when the time of his execution actually came, there was a change. He showed himself pale, aghast; all his courage failed him. He had designed an address to the crowd, but could not deliver it, and the words of his accomplice were fulfilled: 'If I am condemned to death, I shall go firmly; and you, blackguard, will act like the craven coward that you are.' A speech which did justice to the penetration of this M. François, in estimating the real groundwork of his friend's apparent indifference,—which lay in the ineffable satisfaction of showing off.

Mr. Raikes's experiences in this line are mainly French; because he lived in France during the greater portion of the period of his diary; but there can be no doubt that our neighbours have an eccentricity—a manner of their own—in these matters, very provocative of curiosity, and which produces a great impression on our less ephemeral natures.

His book is also a perfect chronicle of duels. Habit, and his familiarity with these affairs, invest his style in relating such as arise out of received causes of offence with a peculiar succinctness; the principals, the seconds, the weapons, the paces,—are all run off without a superfluous syllable or a word of comment; but now and then this terseness is varied by a few characteristic particulars. We have duels of every country; and all, where the story is given, are tinged by some national peculiarity. There is Lord Alvanley's with Morgan O'Connell, which passed off without bloodshed; distinguished by his frank confession of satisfaction at having got out of the scrape safe.

'When Alvanley returned from his duel with Mr. O'Connell, he gave the hackney-coachman who had driven him to and from the ground a sovereign for his trouble: when the man observed that it was more than was his due for taking him that distance, Alvanley replied, "It is not for carrying me there, my good fellow, but for bringing me back."—Vol. ii, p. 112.

Another Anglo-Irish encounter furnishes a grotesque example of the same appreciation of the life recklessly hazarded:

'I remember his fighting a duel with Humphry Howarth, M.P. for Evesham, who was a *farceur* like himself, that was treated more as an

object of ridicule than anything serious. It arose out of a quarrel after dinner at the Castle Inn, at Brighton, during the race week, and they adjourned to the course early in the morning to settle the difference. The seconds and a few friends who went to *see the show*, were soon convulsed with laughter when they saw Howarth, who was a fat old man, deliberately take off his clothes and present himself naked (except his drawers) to the murderous weapon of his adversary. The fact was, he had been a surgeon in the Company's army in India, and knowing professionally that gunshot wounds were often aggravated by parts of the clothing being driven by the ball into the orifice, he had determined to avoid at least this risk, by divesting himself of all incumbrances. The precaution, however, was needless, as no blood was spilt, and the matter arranged by a random shot from each party.'—Vol. iii. p. 203.

While a third, between the most celebrated duellist of each country, arising from a few words of dispute about a Newfoundland dog, ended most tragically. The American encounters show the most determined thirst for blood. Men there walk straight up to one another, firing at intervals till one or both are killed, rejoicing, in their last words, that their antagonist shares their fate. Probably, however, it is only those characterised by some peculiar ferocity which travelled across the Atlantic to enrich Mr. Raikes's catalogue. The French duel is often distinguished by an involved complicity of crime: as where a young lady deliberately gets her proposed father-in-law shot by her lover, to avoid a connexion she dislikes, and dances with the victor, that same evening, to show her sense of his services: or where we read—

'A duel took place on Wednesday near Paris, which was attended by singular circumstances. One of the combatants having had the first fire, placed himself in an attitude to receive that of his adversary, who took a long and deliberate aim—the ball passed through his skull, and he died immediately. A few seconds afterwards his adversary also fell and expired, for he had received a ball which traversed his lungs; he had nevertheless retained sufficient strength to execute his deadly purpose. The combatants went into the field to revenge a double and reciprocal adultery.'—Vol. i. p. 277.

Altogether duelling, like other things, loses its romance under Mr. Raikes's truthful pencil; and there is more of the simple spirit of murder, and less sense of honour in the system than its ordinary advocates would admit. It is of a piece with that principle of worldly friendship it so often breaks in upon, and which is thus estimated:—

'When I talk of friends, I talk perhaps of a society in which the word friendship may be supposed to be little understood and seldom practised. Fitzpatrick, the companion of Fox and Sheridan, and of all the wits of that day, described the London world in one sarcastic stanza,—

"'Whate'er they promised or professed
In disappointment ends—
In short, there's nothing I detest
So much as all my friends."

But in leagues of pleasure, and intimacies proceeding from similarity of disposition and pursuits, habits and associations are hard to break; and when these are supported by wealth and rank, it is a strong case indeed that can dissolve them.'—Vol. iii. p. 75.

The book, indeed, shows the world in ugly colours, so that we are sometimes disposed to think Mr. Raikes saw it at its worst, and mixed with its least creditable celebrities. This was the case, no doubt, in his youth, which furnishes the reminiscences so constantly woven into the daily narrative. There is one character which embodies the world's worst features in gigantic, almost heroic proportions, that makes a conspicuous figure in Mr. Raikes's pages. There was a fascination about Talleyrand. The curiosity about him never seems to have flagged amongst those who came in contact with him. This great picturesque example of successful sin,—this old iniquity,—this gentlemanly villain,—this hoary traitor,—with his polish, his heartless wit, his fox-like cunning, his narrow, subtle politics, his absorption in the world that was slipping away from him, his clinging anxiety—not for its good opinion, but for its consideration and interest,—does, in spite of ourselves, arrest our attention. A prosperous sinner living the full term of man's life, tasting all that the world can give to the utmost, is, after all, a more pitiable and melancholy spectacle (so we think, after reading Mr. Raikes) than the baffled, defeated, disappointed schemer; for he retains his ideal, and has not known satiety: but in the other we see the hollowness and mere sham of what he gave his soul for, and we know he must have felt this himself in his secret consciousness. Success is in itself terrible in an evil career. The sight of this man, who lifted himself up against God, feeble, old, sinking into the inevitable grave, which no care, no excessive caution could avert, is fearful; and it was felt so by those who would not willingly admit thoughts of awe and fear, and who respected that impassibility, that freedom from all disturbing influences, those *wants* in his nature which, as much as his powers, supply the secret of his success. 'There is no life,' says George Sands, 'more regular, no *régime* more strictly observed, no existence cherished with such miserly care, as that of this octogenarian fox. Ask him if he believes himself necessary to the preservation of the human race, that he watches over his own so ardently? Ask by what self-devotion, by what good actions his day is occupied? His people will tell you that he rises at eleven, and passes four hours at his toilet—time lost in endeavouring to give some appearance of life to that face of marble, which absence of soul has petrified much more than old age. Then follows a long and eloquent tirade describing his life and vices.)

‘Men say his very approach was of ill omen—his look fascinated like a viper’s—his word withered hope and candour in all who came near him. How many fresh natures did he sully,—how many sweet illusions, how many holy convictions did he tread underfoot,—how many cowards and traitors did he make, how many consciences did he pervert and destroy? And yet he had an immense intellect, and keen, delicate senses. The absence of that something unknown and divine, which makes us men, made him greater than the greatest of us, smaller than the least. Infirm, he trod on the healthy and robust; the most vigorous virtue, the happiest organization, was but a broken reed before him. He ruled over beings nobler than himself. What he wanted of their greatness made his own.’

We meet M. Talleyrand first in London, and Mr. Raikes gives facts and details of his well-known career, and also brings him before us in his person and his sayings, which were both eminently distinctive.

‘I was rather amused to-day at White’s with Sefton’s description of his visit this morning to Prince Talleyrand. He is very intimate with him, and is received at all hours; a privilege which he avails himself of very frequently at present, to hear the latest intelligence from Paris and Antwerp, now so generally interesting.

‘This morning he was ushered into the dressing-room of this celebrated octogenarian, who was under the hands of two *valets de chambre*, while a third, who was training for the mysteries of the toilette, stood looking on with attention to perfect himself in his future duties. The prince was in a loose flannel gown, his long locks (for it is no wig), which are rather scanty, as may be supposed, were twisted and *crépus* with the curling-iron, saturated with powder and pomatum, and then with great care arranged into those snowy ringlets which have been so much known and remarked all over Europe. His under attire was a flannel pantaloon, loose and undulating, except in those parts which were restrained by the bandages of the iron bar which supports the lame leg of this celebrated *cul-de-jatte*.’—Vol. i. pp. 121, 122.

Elsewhere we have his picture when this unique toilet is completed, with some details of his organization; Mr. Raikes extracts from a paper of the day:—

‘“Talleyrand was born lame, and his limbs are fastened to his trunk by an iron apparatus, on which he strikes ever and anon his gigantic cane, to the great dismay of those who see him for the first time—an awe not diminished by the look of his piercing grey eyes, peering through his shaggy eyebrows, his unearthly face, marked with deep stains, covered partly by his shock of extraordinary hair, partly by his enormous muslin cravat, which supports a large protruding lip drawn over his upper lip, with a cynical expression no painting could render; add to this apparatus of terror, his dead silence, broken occasionally by the most sepulchral guttural monosyllables. Talleyrand’s pulse, which rolls a stream of enormous volume, intermits and pauses at every sixth beat. This he constantly points out triumphantly as a *rest* of nature, giving him at once a superiority over other men. Thus he says, all the missing pulsations are added to the sum total of those of his whole life, and his longevity and strength

appear to support this extraordinary theory. He likewise asserts that it is this which enables him to do without sleep. Nature, says he, sleeps and recruits herself at every intermission of my pulse. And indeed you see him time after time rise at three o'clock in the morning from the whist table, then return home and often wake up one of his secretaries to keep him company or to talk of business.

"At four he will go to bed, sitting nearly bolt upright in his bed, with innumerable nightcaps on his head to keep it warm, as he said, and feed his intellect with blood, but in fact to prevent his injuring the seat of knowledge if he tumbles on the ground; and he sits upright from his tendency to apoplexy, which would no doubt seize him if perfectly recumbent."—Vol. iii. pp. 263, 264.

Finally, we are admitted into the *cuisine*, or rather laboratory, which supplied the subtle juices whereby this mysterious frame was kept in life:—

'Lord Willoughby having written to ask me to send him a cook from Paris, I have had various candidates for the office, and among them some who have served in the kitchen of the late M. de Talleyrand, which was always modelled upon that of the old French noblesse before the Revolution. Those who have not been initiated in those esculent mysteries, would be surprised at the expense and luxury which reigned in that department. There were four *chefs*,—the *rotisseur*, the *saucier*, the *patissier*, and the *officier*,—this latter superintending the dessert, the ices, and the confitures. In all, there were ten men regularly employed in producing the Prince's dinner, which was not only exquisite in its kind, but also adapted to his state of health, comprising the essence of everything nutritious in the garb most light and digestible for an infirm stomach. The Prince was always a great eater, but only once a day, and generally tasted of every dish, following each mouthful with a sip of wine to humour the palate. The expense of his table was unlimited, his cook had *carte blanche*, and he often remarked, "Why does not he spend more?" He was an epicure in the widest sense of the term, and those who were about him have assured me that the talents of his cook had assisted more in the prolongation of his lengthened existence, than the skill of the physician who always attended him. It was the only regular table of the old school kept up in France: fortunes are so diminished, that none of the nobility could bear the expense; and the *parvenus* of the day, though rolling in wealth, have neither the taste nor the refinement necessary to form such an establishment. Thus M. de Talleyrand, with his reminiscences of the old Court, and the enjoyment of an immense income, stood alone in society as the representative of the luxurious French noble of former days.'—Vol. iii. pp. 270, 271.

All this outlay of men and means simply to preserve vitality gives the impression of his being, after all, only some curious piece of mechanism of human contrivance,—a very ingenious automaton, but without the spontaneous powers of humanity. His intellect worked in much the same unnatural, mechanical fashion. His thoughts were not uttered spontaneously, but in a series of *bon-mots*, illuminating long silences. He was wholly without extempore powers of oratory. He was a listener; would be patient with dull men, and out of what he heard wove those cunning webs which caught other politicians. This habit, in

spite of his reputation for wit, prevented his being a companion. We read —

‘ Richelieu said a clever thing to Lord ——— when he was in England. The subject of conversation was M. de Talleyrand, whom Lord ——— cited as the most agreeable and amusing man he ever knew. “ M. de Talleyrand has a great deal of wit,” said the Duc de Richelieu, “ but he cannot be called an amusing man; he will remain silent for a whole evening, listening to what passes, and will then perhaps make some very clever and pointed remark, which every one will afterwards repeat.” “ Oh,” said Lord ———, “ I can assure you that I was once for six whole hours alone in company with M. de Talleyrand, and found him the most amusing man I ever met.” “ I can account for it,” replied Richelieu; “ you talked yourself during the whole time.”—Vol. iii. pp. 251, 252.

His sayings are especially characterised by heartlessness, and are wholly without good feeling; but they are genuine *bon-mots*, which last. The satire is pointed; the hits at character telling; the knowledge of human nature, such as he saw it, penetrating; the language precise, and showing a fine discrimination, apt at nice distinctions. An anecdote told by the Duke of Wellington illustrates this power, as also his deadness to natural feeling.

‘ I told him several anecdotes of Talleyrand and Montrond, to which he listened, and then continued: “ Yes, he was a very agreeable companion, though not a talkative one: he would often remain for an hour in company without speaking, and then would come out with an epigram, which you never forgot. I was one day at Madame Crawford’s house in Paris, when some one came in and announced the death of Napoleon. It made a sort of sensation in the room, and Madame Crawford exclaimed, ‘ Ah mon Dieu! quel événement!’ Talleyrand was sitting in a corner near her, and very quietly replied, ‘ Ce n’est plus un événement, c’est une nouvelle.’ ”—Vol. iv. p. 309.

On being asked to define the meaning of the word non-intervention,—

‘ His reply was, “ C’est un mot métaphysique, et politique, qui signifie à peu près la même chose qu’intervention.” His politics have proved it so.’—Vol. i. p. 106.

Talleyrand in his old age was Conservative. He paid Lord Palmerston the compliment of a particular aversion, and pronounced him without the talent of reasoning. When the Whigs came in, he

‘ Expressed himself very openly and satirically about the English Government, whom he considered very deficient both in talent and honesty. He said of Lord Holland: “ C’est la bienveillance même, mais la bienveillance la plus perturbatrice, qu’on ait jamais vue.” Of Lady Holland he observed: “ Elle est toute assertion, mais quand on demande la preuve, c’est là son secret.”—Vol. i. p. 300.

Some one told him that Chateaubriand complained he was growing deaf:

‘ Talleyrand replied, “ Il se croit sourd, parce qu’il n’entend plus parler de lui.”—Vol. iii. p. 373.

Yet once or twice this man, who boasted that he could witness the utmost griefs and horrors without emotion, showed a moment's feeling. He was observed by his friend—if we may so profane the word—Montrond to feel the death of an old lady with whom he had once been in the habit of spending his evenings. It was the first time he had seen him shed tears. This drew a remark from Lord Alvanley, one of the company, that he too had witnessed a similar phenomenon. On one occasion Talleyrand's name had been injudiciously brought forward for censure in the House of Lords, and the Duke of Wellington had risen to repair the mischief, and paid some handsome compliments to his great talents, and the services he had performed on certain occasions.

'Alvanley went to visit the Prince on the following day, and found him perusing the debates of the preceding night, and, though much hurt at the attack of Lord L., still more affected by the friendly intervention of the Duke. He expressed his gratitude, in the warmest terms, while the tears ran down his cheeks, and then added: "J'en suis d'autant plus reconnaissant à M. le Duc, que c'est le seul homme d'état dans le monde qui ait jamais dit du bien de moi." The confession was rather ludicrous.'—Vol. i. p. 137.

This Montrond, who for fifty years had been his friend and companion, shows himself a kindred spirit. In their infirm old age we are told—

'*Ces deux grands débris se consolent entre eux.*'—Vol. iii. p. 233.

The secret of their *liaison* is to be found in the following *mots* :—

' "M. de Talleyrand disoit un soir dans les épanchements de l'intimité, 'Duchesse de Laval, savez-vous pourquoi j'aime assez Montrond? C'est parcequ'il n'a pas beaucoup de préjugés.' Montrond répliqua aussitôt: 'Duchesse de Luynes, savez-vous pourquoi j'aime M. de Talleyrand? C'est qu'il n'en a pas du tout.' "—Vol. iii. pp. 233, 234.

What is the worth of such friendship, founded on a long companionship in evil, we may form some conception from the following ghastly jest:—

'Talleyrand's *bon-mots* always fly about. His friend Montrond has been subject of late to epileptic fits, one of which attacked him lately after dinner at Talleyrand's. While he lay on the floor in convulsions, scratching the carpet with his hands, his benign host remarked with a sneer, "*C'est qu'il me parait, qu'il veut absolument descendre.*" '—Vol. i. p. 6.

The death of Talleyrand is in remarkable conformity with his life. It was distinguished by the terrible mockery of a recantation to which it is impossible for any effort of charity to attach a moment's credit. Urged by his family, who all acted the same part in this revolting drama, to spare them the scandal of dying unreconciled to the Church, which involved refusal of

Christian burial (an argument which had great weight with him), he yet put off an act so repugnant to him to the very last, and then, for the sake of appearances, ante-dated it. While he could flatter himself with the hope of life, he was withheld by his sensitiveness to popular opinion, the only influence which could touch him. He was indeed incapable of a thought beyond. We meet with no remorse, no misgiving in his last moments: these belong to less hardened sinners. But we must extract the scene at length so disgraceful to all concerned; not the least to the priest who lent himself to the flagrant imposition.

'*Thursday, 17th.*—This day, at four o'clock, Prince Talleyrand died. It would seem that the priest, who arrived on Tuesday morning, was sent for privately by Madlle. Pauline Perigord, the daughter of Madame de Dino, but the dying man would have no communication with him, and refused the consolations of religion. The priest therefore took up his post in the ante-room, awaiting a favourable turn in his sentiments. Last night the Duc de Poix and others of his relations represented to the Prince the scandal which would result to the family if he persisted in his resolutions, and that his corpse would be debarred by the clergy from Christian funeral. After some consideration, for he enjoyed his senses to the very last, he refused their overtures for that night, but fixed the hour of five o'clock this morning for his compliance with their wishes. At the appointed time he received the Abbé Dupanloup and other friends, in whose presence he made confession, and a formal recantation of his errors; after which he received the Holy Sacrament. He undersigned two letters, one to the Pope, the other to the Archbishop of Paris, professing his faith. His recantation was read aloud to the company by Madame de Dino.'—Vol. iii. pp. 253, 254.

His connexion with this lady is a story of involved and elaborate wickedness, which we need not go into.

'The end of M. de Talleyrand was not only attended with great pain, but the wound in his back, which had spread down his hip, prevented his lying down, or even keeping a reclining posture. He sat on the side of his bed for the last forty-eight hours, leaning forwards, and supported by two servants, who were relieved every two hours. In this attitude he was attended to the last by his family and various friends, while the numerous servants in his hotel gathered in the adjacent room. It was in miniature the scene of the death of the old kings of France. He died in public. The library adjoining the Prince's bedroom, and from which it was only separated by a *portière* or curtain, was constantly filled with servants and dependants. Frequently one of them would draw back the curtain when unobserved, saying to those in attendance, "*Voyons a-t-il signé? Est-il mort?*" His voice failed him at twelve o'clock in the day, and at a quarter before four o'clock, as Lady Sandwich called at the gate to inquire after him, a servant came down to the porter in his lodge to announce that he had just expired. M. de Talleyrand had been so often ill, and had so often recovered, that even at his age of eighty-four, he would not believe that his case was hopeless. On this account he so long persisted in refusing to sign his recantation, or to receive a priest, being determined not to make this public avowal of a religious feeling, little in tenor with his past life, till he was absolutely on the point of quitting it.

'It was a perseverance in the dread of public opinion to the last hour which was fearful. At the moment when he was summoned into the presence of his God he seemed more anxious to avoid the scoffs of the world in case of his recovery, which was impossible, than to make his peace with Heaven,—before that tribunal where his appearance must be immediate and inevitable. His acquiescence at last was only obtained by the entreaties of the little Pauline, who told him if he deferred his signature she should feel miserable for the rest of her life. The comments of the world on his death are, as may be supposed, various. The Legitimists say, "Il est mort en bon gentilhomme." A lady of the *vieille cour* said last night in my hearing, "Enfin il est mort en homme qui sait vivre." And M. de Blancmesnil said, "Après avoir roué tout le monde, il a voulu finir par rouer le bon Dieu."—Vol. iii. pp. 255—257.

Of course his death was followed by all the honours of a magnificent funeral. As a French paper of the day said, 'In France, success absolves from every crime, from every infamy, and confers every virtue and every species of distinction. The man who so long served, mocked, deceived, and betrayed all governments, appears to us so great with the *cortège* of vices and misdeeds which signalized his career, that adulation is at a loss for terms in which to praise him.'

The device on his catafalque of *Rien que Dieu*, the motto of his family, was felt as a sarcasm on religion, and the mob, which was disappointed of a spectacle by an unexpected change in the route of the procession, cried out, 'Voyez donc, il nous trompe même en mourant.'

The 'retraction' had highly displeased Montrond; he had done what he could to dissuade him from it, and had subsequently turned it into ridicule. But when his own time came, much the same scene was enacted with more unction. At one period of his illness he had exclaimed, '*Comme c'est bête de mourir*;' but when his state became hopeless, his relations, with some more appearance of sincerity than the parallel case, took him in hand and set about the work of conversion in a business-like manner.

'I was curious to know the state of his feelings at such a crisis, because I had heard that his head was as clear and as collected as ever. Three days ago, when the physicians said to him, "Prenez bon courage, vous irez peut-être mieux, assez bien pour sortir en voiture," he replied, "Oui, je sais bien la voiture dans laquelle je sortirai."

'I now find, to my great surprise, that the Duc de Broglie has taken upon himself *le soin de son salut*, and has been unceasing in his efforts to convert him to a sense of religion, as well as Madame Hamelin, who is become *très dévote*.

'The same effort was made some years ago by that excellent woman the Duchess de Broglie, when he was also in a state of extreme danger. She came and prayed by his bed-side; but then it was without the slightest effect on his mind, because he felt convinced (as he told me) that he should recover.

'Now it is said that he has shown signs of religious feeling; at least, he has been *administré*, and has confessed three times. The Abbé Petitot is

constantly with him; and during his first interview said to him, "Vous avez sans doute dans votre temps fait beaucoup de plaisanteries contre la religion." "Non," replied Montrond, "j'ai toujours vécu en bonne compagnie." The declaration, whether true or not (and it certainly is not true), showed very good worldly taste in the old gentleman.

'Wednesday, 18th.—Montrond died this morning in what the Catholics call *odeur de sainteté*. He desired the crucifix to be placed at his bed's head, and would not suffer it to be removed. Peace to his manes!'—Vol. iv. pp. 321, 322.

Louis Philippe is the third Frenchman whose portrait is elaborately drawn in these volumes, in hardly better colours than the others. Indeed, he is a *fourbe* far less to Mr. Raikes's mind, with his citizen manners and business-like grasp of money, than the high-bred polished old sinner, courted in all societies, and in his late years of decidedly Conservative bearings. When, in 1833, affairs went wrong with Mr. Raikes, when the bank with which he was connected became embarrassed, and (probably) his fortune impaired by *private* imprudence, he retired from the London world and set himself down before Louis Philippe, as it seems, for the main purpose of watching the proceedings of that monarch. And being an intimate with the Legitimist party, his subject makes a poor figure, and receives but bare justice at his hands. However, though his colouring may often be tinged by party feeling, we early learn to trust Mr. Raikes's facts. He is not only fairly honest by nature, but he evidently prides himself on the accuracy of his sources of information. As we have said before, he always went straight to the fountain-head. Subordinates were people he never wished to have anything to do with. His information was valued and trusted by his friends in office or opposition; and his judgment and anticipations on some main points proved to be correct, which is all that can be said of any political prophets, who are just the class of prophets we have most power of testing. Under his unsparing pen we are shown a king without moral courage or greatness of soul; without any principle except to keep his ground and make money; one who made his kingdom a good speculation, and turned every question into a job for the advancement of his family; who would adopt any watchword that would suit the time; who courted the mob till they despised him, and yet aimed at their liberties; who used all the arts of corruption in the grossest forms; who adopted low means to attain mean ends; who was absolutely without friends; who inspired no spark of loyalty; who had no one to love, no one to respect, no one to fear him; whose best qualities were only those of a shrewd *préfet de police* in keeping the peace by any means; and who, when he did public

good, did it only for private ends. This is Mr. Raikes's view, and that of the party with whom he associated, and it is so far confirmed by experience that no king has so lost ground in general estimation since there has been time for history to sit in judgment upon him. We find Mr. Raikes very early premising—

‘There exists in no country in Europe a government so little respected abroad, or a king so little respected at home, as is the case in France at the present moment.’

‘At this present moment, under the reign of the Citizen-King, above 100,000 troops are occupied to keep in awe only three cities in this kingdom, Paris, Marseilles—and Lyons.

‘Here indeed it seems the policy, when pretexts are wanting, to create artificial excuses for additional rigour. The town has been infested for the last six weeks with wretched itinerant vendors of the most disgusting trash, and abuse against the royal family,—the lowest species of caricatures. I have watched them in the street; no one noticed them, none purchased their wares: it seemed indeed a most unprofitable trade; but still it was continued, without check on the one side, or encouragement on the other. I at last expressed my surprise to a friend at their impunity. “Oh,” said he, “it is an *attrape*; they are agents paid by the police, to sound the feelings of the multitude.” In a week afterwards came out a bill of the most sweeping nature against the public criers, interdicting them from selling even the public journals.’—Vol. i. pp. 213, 214.

And again:—

‘Louis Philippe, though no ways wanting in that physical courage which would confront personal danger, is not endowed with that moral courage which can preserve coolness in difficult moments, and take advantage of events which present a threatening aspect. His course has always been of a more tortuous nature; and to effect his plans, he will always prefer the byeways of wily cunning to the straight road of manly resolution. He is notoriously designated as *faux comme un jeton*.’—Vol. i. p. 314.

Later, he thus speaks of his private speculations taking precedence of the affairs of Government:—

‘In the midst of personal danger which never before impended over a crowned head, Louis Philippe thinks of nothing but heaping treasure upon treasure, and augmenting millions for himself and family.

‘The other day a *diplomate* of high rank went to the Tuileries to impart some important despatches just arrived from abroad; Louis Philippe treated the subject for about ten minutes, but he detained the visitor near three hours with a detail of the improvements he was making in his property; the canals he was forming, the price at which he sold his wood, and the whole economy of his management; all this with a dagger hanging over his head.’—Vol. iii. p. 153.

Of his petty acts for saving his own money we read:—

‘A friend of mine told me that he had a beautiful portrait by Mignard, which he took an opportunity of offering to Louis Philippe, who is making a collection of that period, and for which he asked the moderate price of 500*l*. His majesty made great objection to the sum, but still expressed a wish to see and examine the painting. It was sent to the Tuileries, where it was detained a few days, during which interval it was copied by a female

artist, to whom the King gave 60*l.*, and it was then returned to the owner.'—Vol. ii. pp. 2, 3.

Of his enormous system of bribery with the public funds:—

'At Madame de Girardin's, this evening, I had some conversation with M. Beugnot, a very intelligent and agreeable man. He describes to me the despicable state of the Chamber of Deputies under the present system, guided solely by petty private interests, and open to bribery in every shape. "The King," said he, "if he was not so chary of his money, might have a large majority on any question, if he pleased. The fact is, that those from the provinces are in such needy circumstances, that they can hardly afford the expense of a journey to Paris, or their stay during the meeting; such men are always on the watch to sell their votes. A sum of 500*l.* will very often decide them to support any measure; and when the case is urgent, the Government, with money, can always carry their point. You talk," said he, "of the profligate times of Sir Robert Walpole in England; but here the venality is more contemptible, because the times are more enlightened, the bribes are more insignificant, and the corruption more general. Casimir Perier, who squandered the public money in this way, when a deputy named his price, never offered him more than one half, and generally succeeded in his object. The primary object of Louis Philippe is to gain money, and his accession to the throne was a mere commercial speculation. In other monarchies, the private property of the sovereign is blended with his royal appanage, to support the splendour and dignity of his crown; but Louis Philippe was determined from the beginning to gain all he could, and give nothing in return. He was elected King of the French on the 7th August; on the previous day (the 6th), he made over by a deed, drawn up by Dupin the lawyer, all his private property as Duke of Orleans, being five millions per annum, to his children, reserving the usufruct to himself; he enjoys the income of the Duc d'Aumale, gained from the Prince de Condé, till his majority, and his Civil List is from twelve to fourteen millions per annum. With these colossal means, the whole study of his life is to throw, by every manœuvre, his own incidental expenses on the shoulders of the nation. It is then only that he is really magnificent.'—Vol. iv. pp. 128—130.

It is a melancholy history of desperate, unflagging efforts to keep a position; and conveys the idea, in spite of Mr. Raikes, of great talent and energy. He seems to have stood alone, without even a party interested in his success, except so far as it implied the maintenance of public order. He was unpopular, and the perpetual mark of assassins; but this does not impress us so much as the indifference which all classes manifested. He failed in all attempts to get up effects; he exhibited himself, and was not looked at; he condescended, and was laughed at for his pains. He schemed, and succeeded; and the plot recoiled upon him. But it is time to pass on.

Mr. Raikes's one hero is the Duke of Wellington; who, in return, was his very good friend, and would have got him some place or office if he could. His feelings, usually so absolutely under his control, assume an exaggerated tone when the Duke is his theme; and, with all his experience, we find him inditing

sentences of horror and despair for his country, when the mob upon some occasion greeted the hero of Waterloo with hootings and clamour. In the midst of the fine gentlemen, the idlers, the *diletante* politicians,—the wary, cunning, selfish Frenchmen who people these pages,—we must say the Duke stands out to great advantage; failing, like the rest, in his prognostics, but always honest and patriotic in his views, and simple in his mode of life, and full of sound sense and wisdom in the frankly-spoken reminiscences of his busy career. He was evidently a very agreeable companion: liked to talk and to listen, without a thought of display or showing-off on his part. Mr. Raikes records visits to him, where he always seems to have been treated with confidence and distinction, and which gave rise to the following estimate of his character:

‘The more I see of this extraordinary man, the more I am struck with his singularly quick apprehension, the facility with which he seizes the real gist of every subject, separates all the dross and extraneous matter from the real argument, and places his finger directly on the point which is fit to be considered. No rash speculations, no verbiage, no circumlocution; but truth and sagacity, emanating from a cool and quickly apprehensive judgment fortified by great experience and conversant with each and every subject, and delivered with a brevity, a frankness, a simplicity of manner, and a confidential kindness, which, without diminishing that profound respect which every man must feel for such a character, still places him at his ease in his society, and almost makes him think he is conversing with an intimate friend. His whole mind seems engrossed by the love of his country.’—Vol. i. pp. 67, 68.

Elsewhere we are told the impression he made on foreign diplomatists:—

‘The Duke de Guiche told me this evening that Sebastiani was enchanted with our Duke of Wellington, whose frankness and activity in business were beyond all praise. His expression was, “If I have anything to communicate to his Grace, I write to ask at what hour he will receive me. The hour is instantly appointed; I find him punctual as the clock, and, in half an hour he has heard my report, he has placed his finger on the point which has reference to himself, decided on the line which he feels authorised to take, and gives me an answer without any ambiguity.

“Thirty minutes with him suffice to transact what can never be accomplished in as many hours with our wavering ministers of France.”’—Vol. ii. pp. 69, 70.

His notices of the Duke embrace a long period; from the current stories of his boyhood, when he was not particularly attentive to his studies, and was constantly occupied with his little terrier ‘Vick,’ to his own later experience. His descriptions of the Duke’s habits are in pleasant contrast with some of his other pictures of old age. He describes his indifference to his own comfort and accommodation, carried to such an extent, that, when his house was once full of company, he contentedly gave

up his own bedroom to his son Charles (ignorant, of course, of the sacrifice), and had a bed put up for himself in his dressing-room. Then we have his meals, and see him at breakfast, 'eating heartily messes of rusks and bread sopped in his tea, but never 'meat or eggs;' and at dinner the same good appetite satisfying itself by the same simple diet,—meat, rice, and vegetables, mixed into a mess, filling his plate, and drinking very little wine. We find him subject to fits of testiness, but soon getting over them; very jealous of interference with his independent personal habits, but attentive to those of his guests, and especially courteous to ladies. When his party were only men, he dressed in boots; but the presence of a lady,—if only Mr. Raikes's young daughter,—made him assume the full state of shoes, silk stockings, star, and garter; when, as Mr. Raikes expresses it, he was *la vieille cour personifiée*. He was full of anecdote, told well but simply; without any attempt, it should seem, at point. His recollections were more varied than most men, and his opinions formed on his own observation, not on the judgment of others. People under his hand seem to have assumed rather a new aspect to his hearers, because he had seen them under peculiar or more intimate circumstances. Thus he brings George IV. before us as a *sloven*. This *dandy*, so fastidious in his dress that every coat cost him 300*l.* before it was finished, and was then too tight for an unrestrained movement, indemnified himself in private by dirt and disorder. The Duke

'... found him in bed, dressed in a dirty silk jacket and a turban night-cap, one as greasy as the other; for, notwithstanding his coquetry about dress in public, he was extremely dirty and slovenly in private.'—Vol. iv. p. 292.

And, in like manner, this 'finest gentleman in Europe' lapses into a clever mimic,—the Duke uses the word buffoon,—whose talents were lost to the stage; who, in a political crisis, would send his attendants and visitors into fits of laughter by accurate mimicry of all his ministers, in the act of giving in their resignation; and, in a state dinner of crowned heads, would entertain kings and queens by a display of this same accomplishment. The Duke's estimate of Napoleon is rather strikingly given. He always considered his *presence* as equal to 40,000 men. The French army was all that more formidable by the simple fact of his being at its head. We have some curious remembrances of Napoleon's generals, especially Junot, a vulgar fellow, to whom the Duke undertook to teach manners. After beating him in a battle, in which Junot was himself wounded, the Duke sent next day to inquire after his health, and sent him a present of fruit, as a *lesson of the old school*;—a lesson which was needed, to judge from one story he related of him:—

'Amongst the eminent Portuguese who were cruelly treated by the French during this invasion, was the Count Sa. Bandiera; and he gave me dreadful accounts of the brutal excesses committed in his house by the French officers who were quartered upon him, and their continued drunkenness and pillage.

'Among these officers billeted upon him was the General Loison, who at one time was dangerously ill, and confined to his bed: Junot one morning sent for the unfortunate Bandiera, and asked him how the general was going on; as he could only answer that he was extremely ill, Junot knitted his brow, and said, 'Tenez, M. Bandiera, je vous conseille de bien prendre soin de lui; prenez bien garde qu'il se retablissee, car si le général vient à mourir dans votre maison, le diable m'emporte si je ne vous enterre pas tout vivant sous lui.' It may easily be supposed with what anxiety the poor Bandiera watched the recovery of General Loison, who fortunately at last was restored to health.'—Vol. iv. pp. 312, 313.

The Duke was a reader, studied English history in his old age, and seems to have made up his mind on difficult questions with great precision. Thus:—

'After dinner the conversation turned on the resemblance between the fate of the Stuarts and the Bourbons, though the circumstances which led to their fate were widely different, as no two men could be more dissimilar than Charles I. and the unfortunate Louis XVI. The Duke said, "I have very much altered my opinion of the character of Charles I. I once thought him a man of greater talent than he really was; but, since reading Sander-son and Clarendon for the second time, I am convinced that he was obstinate without judgment; he first acted unwisely, and then persisted in his fault like a headstrong man. Charles II. was much the cleverer man, but a very bad king. It has been the fashion to say, that he was a Roman Catholic, but the fact is, that he was a profligate debauchee, and had no religion at all; he might have shown a tendency to that creed on his death-bed, but that is easily accounted for. James II., when Duke of York, showed courage and talent; his beginning was better than his end. He was certainly a Roman Catholic, but his bigotry in the commencement was founded on the idea that Papistry, if once re-established in England, would better enable him to become a despotic monarch than Protestantism. That was the real object of his heart, in which he was also strengthened by the counsels of Louis XIV. But the nation took the alarm; their religious scruples were awakened, and when he was once driven from the throne, he found he had nothing left but to give himself up in reality to all those bigoted ideas, by which he was only partly actuated before. Hence came the saying, that he had lost three kingdoms for one mass; but what he wanted was, to be a despot.'"—Vol. iv. pp. 315—317.

Mr. Raikes, as usual, was possessed of the earliest facts about the battle of Waterloo, which was whispered about at dinners and balls before the truth was definitely known. It was in the aristocratic days before telegrams. He gives the account in connexion with his character of Sir R. W.—(Sir Robert Wilson), whom he describes as always the harbinger of bad news:—

'On the day of that evening, when we received the news of the great victory at Waterloo, I dined with the present Lord and Lady Willoughby

de Erebby in Piccadilly: there was a large party, among whom I remember Miss Mercer (now Madame de Flahault), Sir H. Cooke, and Sir R. W——, who entered the room with a grave portentous countenance, as if he knew more than he was willing to communicate. Every one at that time was in breathless impatience for the result, and as we proceeded to the dining-room Miss Mercer inquired of me in a whisper if I had heard any news, adding that she feared from Sir R. W——'s manner that some misfortune had occurred. I felt little alarm at his prognostics, as I had heard that Rothschild was purchasing stock largely, and that the funds had risen two per cent.

'When the ladies had retired and the wine had opened Sir R. W——'s heart, he condescended to inform the company, that he had received a private despatch from Brussels, announcing the total defeat of the Anglo-Prussian army by the French, with the additional circumstance that Napoleon, after his decided victory, had supped with the Prince d'Aremberg at his palace in that city. On doubts being expressed as to the correctness of his information, he offered readily to bet any sum on the strength of his despatches. We took him at his word: I betted with him 400*l.* or 500*l.*, and others did the same to the amount of above 1000*l.*

'There was a ball that night at Sir George Talbot's; and when I arrived there about eleven o'clock, I found the whole house in confusion and dismay; ladies calling for their carriages, and others fainting in the ante-room, particularly the Ladies Paget, who seemed in the utmost distress. The mystery, however, was soon cleared up: Lady Castlereagh had just made her appearance in the ball-room, with the official account of the battle, and a partial list of the killed and wounded, which had caused so much distress among the various relatives of the sufferers. She had been at a grand dinner given by Mrs. Boehm in St. James's Square, to the Prince Regent, during which Colonel Percy, having first driven to Carlton House, had arrived in a chase and four at the house, and presented to his royal highness, at table, the official despatches from the Duke of Wellington (recounting his victory), as well as the French eagles, which he had brought as trophies with him in the carriage.'—Vol. iii. pp. 46, 47.

News would not have been news to Mr. Raikes deprived of its exclusive character—the possession at the same moment of all classes,—and bestowing on no individual a peculiar distinction. In connexion with this feeling, we are rather amused with the summary judgment he passes on the proposed penny-postage:—

'This will increase the number of idle scribblers, be of little benefit to the lower classes, who seldom have occasion to write, and is likely only to advantage the commercial houses and bankers, who can well afford to pay the postage.'—Vol. iii. p. 355.

His mind could not entertain the idea now expressed by progress: change must be deterioration; and this, because of the narrow range of his sympathies—he could only feel for one class. England was London: the English people were the aristocracy. As Addison says, 'What so great a pedant as the mere man of the town?' Is not this a singular sentiment to come into an Englishman's mind, in witnessing antiquities abroad?—

'Italy is the only real sanctuary of the arts in Europe. In viewing the wonders scattered so profusely on her surface, how do all the other nations appear barbarous and devoid of classical knowledge? France may boast her Versailles, and a few monuments copied from her neighbours; England has really nothing. If both these countries were buried in their own ruins for 1000 years, the antiquary of futurity would not find anything worth the trouble of an excavation.'—Vol. iii. p. 405.

Something on a par with this estimate of the architectural monuments of his country, is his view of the manufacturing interests. In speaking of the death of Sir R. Arkwright:—

'His fortune, supposed to be five millions sterling, was entirely made by the spinning jennies, an invention which gave an immense impulse to the cotton manufactures; but which also caused distress among the weaving classes, which England now deplores.'—Vol. iv. p. 258.

But Paris and London are Mr. Raikes's world. We will not pursue him in any uncongenial region. Indeed, it is time to take leave of him altogether; which we will do with a few miscellaneous anecdotes, which, though admitting of no classification, all leave a kindred impression. To begin with the religion of the old Dowager:—

'The Dowager Duchess of Richmond is given over. I remember a story of her long ago which, at the time, was often repeated. She went one Sunday with her daughter to the Chapel Royal at St. James's, but being late, they could find no places; after looking about some time, and seeing the case was hopeless, she said to her daughter, "Come away, Louisa; at any rate we have done the *civil* thing." This was completely the idea of the *card-leaving* dowager of her day.'—Vol. iv. p. 201.

Or the glimpse we have given us of the hilarity of the same date in the following story. The inane comic songs of the last century are one of its phenomena: an unwholesome growth of long potations following upon early dinners:—

'In those days singing after dinner formed an essential part of conviviality, and Barrymore, who had a good voice, was always foremost in promoting this incentive to drinking. He had a famous song for this purpose, the chorus of which was "Chip-chow, cherry-chow, fol-lol de riddle-low," well known to all his associates. It had never reached the ears, however, of General Sir Alured Clarke, who was very proud of his campaigns in America, and very ready to dilate on the information he had gained concerning the tribes of savage Indians in some of the back settlements. Barrymore once attacked the old General unawares upon this his favourite subject, by an affected desire to obtain some knowledge about them. Thus he began:—"What is the tribe of the Chip Chows?" The old General, taken perhaps by the sound, and whose information might have been rather superficial, began to describe a tribe of savages in a particular district, remarkable for their cruelty and warlike propensities. Seeing that the bait was swallowed, the questioner proceeded, with much seeming interest, to inquire, "What were the Cherry Chows?" These also were described, with other particulars, in the same grave manner, and the addition that they always ate their prisoners. Upon this Barrymore,

throwing off the mask, burst into a loud horse-laugh, and said to the astonished General, with an oath, "And what do you think of the Fol-lol de riddle-lows?" There was then a general burst from the whole room; but Sir Alured, though evidently discomposed, rose from his seat with great dignity, and said to his merciless foe, "My lord, during all my travels, I have seen few savages so barbarous as yourself," and leaving the room at once, was never induced to speak to him again.—Vol. iii. pp. 201—203.

Or the secret of political constancy we are favoured with, belonging to the same time:—

'The late Mr. Fergusson of Pitfour, who had served during a long succession of Parliaments, was wont to say that he had heard very many fine speeches in his time on *baith* sides of the question, and on coming down to the House he had *vary* often changed his opinion, but *naver* his vote.'—Vol. iii. pp. 207, 208.

Or the wit: the point of which consists in a delicate outrage on our sense of veneration, as in the *mot* on old Miss Berry, spoken just after the burning of the Houses of Parliament:—

'The other evening, Ischann, the Swiss Minister, said: "Il y a eu un petit Westminster ce soir chez les Berrys; la manche de Miss Agnès a pris feu à la bougie." "En a-t-elle reçu quelque mal?" was asked. He replied, "Non; dans les deux cas on a sauvé les parchemins."—Vol. i. p. 300.

Altogether, we find ourselves so often in a clever world without heart, that we can sympathise with poor Lord Dudley, whose aberration of reason furnished so many good stories, in his address to his dog:—

'It was at a time when poor Dudley's mind was on the wane, when his caustic humour would still find vent through the cloud which was gradually overshadowing his masterly intellect; he was sitting in his room, unheeding those around him, and soliloquizing aloud, as was so often his custom. His favourite Newfoundland dog was at his side, who seemed to engross the whole of his attention. At length, patting his head, he exclaimed, "Fido mio, they say dogs have no souls. Humph! And *still* they say — has a soul!"—Vol. iii. p. 66.

It is hardly needful to say that we have not adduced instances of a selfish, worldly spirit as evidence against any particular period. It is only the mode of their manifestation which is characteristic. What is technically called Society must always have these features; not the individuals that compose it in their private capacity, but in their aggregate and in their external development:—just as Mr. Raikes always saw them. He was not a person for men to open their hearts to: in conversing with him, they felt they were conversing with the world; they recognised him as the type of mere ordinary social intercourse; they interchanged with him the received thoughts, sayings, and doings of the day. But of the nobler aspirations

or misgivings, which must with so many break in upon this cold surface, he was never the depository. A hope, a doubt, a sentiment of benevolence, of devotion, of self-sacrifice, would be confided to other ears. To him such confessions would have been unintelligible and embarrassing. Thus he shows us the men of his time: not in their families—not in their homes, and engaged in their duties, and so when their better feelings were at work—but as they formed *one* of the world, and that world in its most organized, most selfish, most callous aspect. There is always such a world: there are always men suited to be its biographers. The costume may vary with the times; but the form and features will remain ever the same.

ART. IX.—*On Eucharistical Adoration.* By the Rev. JOHN KEBLE, M.A., Vicar of Hursley. Oxford: J. H. & J. Parker, 1857.

OUR readers will thank us for calling their attention, without loss of time, to the remarkable Essay, of which the title is given above. We venture to think it (with the exception, perhaps, of Dr. Pusey's work on the 'Real Presence') the most important contribution to theological science which the case of Archdeacon Denison has as yet elicited from the mind of the English Church. Mr. Grueber's valuable labours have, from the pressure of the case, at its successive stages, been mainly engrossed by the necessity of marshalling, analysing, and discussing the documents to which the Archdeacon appeals for his defence. They have consequently been more or less fragmentary, and have never quite risen to the level of an original investigation. Mr. Freeman's recent work¹ is independent alike in its aim and origin: and moreover advances positions, which we earnestly trust its accomplished author may think it right to reconsider. The limits of a charge, however able, do not permit the Bishop of Brechin to do much more than enunciate doctrine, and briefly review the authorities which immediately sustain it. For Dr. Pusey's great work, which we noticed in a recent number,² we cannot be sufficiently thankful; as, while following the tortuous course of Mr. Goode's objections to the Eucharistic doctrine, he incidentally proves the real value of the phrase 'under the form of Bread and Wine,' which occurs in the notice at the end of the First Book of Homilies, by an historical investigation, which, in all probability, could have been penned by no other English divine. Dr. Pusey, however, thus states the object of his work:—

'In the following pages I hope, first—to maintain the clear sense of those statements which I had especially adopted from our formularies: secondly—to clear away any objections which Mr. Goode has drawn from other statements of our formularies; thirdly—to explain my belief as to that which the wicked receive, and as to the worship of our Lord truly present in the Sacrament; fourthly—to vindicate my argument from Holy Scripture; fifthly—to clear away the objections which Mr. Goode raises to my argument from the Fathers.'—*Real Presence*, p. 4.

From this programme it will be easily understood that the writer is, in the main, engaged with vindicating and explaining the *documentary* evidence of the teaching of primitive antiquity and of the English Church as to the Holy Eucharist. Here and there,

¹ On the Principles of Divine Service. Introduction to Part II. Oxford and London: Parker.

² Christ. Rem., June, 1857.

indeed, there occur original statements of surpassing and characteristic beauty: and every conscientious English Churchman, who rejoices in the belief that the authorised formularies of his communion are one with themselves and with the voice of the early ages, will thank Dr. Pusey with all his heart for this masterly vindication of so cherished a conviction. But the 'Real Presence' is, however valuable, expository rather than original and constructive: and it leaves room for a treatise, which, besides proving our real inheritance of ancient doctrine, might, so far as such an attempt is reverent and possible, investigate and interpret its *rationale*, to ourselves.

And such a treatise, with respect to the single point of the adoration of our Lord in the Holy Eucharist, is that of Mr. Keble. It assumes the Real Presence as proved; it does not touch upon the question of reception by the wicked. For this very reason—its unity of subject—we confess to a prepossession in its favour. The best theological treatises, like the best sermons, are surely those which endeavour to exhaust a single topic. Theology, among ourselves at present, would seem to lack the vigour and concentration of former days, because it is often so diffusive in its method and so ambitious in its separate efforts. And to succeed in unfolding the idea and developing the range and bearing of a single truth demands, we suppose, much more patient reflection than many men, who are willing to write books, are able to bestow upon them. Mr. Keble, therefore, has in this way done a good service. He has set the example of devoting a treatise, not even to a single doctrine, but to a practical corollary of a doctrine; but then he ranges from the remotest anticipations of his conclusion, in the instinctive promptings of natural religion, down through Scripture, Fathers, and Liturgies, to the questions which are most practical, and which, with many minds, press most urgently for instant solution in respect of duties in and towards the Church of England.

Dr. Pusey's remarks on the subject of Adoration ('Real Presence,' 311—336) do not anticipate the earlier and perhaps the more striking part of Mr. Keble's treatise, in which he inquires, 'what natural piety would suggest,' as to our duty in respect of Adoration.

'It is as impossible' (writes Mr. Keble), 'for devout faith contemplating Christ in the Sacrament not to adore Him, as it is for a loving mother looking earnestly at her child not to love it. The mother's consciousness of her love, and her outward manifestation of it, may vary; scruples, interruptions, bewilderments may occur; but there it is in her heart—you cannot suppress it. So must there be a special adoration and worship in the heart of every one seriously believing a special mysterious presence of Christ expressed by the words, "This is my Body."—P. 2.

How instantly are we reminded that if we are in company with the editor of 'Hooker,' we are also listening to the utterances of the author of the 'Lyra Innocentium!' Indeed, one special charm of this Essay is its unrivalled union of argument and pathos. Thus, after showing that the greatness of the benefit offered in the Eucharist, and the fact that it is offered to us personally and individually, are separate grounds for Adoration, and that these grounds may be very fully illustrated from Scripture, our author proceeds to lay stress upon a consideration, which would have been overlooked by theologians who had less heart than intellect. It is that the peculiar condescension and self-abasement of our gracious Saviour in becoming the food of His creatures, by means of the Eucharistic Presence, is in fact a distinct argument for a loving worship—as due originally to His being and His awful nearness, and quickened by His self-sacrificing and ill-requited generosity. That He is forgotten or ignored by others, is but a fresh reason why He should be more loved and honoured by us. This is illustrated from the Old Testament, precisely after the manner of Hooker, by instances which, without being wholly parallel, involve the principle of the point under consideration.

'Caleb stilled the people before Moses when the spies were setting them against him. Joshua was jealous for Moses' sake when some appeared to be prophesying without commission from him. It is plain that their loyalty to him was quickened by the reproach they saw him enduring. So all the dark feelings and speeches of the unhappy Saul concerning David served but to settle Jonathan's heart in loving and honouring him more than ever. So Shimei's cursing David in his affliction kindled the zeal of his soldiers and servants.'—P. 9.

The principle in question is more directly illustrated by our Lord's encouragement of the sinful woman who washed His feet, when the Pharisee had neglected to do so; and of Peter, who had hailed as the words of eternal life that teaching about the Eucharist, at which many of the disciples were offended: and of the man born blind when he was cast out of the synagogue for confessing that Christ was his restorer, in spite of the scorn and hatred of the Pharisees. Mr. Keble proceeds to dwell upon a further instance of the recognition of this principle by the Gospels, in a passage combining so much matter for reflection, with so graceful and unusual a simplicity of expression, that our readers will thank us for quoting it at length:—

'And what shall we say of the thief on the Cross? It may appear by the tenor of the sacred history, that the providential instrument of his conversion was the revilings of the crowd and of his fellow malefactor—in which he himself at first ignorantly joined—so meekly and majestically borne by the Holy Jesus. When he saw that, he perceived at once that

"This man hath done nothing amiss," and he became the first to know and own Christ, and the power of His resurrection, and the fellowship of His sufferings, being made conformable unto His death" (Phil. iii. 10). The deep veneration he had conceived for our Lord, as for an innocent man receiving the due reward of such wicked deeds as his own, was rewarded with an adoring faith in Him as Lord and Judge of the whole world, and he became the first example of those who should be saved by the blessed Cross. And beholding his Lord's glory through the veil of His extreme humiliation, and taught from above to understand that for that very humiliation's sake, he was to surrender himself entirely to Christ—to worship Him with all the powers of his soul—he became also a pattern for all who would be worthy communicants. For what is that which we remember specially, and on which we fix our mind's eye in Holy Communion, but the same which he then saw with his bodily eyes? the Body and Blood of Christ, *i.e.* Christ Himself, offered up by Himself for that thief and for each one of us? And if he worshipped and was blessed, why not we?—P. 10.

Mr. Keble's arguments, to be anything like convincing, make some considerable demands upon his readers. They presuppose an intimacy with the mind as distinct from the letter of Scripture, and a habit of looking for doctrine, not so much as 'proved' by one or two set texts, which are invariably quoted to prove it, according to the modern practice, as distributed among very various assertions and lines of thought and teaching, each of which may be separately insufficient to uphold the point in question, while they irresistibly imply it, if they are viewed in their combination. Nor is this an extreme or unwarrantable demand. Certainly it must, we think, be granted by any who have seriously endeavoured to grapple with the Scripture evidence for the doctrine of the Ever-blessed Trinity, that such evidence lies much less in the region of direct assertions, of which indeed there are very few—and it might be thought, precarious ones,—than in that of widespread phraseologies and converging lines of statement, all of which receive adequate and satisfactory recognition only in the Catholic formularies. And while the book before us is calculated, from its simplicity, to win its way into comparative popularity among Churchmen generally, it is evidently addressed in the first instance to those who, accepting the author's premises in their integrity, are disposed to demur at his conclusions. Thus, while Mr. Freeman, availing himself of a distinction which we can by no means accept, holds that the wicked do receive Christ's body, without receiving His person; he goes the length of earnestly protesting, 'with the utmost solemnity and in the name of the Christian Faith and of the whole undivided Church . . . against novelties so groundless 'and so fatal' as 'an intense act of worship consequent on 'the consecration of the elements, and directed towards a

'peculiar presence of Christ Himself supposed to be produced thereby.' (Int. to Pt. II., Pr. Divine Serv. pp. 185, 186.) And even Dr. Pusey's treatment of the question of Adoration, although his language is as explicit and decided as Mr. Keble's, yet, from its comparative brevity, might seem to imply that there was, even in his judgment, on the whole, much less to be said for this, than for the other features of the primitive doctrine of the Blessed Eucharist. Such a feeling has, undoubtedly, prevailed largely among even thoughtful Churchmen, while in some quarters it has found unhesitating and energetic expression.

To those who share it we would commend a perusal of the second, and, in our judgment, the most remarkable, chapter of Mr. Keble's work, on the 'Suggestions of Holy Scripture' as to the point under discussion. If we admit the reality of our Lord's presence in the Eucharist, the promptings of natural piety would suggest worship as the obvious correlative of that presence, unless such an impulse were checked by the intrusion of an adverse tradition or prejudice. The silence of Scripture can hardly be thought to imply its discountenancing what it does not in terms enjoin: and scriptural analogies lead us to the conclusion of Eucharistic Adoration, just as they led the early Church to that of infant baptism. In illustration of this, our author dwells, with great force and beauty, first, on the worship of our Lord's Manhood, as resulting from Its union with the Person of the everlasting Son; treading here again closely in the steps of Hooker. Next, he insists upon the reverence paid in Scripture to the name of Jesus, and to the inferences deduced by antiquity from Scripture statements as to the honour due to His cross, His gospels, and the holy places more immediately connected with the great mysteries of His earthly life. The principle of this homage in every such case,—that, namely, of offering an act of reparation to Christ for the humiliation to which He submitted Himself, by reverencing the tokens and associations of His humiliation,—points to a further and inevitable application in the Eucharist, where He is still Himself present, too often, alas! unrecognised and unhonoured. But we must beg our readers to study for themselves the author's commentary on the title 'Son of Man' (pp. 31—56). It is beyond question the most valuable portion of the Essay: and, as far as we know, exceeds in beauty any of the prose writings of the poet of the 'Christian Year.' It is, in fact, integral in itself, and while argumentative throughout, yet a poem of a very finished description. Even Mr. Williams' works do not convey the impression of the study of the Gospel, combining such exceeding accuracy and minuteness of observation with such a keen appre-

hension of the living and awful, and yet most gracious presence of our Holy Redeemer. We will not quote portions of those pages, for we trust that they will be read as a whole. Nor is the man to be envied who can read them untouched, or without gratitude to a writer who, in so short a compass, has given us a commentary on one feature of the Gospel narrative of such nervous, tender, and constraining power.

Mr. Freeman,¹ while admitting that there is no instance of our Lord's refusing worship addressed to Him in the days of His flesh, yet lays emphasis on the consideration that He never positively enjoined it. To Mr. Keble's mind the former fact is evidently more significant than the latter.

'Whatever the process may have been, whether it originated with S. John or no, we know for certain, that from the moment of His death, His true servants have never ceased to show, in all possible ways, their entire devotion and love to that blessed Body; enhanced beyond measure by all that they were permitted to see and know of Its mysterious agonies; and never was one word uttered from above to stay or check them, or imply that they were going too far. When S. John did the like to the angel who was showing him the heavenly vision, he was stopped by what among men would have been an exclamation of religious horror, "See thou do it not: I am thy fellow-servant, and of thy brethren that have the testimony of Jesus: worship God." But nowhere in Holy Scripture will you find anything at all answering to this, in respect of the worship and reverence shown to Christ's Body, as if it were possible to exaggerate or carry it too far; not one syllable to interrupt or moderate the deep devotion of the Church for all these centuries that she has remained with the beloved disciple, standing by the Cross, and with adoring love and wonder contemplating the Blood and Water, as It flows from His pierced Side; seeing it, and bearing record,—and her record is true, and she knoweth that she saith true that we might all believe.'—P. 50.

The conclusion that Christ our Lord is to be worshipped in the Holy Eucharist, is thus forcibly stated by the Lutheran Chemnitz:—

'Christom, at all times and in all places, is to be adored. If, then, we believe that Christ, God and Man, is in a peculiar mode of presence and of grace present at the celebration of His supper, so that He there truly and substantially exhibits to communicants His own Body and Blood, by which He wills so to unite Himself with us, that to each who receives with faith, He by this most precious pledge applies and seals the gifts of the New Testament, which through the giving up of His Body and the shedding of His Blood, He obtained for His Church;—if, I say, we believe these things truly from our heart, it neither can nor ought to be but that faith should venerate and adore Christ, present in that action. So Jacob (Gen. xviii.), Moses (Ex. xxxiv.), Elijah (1 Kings xix.) had no special command to worship God in those places; but since they had a general command to worship God everywhere, and were certain that God was truly present under outward and visible symbols, and that He was revealing Himself there in a special and gracious manner, they assuredly worshipped God Himself there, whom they believed to be present there. Nor would their

¹ Principles of Divine Service. Introduction to Part II. p. 161.

faith have been true, if invocation or adoration, *i. e.* the honour due to God, had not followed.¹

Or, as Bishop Butler observes, generally, 'the office of our Lord being made known and the relation He stands in to us, the obligation of religious regards to Him is plainly moral as much as charity to mankind: since this obligation arises, *before external command*, immediately out of that His office and relation itself.' (Anal., pt. ii. c. i., p. 157: Oxf. 1844.) The worship of His Eucharistic Presence can only be declined by those who believe in His Divinity, either (i.) by denying the reality of that Presence, or (ii.) by endeavouring to show that It is vouchsafed under conditions which forbid worship, and cancel what else is surely of moral obligation upon a true believer. For a certain worship is due to Christ present in the soul of the Christian, though here an apprehension might legitimately be entertained lest the subjective creation of the mind were after all other than the Christ of Christendom. But the conscientious Calvinist would nevertheless yield the homage of an adoring love to his Saviour, present, as he conceives, in deference to the simple efficacy of an act of faith. Zwinglians and Socinians, denying *in toto* the inward and supernatural side of the Eucharist, are consistent in declining to offer any act of worship. But of those who, with the Church of England, believe in the reality of the act of Consecration, as effecting, through the power and promise of Christ, an Objective Presence of our Lord and Saviour, there are indeed some who endeavour to escape from the obvious inference by maintaining that the Presence is such as to make adoration improper. Thus Mr. Freeman distinguishes between the reverence due to God in His creatures as distinct from the worship which is to be yielded to Him in heaven, and infers analogously that Christ's Body truly present in the Eucharist is not an object of real worship, because this is to be addressed to Him only as He is throned in glory. But can we believe that He whom the heaven of heavens cannot contain is adequately conceived of as *only* 'in heaven;' or that the Body of Scripture language, which seems to localise the Omnipresent that He may be approached in prayer, is other than a condescension to the weakness of His creatures? or that God anywhere, whether in (although distinct from) His creatures, or without them, is other than an object of utter adoration? Mr. Freeman's position, however, obliges him still further to distinguish between Christ's Body and His Person;² and to hold that His

¹ Chemnitz, Examen Conc. Trid. P. 2, Less. 8, c. 5. Quoted by Dr. Pusey, 'Real Presence,' p. 335.

² Principles of Divine Service. Introduction to Part II. p. 189.

Body is present in the Holy Sacrament without His Person. Mr. Keble replies to this view without having seen Mr. Freeman's work; and, as we think, unanswerably, by alleging the language of our Lord Himself in S. John vi., which interchanges the first personal pronoun I, me, &c., with the phrases, This bread, My flesh, &c. 'I am the bread of life,'—'I am the bread which came down from heaven,'—'I am the living bread' which came down (*καταβάς*) from heaven: if any man eat of 'this bread he shall live for ever, and the bread which I will 'give is My flesh, which I will give for the life of the world.' Again, more forcibly, 'He that eateth Me, even he shall live by Me.' Nor can we well understand how, according to the doctrines laid down in Hooker, E. P., v. 52. 4, the idea that Christ's Body can be actually separated from His Person is free from the imputation of Nestorian error.

But worship, although due to the Eucharistic Presence of our blessed Saviour, could not, without idolatry, be directed to the elements 'under the form of' which that Presence is enshrined; and which 'remain alike in their very natural substances.' This is insisted on at length by Mr. Keble, who points out with anxious precision the bearings of the error of Transubstantiation upon the question of worship, as addressed to the objective Presence. The presumed annihilation of the elements reduces the Roman practice to a worship of the Sacrament, as distinct from a worship of Christ in the Sacrament. Nothing is more observable than our author's dispassionate but decided repudiation of distinctive Roman teaching, or than his loyalty to the English Church, as exhibited in his hearty and careful acceptance of all her formularies which touch upon the question, negatively as well as positively, no less than in the affectionate veneration with which he speaks of her great divines.

And in particular, as the editor of the 'Hooker,' published at the Oxford University press, Mr. Keble gives comments on some well-known passages in that writer, which will be read with special interest. It will be remembered that even Waterland comments with disapprobation upon Hooker's statement that 'the Gospel has properly now no sacrifice;'¹ but Mr. Keble defends it, by limiting the word to 'ancient sacrifices,' *i. e.* Hooker is understood by him to say, that the Gospel has now no material offerings solemnly ordained for the known ends of sacrifice (p. 69). He concedes unwillingly, that, upon the subject of the objective Presence, 'one so wise, holy, and venerable,' was biassed by a respect for Calvin and some of his school, so as to

¹ E. Pol. v. 78.

make allowances, which, logically carried out, would lead to concessions such as the ancient Church could never have endured (p. 124). This is what has been urged in substance by Mr. Freeman, who, however, points out that Hooker *does* recognise the effects of Consecration when he is not immediately engaged in an endeavour to find a common standing ground for all parties.¹

And it is to be borne in mind that the doctrine of Consecration, although, of course, never unrepresented in the English Eucharistic office, was less stringently impressed upon it in Hooker's days than, by God's mercy, it is in our own: as the divines of the Savoy Conference, by their insertion of the rubric providing for the formal recitation of the words of consecration in case 'of the consecrated bread and wine being all spent 'before all have communicated,' must be held to have given this principle so prominent an expression, that, even the judges of Archdeacon Denison themselves do not appear to have ventured to deny it. But Hooker wrote in days when the Consecration-Prayer was unsupported by any such authoritative witness to its real import: and as Mr. Keble elsewhere urges, no one who holds to the real objective Presence need fear that he is departing *in principle* from so great an authority, since Hooker's scruple to make a full statement of the truth arose not from any dread of so-called superstition, as though too much were being attributed to sacraments, but from jealousy in behalf of the doctrine of our Lord's real and abiding Humanity (p. 71).

We wish that we could follow our author through the chapter in which he discusses the liturgical and patristic aspects of his subject. He draws out into its full cogency and importance the witness of the four great writers, Theodoret, SS. Cyril, Ambrose, and Augustine, who speak of Adoration in primitive times: and he explains the fact upon which so much stress has been laid, viz. that the Primitive Liturgies do not present us with 'any form of prayer addressed to Christ's Holy Humanity 'so present,'² nor any rubric enjoining adoration inward or outward,' by the principle enunciated in the Third Council of Carthage, at which S. Augustine was present; 'Cum altari assistitur, semper ad Patrem dirigatur oratio.' Yet more earnestly would we invite the attention of our readers to Mr. Keble's statement and solution of the practical difficulty which many will feel to have arisen from the part taken by the

¹ E. Pol. v. 77. 12; Freeman, Int. p. 203.

² By this expression we suppose Mr. Keble to mean the worship of Christ's Person as united to His manhood. The separate worship of the Sacred Humanity, as of our Lord's Hands, or of His Feet, or of His Heart, belongs to the mind of a later age.

Primate in the 'Proceedings at Bath.' Upon these portions of the book we are less disposed to lay much stress ; since it would be unjust to regard such a work in the light of merely another pamphlet, which, under the pressure of the present trying crisis, has risen to the surface of theological opinion. It is surely one of the most able vindications of Primitive doctrine which the Church of England has produced of late years, and will rank among not the least of the many services which its author has rendered to the religion of his country. The 'Christian Year' has already reached its fifty-third edition, and has long become a classic : so that Eastern travellers, albeit latitudinarian in their theology, quote and comment upon its lines as having recognised authority, much as Herodotus of old quoted and illustrated Homer ; while here and in America it has made itself a home in the inmost hearts of thousands of humble and loving worshippers of Christ. We cannot but be thankful that its author is still among us, and in a trying hour has interposed with all the weight of his name and learning in behalf of a primitive tradition, theoretically so sacred, and practically so important, as that of Eucharistic Adoration.

NOTICES.

'*Pisma ob Historie Serbov e Bolgar-Sotchenenie A. Gelferdenga.*' (Moskva.) Letters on the History of the Servians and Bulgarians, by A. Hilferding. Moscow.—This is one of the historical monographs which are beginning to reflect such credit on Russian researches and Russian learning; and just now, when the eyes of Europe are directed to the Christian provinces of European Turkey, and speculation is afloat as to the possible Slavonic kingdom which may some day have its rise from them, this particular treatise merits unusual attention. The fourth letter, which treats of the rise of Christianity in Bulgaria, and its appendix, the questions sent by the Bulgarians to Pope Nicolas I. and his answers, are exceedingly interesting; so also is the fifth, which describes the irruption of the Hungarians. In the sixth, we have the golden age of that people, and their famous *Car* Simeon. The seventh relates to the decay of Bulgaria, and the rule of Peter the son of Simeon (927—968). The eighth introduces us to Sviatoslav, and the first overthrow of the Bulgarian dominion. This last event is told with great spirit, and concludes the work; itself only the first part of the complete history. To those who desire to gain a good general view on the subject, this book on the one hand, and Kogalnitchan's History of Moldavia and Wallachia on the other, would be the best guides.

'*Geschichte der Slawenapostel Cyrill und Method, und der Slawischen Liturgie.* Von Dr. J. A. Ginzel.' Leitmeritz. (A. Schnürlein. 1857.) History of SS. Cyril and Methodius, Apostles of the Slavi, and of the Slavonic Liturgy. By Dr. J. A. Ginzel. Leitmeritz. (A. Schnürlein. 1857.)—There are few more interesting pages in ecclesiastical history than the contest of Rome and Constantinople for the possession of Bulgaria, and the establishment of a vernacular Liturgy in a language, the writing and orthography of which was invented by those great missionaries, Cyril and Methodius. Dr. Ginzel, after a very able chapter on the sources, both of certain and doubtful authority, whence their annals are to be derived, relates in the first book the history of the mission, down to the death of S. Methodius. In the second book we have the history of the Slavic Liturgy: in Illyria and in Bohemia. Next that of the Slavic Church language; a description of Glagolita manuscripts, the publication of the Glagolita Missal and Breviary, and of the Illyrian ritual. After this, an essay on the propagation and present condition of the Romano-Slavic Liturgy. A statistical table at the end, which comes down as late as the April of the present year, is very interesting. In the Diocese of Veglia we find the Glagolita Liturgy of the Latin rite in seventeen churches or convents. In that of Jadera, in thirty-eight; in that of Spalato, in sixty; in that of Sebenik, in three. In the united diocese of Verenza-Pola, it has now completely died out. We must not forget to add that there is a very valuable appendix of ecclesiastical documents, as well as another containing a translation of a few Glagolitiz fragments.

'Kirchengeschichte der Schweiz. Von Dr. E. F. Gelpke. Erster Theil: unter der Römer, Burgunder, und Allemanneuherrschaft.' (Bern: J. Dalp. 1856.) Church History of Switzerland. By Dr. E. F. Gelpke. Part I.: The dominion of the Romans, Burgundians, and Germans.—On hearing of the 'Church History of Switzerland,' one so naturally thinks of Calvin, Zuinglius, and their fellows, that it is a comfort to look further back, and to read of the first planting and gradual spread of the Catholic Church in that country. The task had been undertaken by Hottinger, with the prejudice which his very name implies: by Ludwig Wirz, in 1808, and by J. L. Blum, in 1852. Dr. Gelpke's work, written, as it is, with very great candour, and with no inconsiderable amount of labour, will probably be, among his co-religionists, the standard book on the subject. The present volume is divided into two parts. The first relates the external fortunes of the Church: in Geneva, with its long line of Bishops, commencing with Paracodus and Dionysius, by tradition disciples of the Apostles: in Wallis, with the legend of the Theban Legion, the celebrated Abbey of Agaunum, and the Council of Epaone: in Helvetia Proper: in Aventicum with its twenty-two early Bishops: in Soleure, with the extension of the Church there by a Christian legion, and the curious legend of S. Verena: in Vindonissa: in Zurich, with its legend of S. Felix and Regula: in Bern and the Waldstätt. From Helvetia Proper, the author proceeds to Rætia Secunda, and thence to Raurachia, where he dwells at length on the legend of the Eleven Thousand Virgins. So ends the first part. The second is taken up with the internal constitution of the Church of Switzerland; and lastly, we have a sketch of the system of idolatry overthrown by the Church, and the religious system which took its place: in the latter, 'Christian Life and Church Discipline' is, with true German taste, divided into the 'Light side and Shadow side.' Dr. Gelpke has produced (considering the somewhat uninviting character of a part of his subject) a very readable book; and one which may certainly add to the knowledge of every English student of Ecclesiastical History.

Of Sermons on the National Fast-day, we have to notice one by Mr. Baines, of S. John's Chapel, Haverstock Hill, entitled 'The Sword of the Lord.'—The author has got up his subject well; and though the view taken is the same with that of nearly all the sermons preached on the day of humiliation, we have not met with any where it has been so forcibly put. We can only express our regret that the limited dimensions of the chapel in which it was preached prevented its being heard by a larger congregation.

'Notes on the Gospel of S. John, as translated by Five Clergymen,' (J. H. Parker) by the Rev. T. Wade, contains a preface laying down six canons to be observed in a Revision, and notes on particular passages in which Mr. Wade differs from the 'Five Clergymen'; either because they have not altered the Authorized Version, or not done so in the best way. The Notes are worth reading, as ventilating questions; but the Proposed Version, generally speaking, seems to depart more widely from the Authorized, and to be more scholastic even than that already sent out. The canons seem to us to be somewhat contradictory to each other; e.g.

the third is 'To translate uncertainties by uncertainties. Where the Greek admits of two meanings, it is best, if possible, to render it by such an English version as will also admit of two meanings.' Surely the Greek may admit of two meanings, without its being at all uncertain which is the true one, and we think the 'Five Clergymen' have erred in this way by retaining 'uncertainties' too often. But Mr. Wade goes further, and in the fourth canon says: 'To avoid giving a commentary instead of a translation, even where the Greek *seems to admit of* ONLY ONE rendering, it is better to translate as literally as possible; for it may be found, as our knowledge of Greek increases, that passages which seem to admit of only one interpretation, admit of two or even more meanings.' (!) Yet the second canon is 'To prefer expressing the sense to literally translating an idiom:' and the instance objected against is the translating *χαρὰ χαίρει*, 'rejoiceth with joy;' instead of 'rejoiceth greatly;' which latter, Mr. Wade says, 'seems preferable, because it expresses the sense, though not the idiom; while the Revision expresses the idiom without the sense.' This is sacrificing truth to antithesis. The fourth canon, as well as the sense, should require the literal rendering. The fifth canon is a most obvious truism, of which the whole difficulty lies in the application; viz. 'To bear in mind that an Authorized Version is intended for both educated and uneducated classes;' and the conclusion from it approaches an impossibility: 'it should be so plain that the most ignorant can understand it.' We add the remaining canons. '1. To retain, as far as possible, the Greek order of the words.' This is far oftener to destroy the object of that order, which our English idiom reverses. '6. To translate by the same number of words as is used in the Greek.' Mr. Wade's own adherence to this and other canons, as 2, 4, 5, is shown by his first proposed version, i. 3: *ἐγένετο ὁ δε ἐν ὁ γέγονεν*. 'Came into being not even one thing which is in being,' (surely it ought to be, 'hath come into being,' by way of completing the sentence consistently.) Some of the versions are absurd, and contrary to New Testament idiom; as *παιδάριον ἐν*, 'one little child:' because the one person who had food 'was a young one' (*παῖς*), nay, 'a very young one indeed' (*παιδάριον*). How could it then carry about 'five barley loaves,' even Eastern *ἄρτοι*?

An article on the Cambridge Edition of Irenæus, by the Rev. W. Wigan Harvey, is in type, but necessarily postponed till our next number.

When the 'Five Clergymen' published their 'Revision of the Authorized Version of S. John,' it was naturally remarked that they had chosen the easiest part of the New Testament, and that if their principles or scheme were to be properly tested, they should be tried on a difficult book; and the Epistle to the Romans, as 'the hardest piece of Greek' extant, was pointed out as that on which they should make the attempt. They have done so in the 'Epistle to the Romans, translated, &c., by Five Clergymen' (J. W. Parker), and we think quite as successfully as in S. John. But they say (what no one would have supposed) that they have *not* found the Epistle so difficult as the Gospel. 'The short sentences of S. John, the scanty context, the extremely subtle and sometimes imperceptible connexion of the argument, combined with the high doctrinal importance of

'the matter so concisely stated by the Evangelist, cause his Gospel to be 'absolutely replete with difficulties. Every verse admits of questions.' In the Epistle, a full argumentative context, and earnest, onward connexion of thought, and a prevailing length of sentence, make the Apostle's meaning, if not obvious, yet, when carefully examined, generally not only clear but undoubted. They consider that their present publication will appear still better calculated than their former one to show the usefulness and importance of the work upon which they have been engaged. In two respects they have modified their rules. 1. By adopting a text apparently such as would be required by criticism. 2. By giving some reasons in notes at the end of the preface for several of the renderings adopted. Certainly we think that their Revised Version does throw great light on many an obscure passage in the Epistle; and, by slight change of expression, says what many a long note would scarcely adequately convey.

Mr. Harvey Goodwin's 'Commentary on S. Matthew,' (Bell & Daldy,) will fully sustain his reputation as an attractive writer on religious subjects for plain readers. The book has further the somewhat rare merit of a well-sustained unity of purpose. Besides, its practical lessons will give even the unlearned, who will really be at the pains to study the carefully-prepared Introductions, as well as to read and use the Commentary, a clear hold of the characteristics of this Gospel. We do not say that this is everything; but it is well worth all the pains here bestowed upon bringing it to view and popularizing it. In point of depth, we are constrained to say that Mr. Goodwin does not come up to our ideal. It is incomprehensible to us, how a divine who so implicitly and *bonâ fide* believes there are such things as Sacraments, and on occasion speaks so worthily of them, should rest satisfied with a teaching so very little penetrated and leavened by them. While perfectly sound, as far as we have observed in this volume, it is certainly of the school of Pearson and Barrow, not of that of Andrewes or Jackson.

We have seen nothing better conceived as a guide to personal devotion, than 'A Plain Manual of Religious Exercises.' (Edinburgh: Lendrum.) It is thoroughly true to the spirit, and leads up continually to the use, public and private, of the Prayer-Book. It is plain, too, without the boldness which some similar works affect; and preserves a devout warmth without familiarity. It deserves to be popular.

Mr. Ellicott has sent out another portion of his 'Commentary on S. Paul's Epistles' (J. W. Parker)—on those to the Philippians and Colossians. It is needless for us to say anything in recommendation of a work which, by the common consent of theologians and scholars, supersedes every other in the same line—that is, investigating and laying open the true meaning of the original Greek of the Epistles, which it does most thoroughly and exactly. All recent Commentaries on the Epistles fade away beside Mr. Ellicott's. And a great debt of gratitude is due to one who has, we hope for good, put out of the field the superficial 'rough and ready' style of comment, which there was great danger might become popular, because it is easy, and sees no difficulties. In all his commentaries, Mr. Ellicott, whilst

developing the verbal and grammatical exegesis, has somewhat unfolded doctrinal and moral exposition; but in the volume now sent out he has, he says, pursued the doctrinal exposition further, on account of the great importance of the texts that come before him; as well as from the need which he sees there is, in the present tendency of opinion, to dwell on those Scriptures which teach the true Divinity of our Blessed Lord. A passage of his Preface on the subtle forms of humanitarianism that are gaining ground at the present day, ought to be read by every one. It is the testimony of a person who has ample means of judging, and whom no one can regard as narrow-minded, or anywise trammelled by the prejudices of any particular school of opinion. The warning, too, which the same Preface contains on the danger of relinquishing the old familiar language of our English Bible, is specially valuable and well-timed. And this warning is the more necessary because the works that dwell on the humanity of our Saviour may be made winning to religious minds from the pious sentiments and thoughts of sympathy and human love, in which they are clothed: His divinity being omitted, not denied.

The third instalment of the *Christian Advocate's* luminous and extensive inquiry into the comparisons and contrasts between the Christian revelation and the other systems of antiquity, has appeared, under the old title—not, we think, a fortunate one—of ‘*Christ and other Masters*’ (Macmillan). Mr. Hardwick’s present subject is the religions of China, America, and Oceanica. In many respects this remarkable work presents a contrast, and antidote, to an equally remarkable work now publishing in Paris by M. Renan, with the difference that one is the production of a sincere Christian, and the other of one who is much the reverse. Mr. Hardwick exhibits great research and very multifarious reading; and if, as some may find, his conclusions are not always definite, where authorities and testimonies are so conflicting, the attitude of even a judge must be one of caution. For example, in the case of Buddhism, of a system which has been in constant flux, and varies so much under different climatic and social conditions, and which has been modified so much by historical accidents, it is quite impossible to present a single or definite view in contrast to the Gospel. The sketch—and existing materials prevent its being other than a sketch—of the Polynesian family is important as an ethnological as well as theological inquiry: and it is nearly the first attempt to reduce the religion and manners of this fringe of mankind into the religious history of the families of the earth.

We do not pretend to endorse the theology—we speak generally—of the publications of Messrs. Clark, of Edinburgh. But they deserve, as we believe they have secured, great credit for their translations of many of the works, which in England too indiscriminately are proscribed under the name of German Theology. Among the best of these we may specify, though tediously diffuse, Stier’s ‘*Words of the Lord Jesus*,’ and Guericke’s ‘*Church History*.’ This last is translated, and, unless we are mistaken, printed in the United States; which last circumstance will account for a good deal of the inaccurate typography. In many respects it forms a complement to ‘*Gieseler’s Manual*.’ The translator, Mr. Shedd, is clearly

unequal to his work: bad theology and worse English are his characteristics.

Perhaps we are not wrong in selecting as *the* theological book of the year Professor Blunt on the 'Right Use of the Early Fathers' (Murray). With the same title, it presents an absolute contrast to Daillé's famous, or infamous, work. We trust that this selection of Lectures may be appealed to as the standard Anglican work on the subject: and its value is the greater, as the writer's position and character separated him entirely from what are often vaguely and absurdly, and therefore mischievously, characterised as party influences. It must be remembered that this volume consists of Lectures; and is not therefore a systematic Treatise. In one respect, perhaps, its form was instigated by Bishop Kaye's useful and preliminary studies in the same direction; but we gladly recognise warmth, a genial and thorough appreciation of antiquity, and an earnest, free-spoken confidence, in calling bad things—such as heresy and schism—by their bad names in the Professor, which the good Bishop's cautious and hesitating temper shrunk from. What Professor Blunt might have been as a bishop we can only conjecture; but had Bishop Kaye always remained a professor, he had never reached Blunt's theological ripeness.

A third and concluding volume of 'Landmarks of History,' (Mozley,) brings this valuable series down to the accession of Napoleon III. A practical writer like Miss Yonge can alone acquire the difficult art of framing a compendium like this, which is in form only an epitome, but in its life-like delineations of character almost resembles a picture-gallery. There are very few masters of history who will not find these volumes occasionally useful; and to students they are indispensable. But already they have taken rank as classics.

Mr. W. E. Heygate is favourably known as a writer of doctrinal and practical works; and his services to the Church are neither few nor unimportant. We own to preferring his serious works to his fictions. 'Sir Henry Appleton' (Lyall), a tale of the Great Rebellion, is likely to be popular; and in many respects it is above the average. In literature and research it exceeds most of those little books which were to be found on so many tables in the days of Mr. Paget's first successes. Here and there the wit is somewhat heavy; and seventeenth century slang is an uphill work both to writer and reader. Mr. Heygate writes,—and it is a rare virtue,—with the enthusiasm of a royalist; but is he quite sure that there is no counter-evidence against his assertion, p. 327, of the purity—'no atmosphere could be purer'—of Charles's court?

A thoughtful and able paper—and, because thoughtful and able, one in all the conclusions of which few of us are prepared, without careful deliberation, at once to coincide—has been drawn up by the Manchester Church Society, 'On the Royal Supremacy and Church Emancipation' (J. H. Parker). Pregnant words, yet now replete with more of hope than of fear. The mere fact that such subjects are discussed with so much sobriety, and yet with such a resolute grasp of principle, bearing in mind their connexion with the inevitable drift of the great social movement of the age, leads us

to the conviction that when they come to be decided, it will be found that we have all been ripening ourselves for the decision. The attempts, apparently so successful, to erastianize and dedoctrinate the Church, by recent Episcopal appointments, are the surest way to liberate it.

The London Union on Church Matters (Office, 5, Mitre Court, Temple) has published an Annual Report. It contains suggestions for the rehabilitation, to use a fashionable word, of the Church Unions. Churchmen owe many duties to these bodies, especially to the Central Committee in London, whose utility—and this is true of all organizations, whose work is with political and external assaults on the Church, or on any other religious body—is not to be measured by its formal action. Dissenters are wise enough to feel confidence in their Committees of the Five Denominations. Churchmen must be equally liberal: and we are persuaded that while we have to deplore all sorts of assaults and their damage on the Church, much of evil has been averted by the active, and more active because unobtrusive, influence of these bodies. Such a body as the London Union has won confidence, and deserves those substantial marks of confidence which it now asks, in the shape of members and their subscriptions.

Mr. George Gilbert Scott has shown, in his recent instructive work on ‘Gothic Architecture, Secular and Domestic’ (Murray), that he is no rigid theorist, bent on reviving a style, in which in its ecclesiastical development he has few rivals, merely as a pedantic study. He claims for pointed art its full appreciation as the starting-point for future developments. Alive to the necessities of climate, and impressed with the capability of the pointed style for receiving and developing all modern advances and discoveries in material and mechanical appliances, he argues destructively, that both the classic and Palladian styles are inferior to it in these respects, and constructively that Gothical one combines capacities for use with ornament: while sumptuous enough for the palace, it is not too small to disdain the cottage. The feature of this book—and it is a well-written one—which presents itself at a glance, is its practical character. Though desultory in form, it is systematic, for it nearly exhausts the subject.

In his ‘Three Introductory Lectures to Ecclesiastical History’ (Hodges and Smith), Professor Lee of Dublin has drawn, with a master’s hand, the general aspects and lessons of Church History. From Mr. Lee’s previous publication we did not expect a style so graceful, nor a literature so extensive. Sketches of course these Lectures must be; but a single phase of history and thought is illustrated with great copiousness and minuteness. We do not remember many pages more striking than the Second Lecture on the ‘Early Struggles of the Church,’ in which we find a very picturesque grouping of the opposing parties, religious and political, and of the influences, social and literary, which arose at this eventful period of the fifth century, were in collision, or in mutual absorbence. Mr. Lee does not write as an optimist; but he evidently intends to convey the important lesson that whatever the immediate—and from the nature of the case, they must always, at any given time, be exceptional—trials and difficulties of the Church among ourselves, still the Church has surmounted equal or

worse troubles. This is the teaching of Church History, and we expect much from Mr. Lee's labours in this field.

Mr. Cayley is known as a poet; he has translated Dante in such a style that his version is considered classical. And if we wanted proofs that he is a poet, we should find it even in the little volume of raving absurdity which he has sent us, called 'Psyche's Interludes' (Longman). Of course it is only meant as a joke: a sort of dismal jest at some of Mr. Browning's grotesqueness of style, and at some of the eccentricities of imagery and tactic of Mr. Alexander Smith and the school of Festus and Balder. The subjects of Mr. Cayley's jokes are generally some of the beautiful legends of Greece; the fortunes of Daphne have been caricatured already (Bland's Anthology). Here is Mr. Cayley's Phœbus *loquitur*, in the well-known Love-chase—

"May Cerberus kill her!"

He bawled, and forwards tumbled:

"Stay, proud Peneid! Zeus! where is she hid?"

His flesh for thorns he fumbled.

Then o'er the crags, and through the snags,

By fens and falls he chased her,

Like some outrageous, Anthropophageous,

Moor hankering to taste her.—P. 18.

And this is the style in which Mr. Cayley renders the combat between Castor and Pollux, and Lynceus and Idas.

'Up, sabre, hence! a finer fence

Remember, if possessing!

A steel-glov'd Hand, as heavy as brand,

Comes through thy see-saw pressing.

'His wind it quashes, his feature smashes,

His knees the flung Leg staggers;

Down, monstrous form! sink, battle's storm!—

Look if Jove's Pugilist swaggers.—P. 36.

Occasionally, however, there are glimpses which lead to the melancholy suspicion that Mr. Cayley is serious all the time. If so, his little volume certainly takes rank among the Curiosities of Literature.

Bengel's 'Gnomon of the New Testament' is a work which will always command respect, and it is surprising how little of its contents has to be modified by recent critical studies. An English translation has been published by Clark, of Edinburgh, under careful editorship. The first and third volumes have reached us, and we can speak highly of the labours bestowed upon them, especially on the first volume, translated by Mr. James Bandinel. For a single commentary, critical and exegetical, it is probably not yet surpassed. The present editors have done well in incorporating from Wordsworth, Alford, and writers of our own time.

'Omphalos' (Van Voorst) is the curious title prefixed by Mr. Gosse to a curious and ambitious work, in which, with greater good feeling than success, he endeavours to 'untie the geological knot.' Now from the

assumption of the fact—on which, by the way, much learned trifling has been expended—that Adam was created in umbilical perfection, Mr. Gosse argues that this material world was also created, with its existing strata, its fossil floras and faunas—that is, with fossil skeletons of creatures which never had life—also at a single and momentary development. This principle he styles *prochronism*. Mr. Granville Penn has, we believe, anticipated this hypothesis; but it yet has to be received by men of science, either material or theological. Mr. Gosse is at home with the sea-anemones. In these fields of disquisition we desire abler apologists.

We hope some day to do more than announce the publication of M. Albert de Broglie's '*L'Eglise et l'Empire Romain au IV^{ème} Siècle*' (Paris: Didier). Two volumes have appeared, embracing the reign of Constantine. This work must command a European reputation, written as it is with calmness and in the spirit of a constitutionalist—recommendations alone sufficient to engage its earnest study among ourselves. A subsidiary Essay, at the end of the first volume, on the critical standard to which the Gospel history is to be subjected, is written with great ability; and we find repeated references to many of our English authors on the constitution of the Church. Were France other than it is, its Church would gratefully accept this great work.

'The History and Antiquities of the Cathedral Church of St. Canice' (Hodges and Smith), by Messrs. Graves and Prim, is one of the most handsome and complete monographs which we have recently met with. St. Canice, we must remark, is in modern English, Kilkenny. It is full of archaeological and ecclesiastical information, and shows what might be done with a *Hibernia Sacra*. The matter of most obvious regret is the desolating feeling that there is but little chance, under the general auspices of the Irish Church, of seeing this sumptuous church restored. In Kilkenny, we have only entered into the heritage of faith to despoil it. The only sign of hope in the Church is the tomb, so costly and appropriate, lately erected to the memory of the pious and excellent Marquis of Ormonde.

'Bishop Bethell's Sermons' (Rivingtons) display the old-fashioned theology of an old-fashioned man—high praise both in their admirable writer's estimation and in our own. Few have done more to keep up the old spirit and character of the Church of England than the good and octogenarian Bishop of Bangor. He is, with one other, the last of a noble race: may they long be preserved to that Church which they have adorned! This volume, at any rate, is a precious legacy.

A learned, and at the same time an instructive and readable volume, is to be found in Dr. Daubeny's '*Lectures on Roman Husbandry*' (Clarendon Press). It is something more than this, for it is a full treatise on botany and natural history, as known to the ancients.

The '*Purgatory of Prisoners*' (Masters) is the curious title—and one the propriety of which may be questioned—of Mr. Orby Shipley's inquiry into the results of the improved treatment of criminals in the Irish gaols. It consists in interposing a transitional period of refuge between imprisonment and pardon. The pamphlet is written with great ability, and

exhibits the results of much personal inquiry and research. The Smithfield establishment, or Reformatory, in Dublin, seems to be most successful as an educational institution. Mr. Shipley assures us that he witnessed satisfactory replies from the convicts to the following questions:—
 'The two greatest events in the world. When the moon is fullest, to what is it in opposition? The class from which riches spring. Faraday's life. Magellan and Sir F. Drake's voyages. Venus' speed of motion. Causes of so many social crimes. The first European coast the Atlantic washes. Anecdote by Mr. Organ on intoxication. Theory of tides, and their phenomena. Birthplace of our blessed Lord. Dimensions of Australia. Anecdote of Alexander the Great. Population of the globe. The moon's position and motion. Height of the tides at S. Helena. Effect of the pressure of the air. The four last things to be remembered by all. Peculiarity of the climate of Asia. Adam's age at Seth's birth. The wisest law ever given. The cultivation of cotton. How sea-water is preserved from putrefaction. Oceans at North Pole. Our blessed Lord's words on bad example. Population of Belfast in 1851. Advantages derived from tides, especially in rivers, and where most regular. Sons of Jacob and their mothers. Part of Asia first inhabited. Two first words of the last lecture. Adam's life after Seth's birth. Russian seas. Captain Cook's death. Volcanoes in Victoria. The ancient theory of tides. Boundaries of Asia. America discovered. Our ancestor amongst Noah's sons. Geometrical definition of a globe. Date of Noah's entry into the Ark—day, month, and year; and the clean and unclean animals he selected. Four rivers of Eden. At what depth water is as heavy as quicksilver. Length, breadth, area, and population of London. Nelson's death. Invention of printing. Length of Liverpool docks. Discovery of the Ladrone Islands. Size and height of the Pyramids. Political divisions of Europe. Free towns of Germany. Polar diameter of the earth. How long are we bound to obey the laws of man? to which the answer given was, "As long as they do not oppose the laws of God."—Pp. 77, 78. It becomes a serious question, whether the Examiners for the Civil Service ought not to draw their candidates from this promising source? Making some allowance for Mr. Shipley's enthusiasm, however, we must observe, with all seriousness, that the principle which he advocates is a sound one, and supports the most complete test—it is a success.

'Twelve Sermons from the Quaresimale of F. Paolo Segneri,' translated by Mr. Prebendary Ford (Masters), is an extremely valuable work. We own to be of those who never heard of this extraordinary man, and we owe a debt of gratitude to Mr. Ford for correcting our ignorance. Segneri was the preacher of Italy in the seventeenth century; and his works have been translated into almost every European language. The present volume consists of his series of Lent Sermons, and more awakening and piercing sermons we never read. Of course, they must be understood as having been delivered without book; but though inartificial and abrupt, and vehement in style, they must have been well thought out. We counsel nobody to reproduce them, still less to read them to an ordinary English

congregation in church : for this purpose they are undoubtedly unfit, as are the greatest even of the great French Sermons. But for those, and they are many, who want to know how to preach 'converting' sermons, here is an extant specimen of what told wonderfully, and the like of which alone will ever tell. An Italian audience and an Italian orator are presupposed ; but the substance of these most vivid and practical sermons is for all men and for all times. The Italian Jesuit, for such he was, knew most intimately the social condition of the people he was addressing : and if we are to have Exeter Hall Sermons, and if we can make sure of congregations of irreligious men, this is the sort of thing we want ; and it is exactly the sort of thing which the published Exeter Hall Sermons are not. Here every man is addressed as a sinner, and in terms the most severe, and with the utmost keenness and even invective of rebuke, but still all are appealed to as Christian sinners. The peculiarity of the style, merely in its rhetorical aspect, is the interrogative form of the rhetoric—a mode at once the most natural, and because the most natural, therefore the most neglected among us.

There are very few books on the pastoral office from which good is not to be had : one of the worst Bishops who ever sat on an English throne has written what is still, and always will be, a classic work on the ministerial duties. Where Burnet has succeeded, it is impossible to fail. Mr. Ashton Oxenden, in his 'Pastoral Office' (Wertheim), is one who ought on no account to be mentioned in the same breath with the author of the 'Pastoral Care.' He is, though influenced by a school of theology with which our sympathies are not close, much larger in spirit than its narrow and pedantic traditions ; and in the little volume before us he has produced an admirable manual ; not the less so because so much of it is adapted from various sources. No Church has failed in producing such manuals, and their multiplication is, at any rate, a proof of the assiduity and care—at least, compared with past days—with which, in all its fields, the vineyard of the Church is attempted to be cultivated.

We are not very partial to religious allegories : a theological metaphor is like an epigram in five acts. With this protest against this form of didactic writing, we can afford to say that 'The Glorious City,' by M. A. O. (Masters), is an average—perhaps more than an average—specimen of religious allegory. But while we think the authoress was right in not venturing to publish it without 'the sanction of a clergyman of the Church of England,' we regret that the reverend adviser's *imprimatur* was given to such a very lady-like bit of classicity as the name *Debola*, the weak child of the story.

The publishers and editors of such a book as 'Paradise Kept' have something to answer for. (We suppress the publisher's name, which is respectable.) It is the work of a lunatic ; and, as a mere matter of charity, of course there is no harm in allowing one so afflicted free access to pen and ink. And if the ravings take a religious form, we can always comfort ourselves that a diseased brain might have spent itself on other and worse subjects. But to print such effusions is something more than a mistake :

it is a gross profanity and irreverence. What if this sort of thing were to fall into the hands of Messrs. Holyoake and Hetherington! If this is Christianity, and is to be sent into the world without protest, and with all seriousness, and under the auspices of those whose name on a title-page is claimed not only as a guarantee for decency, but as an appeal for confidence, what are we to say to the scoffer and unbeliever? Did Nat Lee, in the wildest frenzies of Bedlam, ever indite anything worse than this, taken quite at hazard, from 'a poem' of about 3,000 lines?—

'Man's ad-option

Follows schooling. Schooled under law were all
Whom Moses and Elias schooled. No less
These needed schooling of stern pedagogues
Than Jacob schooling needed. Zebedee's
Sons, Boanerges, these were. So no son
Of consolation thence arose, nor sons
Who knew What Spirit they were of, as did
Simon when into Peter changed, and sons
Of Zebedee wrought unto Love, having
Cast off their birth-sin with its lusts. Left in
Puerile condition, a seed half-formed
Were Jews. But leaves, not first-ripe fig, their spring
Did show. Mere servants *in condition*, not
Sons matured, were those whom the LORD did rule
With terrors, as con-cluded under sin,
And shut up to the faith to be revealed
When CHRIST should come to set at liberty
The prisoners of hope. His prisoners
GOD despiseth not. These, in due time, CHRIST
Redeemed from thrall, and nurtured not with milk
And worldly rudimenta, but with Grace and
Truth meet for ad-opted sons. Skilful in
The Word of Righteousness are these. Perfect
The imperfect now are made in CHRIST.—Pp. 161, 162.

Nemesis, however, has reached John Milton at any rate: his 'Plea for the liberty of unlicensed Printing' is sufficiently avenged by this insane caricature of *Paradise Lost*.

There is something which we are not anxious to inquire into, which makes Mr. J. C. Chambers' parting with his congregation at S. Vinian's painful and distressing. But, apart from this the concluding sermon, there is much in his 'Sermons preached at Perth' (Masters), from which preachers may learn. He enlarges a good deal on the sacramental system, but with a view to making it a reality rather than a theory: and though occasionally we detect traces of exaggerated thought, or perhaps of thought sharpened by personal feeling, on the whole we have not met with a recent volume so full of promise and of such genial language as Mr. Chambers'.

'George Wither's Hallelujah' (J. R. Smith). This is the reprint of Wither's 'Britain's *Second Remembrancer*,'—a book so rare that only two

copies are known. The editor thinks that its intrinsic merits are sufficient to justify the present publication: we think that the archæological is better than the poetical argument for the reprint. It is of that school of which George Herbert is the best, and likely to be the only popular, example.

'Churches, Sects, and Religious Parties; or, Some Motives for every Conversion to the Catholic Church. By a Master of Arts, formerly a Clergyman of the Established Church' (Dolman), is not what one would expect from its title. It is neither argumentative nor controversial; but a small, gossiping, twaddling book, full of anecdotes, and what the newspapers call *gobe-moucherie*. Occasionally these funny little stories—as is the tendency of this sort of things—are mendacious. Here is a specimen. 'In "Devotions" published by him [Bishop Ken, "the great idol of Tractarianism"], he admitted, or seemed to admit, transubstantiation, and the ministry of angels towards men; but being accused of holding these doctrines, he coolly published a second edition, in which they were expunged, and used much special pleading to show that he had never intended to teach them.' Now, without pausing on the word 'transubstantiation,' we beg to ask for the authority of this, in which there is not one word of truth. Again, on the same page (p. 97), we are told that 'Dr. Paley maintained, when preaching on the text, "Ye are washed, ye are justified," &c., that these words were appropriate enough to the first days of the Gospel, but that it would be absurd to look for anything analogous to them in the condition of Christianity at the present time.' Now, we are no great admirers of Dr. Paley, and perhaps 'the Master of Arts' may have heard 'Dr. Paley maintain, when preaching,' as above. If so, it is a pity that he did not say so. For ourselves, we can only say that our printed edition of Dr. Paley makes no mention of any 'sermon on the text "Ye are washed," &c.' So as at present advised, we have only to remark, that there are two lies on one page. After these two instances, the writer asks, 'Need more be said to show the feelings of Protestants towards the supernatural?'—a question as weighty and conclusive as it would be, were we, after convicting our friend of these two little fictions, to ask, 'Need more be said to show the estimate entertained by Papists towards matters of fact?' *Falsus in uno, falsus in omnibus*.

Dr. Monsell's 'Spiritual Songs' (J. W. Parker) are pretty, and they reflect the soft and gentle 'orange groves' under which they were composed. If they do not soar, they do not creep; and since a main function of religious poetry is to soothe and soften, we may pronounce a favourable judgment on a volume which, if it is written after the 'Christian Year,' and walks on a lower level, is the production of a pious and cultivated mind.

A reprint of several articles, which have from time to time appeared in our contemporary, *The Ecclesiastic*, is before us, under the title of 'The Spirit of the Church' (Masters). If we are unable to perceive that they piece so artistically together as to answer to the somewhat exhaustive promise of the title, we may observe that as a collection of illustrative essays they have high value. The aim of the series is entirely practical:

they illustrate principles, and show the sacramental theory of the Church at work ; and giving, in its formal applications of doctrine, ritual, pastoral, with devotional efficiency. We especially select for commendation, a paper on the 'History of the Church of England since the Reformation,'—one on 'Sermons,'—and one on the 'Theory of Christian Worship.' To candidates for Orders, and for clergymen disposed to make their system one of use, this book is full of useful hints : and if we recommend it rather as a counsellor than a guide, we are led to this hint only because we observe occasionally hasty, or exaggerated language, which, not out of place in an occasional paper, is, perhaps, inconsistent with the spirit of a formal treatise.

Of course, the recent discussions on the alleged necessity for shortening the offices of the Church, have introduced a whole crop of proposed and suggested Prayer-Books. They are remarkable chiefly as showing, that their authors are as ignorant of the principles as—say—the compilers of our occasional Forms of Prayer, whenever they deviate from the tram-road of precedent. Here is an 'Order of Prayer, compiled from the Liturgy of the Church of England' (Dalton), which it is not, being compiled from the Morning and Evening Offices. It shows chiefly that the compiler has not the least glimpse of the *rationale* of the Prayer-Book. Impressed as we thought with right principles, he begins the Morning Office, 'O Lord, open thou our lips,' &c. ; but then, anxious not to offend other views, he actually inserts the Sentence, 'Confession and Absolution after the Creed.' The Collect, Epistle, and Gospel, and Creed, being transferred to the Morning Office ; the Liturgy, properly so called, is left deficient in these, which in so many ages of the Church have been considered essentials—and the Athanasian Creed is omitted.

In connexion with this subject, we have to acknowledge Mr. Henry Drummond's suggestive and thoughtful little tract, 'The Rationale of Liturgies and of Public Worship' (Bosworth).

A 'Catena' of authorities with regard to the 'Altar and the Eucharistic Sacrifice,' by Mr. Murray of Chislehurst (Masters), adds another valuable publication to the list of authorities in favour of a doctrine of the Church ; which, if it could be vindicated by the usual aids of reason and testimony, we need not despair of retaining. But against these are ignorance in high places, and prejudice among the people ; and, worse than all, unfaithfulness in the teachers : and the odds are unequal.

It is perhaps invidious to specify preachers as of remarkable excellence : but as there probably exist between Mr. Hampden Gurney and ourselves various points of difference, we shall not be misunderstood when we pronounce his sermons—taking into account the sort of congregation among whom he ministers—to be among the very best of the day. We at least do not know their equals. The 'Moral of a Sad Story' (Rivingtons) consists of four Sermons on the Indian calamities, marked by unusual eloquence, high principle, and an entire absence of party spirit. In elucidative notes, he deals a well-deserved castigation on the unprincipled language of the newspaper press on the missionary question : and, in all

his publications, we discern that rare merit in a public man—that of daring to be unpopular.

On this subject, we have to specify several single sermons. 1. Mr. Garden's 'Vengeance Right and Holy' (Rivingtons). The question, we think, is a practical one. We may endorse Mr. Garden's thesis that vengeance is only a form of justice: but the thing to be guarded against is the popular feeling which certainly does confuse revenge with vengeance. Mr. Garden draws the distinction theoretically and with his customary ability, and no doubt he would always practise it, though an ominous passage in his preface leads us to hesitate: 'We may be thankful,' he observes, in a quiet parenthesis, 'that a better clearance of perplexity is likely to be given to those who have most immediately to discharge such duties [*i.e.* of vengeance] than any logic or rhetoric of ours could furnish—the clearance afforded by time, place, incident, and call for immediate action,' which we translate into the observation, that an army in the mad license of a successful sack is the best judge of the character, and degree, and application of vengeance—a position which we beg to deny. Read by this lurid light, this able sermon would seem to be an apology for the calm suggestion which has actually been made, that we ought to make Delhi as Sodom and Gomorrah; or for the horrible fact, which has been executed, of reducing peaceful communities to the state of the villages of the plain. We are sure that Mr. Garden does not mean this. 2. 'India and Retribution,' by Mr. Miller, of Bognor (Chichester: Mason), a warm-hearted and eloquent Sermon, which, though less philosophical, comes much to Mr. Garden's conclusion. 3. 'The Indian Sorrow,' by Dr. Vaughan, of Harrow (Rivingtons), an extremely thoughtful sermon, with an admirable narrative, strikingly illustrated, of the duty and blessedness of witnessing a good confession. 4. 'Our Unfaithfulness, and God's Judgments,' by Dr. Irons (Masters), marked by the preacher's eloquence and ability. 5. 'The Judgment of God on our National Sin,' by Mr. Davies, of Womersley (Masters). 6. One by Mr. Barrett, at Paddington (Rivingtons). 7. An anonymous, but able Sermon, preached at the 'Catholic Apostolic Church, in Gordon Square,' (Bosworth), in which are some strong and useful warnings on national apostasy.

'Presbyterian Liturgies, with specimens of Form of Prayer for Public Worship, as used in the Continental, Reformed, and American Churches:' by a Minister of the Church of Scotland, (Edinburgh: Macphail), is a remarkable work. It is very cautious and tentative, and suggests with great diffidence the necessity of superseding the Presbyterian service by worship. Here is the principle: and the details will follow. If this is admitted, we have no fear for the result. The present author knows as well as we do that all forms short of those of the Catholic Church are sure to fail. Those to which he appeals, and which he recommends only because they are not Anglican, are not in use. Knox's Liturgy was a complete failure. We suppose that this pamphlet—and it was suggested, by Mr. Binney's report and recommendation, for American publication, having the same object—was not ventured upon without the conviction that it represented a growing feeling; and from the existence of that feeling we augur

much. It is not, however, so well known as it should be, that in the Old Greyfriars Church at Edinburgh the pews and galleries are abolished; a service with congregational responses is used; the morning service is entirely ritual, without a sermon; the people are required to kneel at prayer, and to stand at the Psalms; and painted glass and an afternoon sermon proclaim the principles of the last age of Presbyterianism in its most sacred spot. Another curious fact produced in this pamphlet, is that the preacher at Crathie is in the habit, when the Queen attends, 'of making free and ample use of the Liturgy of the Church of England,'—and yet John Knox does not rise from his grave.

In preference to any remarks of our own on the great, and, to churchmen, engrossing subject of the Divorce Law, we prefer to make a long extract from the Bishop of Oxford's recent 'Charge:—

'Most dangerous consequences seem to me too likely to follow from such a state of things. For, first, such an opposition between the law of the land and the law of the Church tends, more than any thing else, to dissolve that union between the Church and the State in this land, which has for so many years yielded such blessings to both. And accordingly, this enactment was advocated in Parliament by the bitter enemies of Church establishments, with insulting taunts at our captive condition, and insulting invitations to us to save ourselves from the immorality of our new position by quitting the Established Church and joining their ranks: and next, and beyond this, such legislation seems to me to involve principles which are directly at variance with the claims of Christianity itself, to be the revelation of the will of God. For if the Church of Christ does in God's word, the Creeds, and the like, possess such a revelation, and if her laws are the transcript and expression of it, then to allow any body external to herself to alter those laws, is to allow it to tamper with the revelation; it is allowing that the State possesses the right of dictating what we, as the authorized clergy, shall or shall not teach as the truth of God; a concession absolutely subversive of the claim of the Church to have received and to set forth a revelation from God Himself. And if, once more, we would estimate to what consequences such a concession may soon practically lead in our own case, we must take into account this further consideration—that under our representative form of government, the most active powers of the State are wielded by the majority of a body into which are freely admitted those who avowedly oppose all our distinctive teaching.

'Nor let it be said that these conclusions are in any degree avoided by the paltry concession that, as to one class of such marriages, the State does not require of individual clergymen the active violation of their own consciences. In truth, it seems to me that in this whole course of vicious legislation this so-called concession is the most faulty spot—faulty every way: as sheltering no principle, and involving fresh confusion; as in no respect preserving the Church's truth, and yet as yielding to the scruples of individuals what, as individuals, they have no right to ask. For if that which is enacted be not a violation of the Church's law, then no clergyman has any right to entertain private scruples as to obeying the enactment; and to yield him an immunity as to obedience is to injure those who have

* ‘a right to his services, and it is to set a perilous example of allowing public officers, on the plea of private opinions, to violate that law which is to be the common rule of all. But if, on the other hand, that which is enacted is a violation of the Church’s law, then no clergyman ought to be allowed to perform it—not because his act would cross any scruples of his own, or even because it would violate his own conscience, but because it violates the law of his Church, and so is an injury, an insult, and a degradation to that Church, and to every member of it. For I am most anxious that you, my lay brethren, should distinctly understand that this is not a question concerning us of the clergy with any particularity of application to ourselves, but that it concerns every one of you equally;—equally, certainly, as to the maintenance of that sanctity of marriage on which the family happiness of England so absolutely rests; and not less so as to the maintenance for our Church of its true character as a divine, and not a human, institution. For the purity of the faith, and the certainty of its being propounded to us by divine authority, are treasures just as precious to you as to us; and it is these, and not our scruples, which are brought in question by this act. For if a body external to the Church can claim a right of altering God’s law in the Church as to holy matrimony, it may at any time claim the same right as to holy baptism, as to the Lord’s Supper, or even as to our Creeds themselves. And remember that this is no question as to who has, in the Church, the right of revising such matters: I am not arguing that this rests with the clergy rather than with the laity, but merely that the right is inalienable from the Church herself; that it is a power which she cannot abdicate in favour of any external body, but must use herself, in whatever way or degree it belongs to her laity, her clergy, and her bishops, according to Christ’s ordinance, to exercise it lawfully.

‘It is, believe me, most important that the clergy and the laity of our Church should weigh this matter well; for, depend upon it, if this alteration is successfully established, the principle involved in it will not long be allowed to sleep. The same external power which has interfered with the Church’s law of marriage will interfere with her Book of Common Prayer; and we shall have the attempt made, from the vantage-ground of previously-permitted encroachment, to thrust upon us an altered or bracketed Prayer-book. There were two ways in which these evils might have been avoided. First, in exact harmony with the best precedents of the best times, the English Church might have been required, as she was required at the time of our Reformation, to reconsider the enactments of her law upon this subject, and to see whether, in accordance with the law of God, they could be altered: and I am far from meaning to dogmatise as to what relaxations in the desired direction she might or might not have found herself able to allow. Or secondly, the State might have considered what marriages she believed to be expedient for her subjects, and then have provided for their legal celebration by that system of civil contracts for which the full machinery is already provided, and at work. For as to these marriages, the authority of the State is rightfully supreme. Unhappily, neither of these courses was adopted, whilst the dangerous line which has been followed was expounded and justified by

‘ the yet more threatening assertion of the Attorney-General, that it was
 ‘ the duty of the clergy, as ministers of the national Church, to do whatever the
 ‘ State ordered; drawing therein a picture of a national Church as being neces-
 ‘ sarily so utterly degraded, because it is national, so incapable of retaining
 ‘ truth, so demoralized in character, so powerless as a witness or instrument
 ‘ for God, that the bitterest invectives of her bitterest enemy never repre-
 ‘ sented her as more hopelessly subject to all the weakness and ignominy of
 ‘ a shameful slavery.

‘ Even in the despotic kingdom of Prussia no such servile yoke has been
 ‘ imposed on her Protestant Establishment; for whilst by the civil law
 ‘ divorce is freely allowed, the law of her synod is so scrupulously enforced,
 ‘ that none of her ministers are permitted by it, or compelled by the State,
 ‘ to celebrate such marriages.

‘ Our duty under these painful circumstances seems to me to be plain.
 ‘ We cannot let the matter rest where it is: whether or not we think that
 ‘ the innocent party ought to be set free from an adulterous union, and
 ‘ suffered to marry again, is not the question; it is, whether for ourselves
 ‘ and our children we can permit the Church of this land to be degraded
 ‘ from being a witness for God, to being a mere earthly machinery to speak
 ‘ the words which, from time to time, the State may be pleased to put into
 ‘ her mouth; and against this we ought to protest, by requiring that these
 ‘ marriages which the State resolves to legalize, whilst the Church’s law
 ‘ forbids their being celebrated as holy matrimony, should be contracted
 ‘ before the civil magistrate, without the profanation of our appointed
 ‘ prayers, through their use in cases to which these words cannot honestly
 ‘ apply, or the degradation of our Apostolic Church, by having variations
 ‘ in doctrines of the faith, as she has once for all received it, dictated to her
 ‘ by a merely earthly authority.’—Pp. 56—61.

Herein, we think, is practical wisdom. We have no hope whatever of
 influencing the legislature to alter the existing laws: all of us must face
 this danger, perhaps it becomes the duty, of submitting to what seems to
 be the only remedy,—the State’s recognition of the civil contract alone.
 Whatever comes of it to the State, this is, we fear, the only path of safety
 for the Church.

THE
CHRISTIAN REMEMBRANCER.

APRIL, 1858.

- ART. I.—1. *Educational Census, 1850.* By HORACE MANN, Esq.
2. *Public Education.* By SIR JAMES KAY SHUTTLEWORTH.
Chapter on 'Charitable Trusts.'
3. *Statute passed by the University of Oxford, June 18, 1857.*
Oxford University Press.
4. *Regulations for carrying the above Statute into effect.* Oxford:
November 12, 1857. University Press.
5. *Middle Class Education. Scheme of the West of England*
Examination and Prizes for June, 1857, &c. &c. By T. D.
ACLAND, Esq. Third Edition. London: J. Ridgway.
6. *Middle Class Education, &c. II.* London: J. Ridgway.
7. *Middle Class Education, &c. III.* London: J. Ridgway.
8. *A Brief Statement of the Origin, Object, and present Progress*
of the Scheme for the Examination of Middle or Commercial
Schools, as proposed by the University of Oxford. Issued by
order of the West Riding Local Committee in aid of the above
Scheme. Leeds: Charles Goodall.

SINCE education is the water-shed of diffusion for all the influences which fertilise society for good, the general mass of our fellow-countrymen can only rise in the arts of life, in literature, or in politics, to whatever level this enables them to reach. And the larger the body of electors, or of persons whose votes and voices have an ultimate and deliberate influence over grave affairs of state, the more conspicuously marked is the operation of this rule; nor is there any truth which—during the quarter of a century now passed, since the Reform Bill enlarged and altered that electoral body—has more decisively ruled the facts of the national life. That body is now so large, that its mistakes, when committed by the whole or a great majority of it, are a far greater danger to the State than the clamour or the violence of those who only can influence

the laws by petition or by insurrection. Commerce, trade, and skilled labour having become, since the Reform Bill, the influential interest—for, though the results of that measure were slowly ripened, they are now unmistakeably pronounced—whatever prejudice this influential section may adopt, or whatever false principle it may foster, has a greater weight of mischief than it could have when it infected a smaller electoral body, and when there was a larger outlying ‘proletarian’ mass, whose known wants and declared feelings might be corrective of its danger. Extended manufactures tend to multiply shops. It was almost prophetic when the first Napoleon reviled us as being a ‘nation of shopkeepers.’ The retail interest, indeed, condenses most powerfully those more sordid features in our national character, on which an enemy delights to dwell; but it has, besides, since then, left the trace of those features in public measures, and embraces most fondly those public men who most conspicuously possess them. The retailers, then, are the class who furnish those voters who are just within the qualification for the franchise; and, since the lowest class of those who enjoy that qualification will always be the most numerous, it is, above all, most important to prevent false notions in politics from gaining general acceptance among them. This, however, is only possible by the general precaution of raising their standard of mental culture, and diffusing sound principles of opinion and action. Now the great body of smaller shopkeepers and superior artisans, throughout the area of England and Wales, are precisely the class for whom education has done least. Those who have given, more decidedly than any others, a colour and a character to our national policy for nearly a generation past, have done so by acquiring influence in proportion as they have been growing, relatively to other classes of the community; less capable of exercising it on high principles; less generally intelligent; and more devoted to the isolated interests and short-sighted views of their class.

Adam Smith long since pointed out that the secret of the political influence of the commercial class lay in their more careful study and exacter knowledge—not of what was fittest for the policy of the country as a whole, but what suited best the interests of their own class. Men engaged in trade know better what they mutually want, because they have a constant intercourse always bearing on the subject. A thousand shops or warehouses stand more compactly than a thousand farms or sheep-walks. They are in necessary contact; and the contagion of keen self-interest, which this produces, mingles in the breath of their lives, like the physical malaria of a crowded dwelling. This self-interest, thus strongly concentrated, stands

in stead of wider general knowledge, and is influential in spite of the mean and narrow views which superficial and meagre education encourages, and mischievous in consequence of them. That the influential body in question enjoy their predominance, is the, perhaps inevitable, result of our national growth; but that they exercise it with ignorance, prejudice, and a general absence of intelligence, is chargeable mainly on the neglect of a better educational provision for them in a previous age; and if the next generation complain that petty artifices and time-serving expedients infect more and more the counsels of the nation, the blame will rest still more largely with ourselves, in proportion to our clearer view of the relation of cause and effect between this deficiency and that incapacity.

The tendencies generated in every such political swamp, as a borough given over to the retail interest at present exhibits, filter gradually into the House of Commons; but never, perhaps, have so largely adulterated its mass as after the general election of the present year. Probably never was so large a proportion of the members returned stamped with local littleness, and fettered with the strong pledges which make men behave weakly. The inclination of the retail mind is, to trust its representatives as little as possible, and to eschew long credit in politics—as it does in trade. Hence the rejection, in some recent instances, of men whose life, in the public eye, gave them a claim to an independence of mind, in favour of others not holding different views, but of similar opinions, more narrowly held and with a shorter range of political vision. It was, doubtless, because local self-government gave a practical vent to the busy-bodies of the town-hall, the vestry, and the platform, that their deleterious influence on our Parliamentary majorities was less manifest for a while. It is now, however, both apparent and real. The penny post, the penny press, and the cheap telegraph, give instant force to the reaction of public opinion from behind the counters of Little Peddlington on the views and votes of the members for that famous borough. Indeed, did not the physical necessities of space forbid it, we should hear of the Little Peddlingtonians arriving, *en masse*, by parliamentary train, to ‘sit under’ their member in the House of Commons itself,—if the position be predicable of those who listen in the gallery to one speaking from the floor.

We may gather another hint, tending in the same direction, from popular literature. The consumption of novels marks, indeed, all classes too promiscuously to be charged on men of any occupation, whether wholesale or retail. Books of every kind, too, are more easily obtained in towns; and, of course, where reading of every calibre is equally accessible, a taste for

trashy reading will be more extensively developed. But this becomes a more serious omen for evil when it combines with an absence of relish for standard works of the more solid kind. The reserve of better minds, bent on strengthening their native powers and informing their capacities, is, no doubt, more rare than it ought to be, even in that social class whose leisure is most abundant, and whose education may be supposed to have lightened the irksomeness of study by improving the powers which it exercises. But in the body of smaller shopkeepers and superior artisans it almost disappears; nay, with such exceptions as prove the rule, the margin in question becomes evanescent. Not only are novels found to be the leading article in demand at the Mechanics' Institute, the members of which are most frequently young tradesmen, warehousemen, &c.; but when their appetite for light and less substantial literature has passed away or cooled down, no desire for more solid mental *pabulum* seems to survive. What books are commonly found by those who are familiar with the *penates* of the ten-pound householder? A few faded elder volumes, which have descended as heir-looms from a grandfather who held up his head and was better off in the world, may stand by the family Bible, or flank the tea-caddy; and a few more of mushroom divinity—probably the sermons of the favourite preacher of either head of the family—are all that there is to fill the gap between these and the inevitable serials whose tattered array closes the scanty catalogue. There is a deficiency beyond the necessity of circumstances, and in spite of the abundance of cheap and good materials for its supply; and this points to the absence of any due stimulus applied in early years to those faculties which ripen into the most ordinary degree of literary taste, and into a moderate love for a book worthy 'the coin of the Sosii.'

But another, and, perhaps, a more practical mark of the low degree of mental cultivation shown by the class in question, may be derived from what experience leads us to observe of the capacities of common jurors. It has been indeed asserted, that counsel, after some years' practice—at least in the metropolis—find the same set of jurors, with but scanty variations, recurring; and are enabled to study, with a pointed effect on the verdict, a proportionably narrower circle of prejudices, and to flatter a slenderer array of weak points. If this be true, it tends to show that the juror benefits little by the experience of public duty; and that, instead of suspecting the silver-tongued deference of the bar, he becomes more securely fascinated and more easily cajoled by its satirical tribute to his 'intelligence.' But whether the statement be well-founded or not, it is no-

torious in how small quantities does the salt of cultivated common sense pervade the common-jury box,—how gross is the obliquity of a juror's moral vision where the field of view includes some popular prejudice,—how impossible in some counties or boroughs it is for a certain class of questions to be fairly tried, or for particular individuals, whatever their cause, to obtain a just verdict.

These remarks apply principally to the smaller voters in towns, but the crassitude of the parallel class in rural districts is even more marked, in proportion as there the labourers benefit more largely by the educational sympathies of the gentry, and especially of the clergy. Were not the purses of the latter ruinously overtaxed by their unselfish efforts to bear what ought to be the burden of the State, we should, no doubt, have had by this time every form of possible experiment tried with the view of providing schools,—the benefit of which the yeomanry might have been not unwilling to partake.

The success of Dean Dawes, at King's Somborne, in drawing at once the children of the farmer and his labourer, probably requires such an union of peculiar personal gifts with good opportunities as we can seldom expect to see. Nor are there wanting, in great towns, examples of schools where a sense of the superiority of the education casts out the pride of class, and leads opulent shopkeepers and the gradually widening class called 'professional men' to let their children learn on the same bench with those of the porter and the journeyman. If the experiment of such intermixture—for as yet it cannot claim the rank of an ascertained result—which is here and there being attempted, should be accepted and prevail, we may look for a marked change in the course of another generation of schoolmasters. But, at present, there is no doubt that the sons of tradesmen miss the enlarging influence which public-school education gives to those who, in wealth and social station, are above them; they miss its healthy mixture of minds, and perpetually elastic rebound of thought and feeling amongst its young members. Tradesmen, and their cognate genera, will not, we incline to think, ever originate for themselves any scholastic institution worth transmitting to their sons, when the latter in their turn have become fathers. If they ever quit the low ground on which, contentedly imperfect in respect of education, they at present lie, it must, apparently; be through being drawn more largely into a medium which others share. The great initial difficulty will be to make them feel that their presence there is not unwelcome. Till this is done, and perhaps for some time afterwards, they will adhere to the 'classical and commercial academy,' and restrict their

notion of what is good for the young mind by the natural question of what will replenish the till. That parent is a *rara avis* who thinks he needs advice how to educate his son. And, as usual in more momentous matters, those who need counsel the most are least willing to seek it, or to accept it when offered. Thus it comes to pass that, whilst all other educational agencies are improving around them, they alone retain a languid, and, it is to be hoped, a waning preference for a base type of schools, which, there is some reason to think, never prevailed in any modern country save in this of ours, nor among any save the particular class which we are now considering.

Let us proceed to establish this fact, and to suggest some probable account of it. The following remarks are based on the statements of the Educational Census of 1851; which, however, are less lucid on the whole than might, perhaps, be expected. We direct attention for the present to 'day schools' (report, p. 27), and under that head to 'private schools.' The term 'day' school appears withdrawn from its previous ordinary sense in contradistinction to 'boarding' school, and applied to distinguish, from 'evening' schools, all those in which instruction is given during the day. It appears that returns were received from 26,040 private schools for boys, and 25,932 private schools for girls (total 51,972), and that there were 33,993 boys' schools (12,741 public, and 21,252 private), and 32,928 girls' schools (11,837 public, and 21,091 private), 'concerning which information was given;' hence, it would appear, that the 'information' referred to a total of 42,343 private schools. On the next page (28), are tables (3 and 4) exhibiting the same figures, and distributing over that total of schools and another of scholars found in them, the proportions in which particular studies, made the subject of special inquiry, were pursued. On the next page (29), without any further modifying or explanatory figures, we read—

'A rough attempt to classify, according to efficiency, the 29,425 private schools which sent returns, produced the following result:—

Class 1.	Superior (classical, boarding, proprietary, ladies', &c.)	4,956
„ 2.	Middling (commercial, &c.; teaching arithmetic, English grammar, and geography)	7,095
„ 3.	Inferior (principally <i>dame</i> schools; only reading and writing taught,—the latter not always)	13,879
„ 4.	Undescribed	3,495
		29,425

Now, seeing that the tables (3 and 4), given in the preceding page, furnish detailed statistics of the studies pursued at upwards of *forty thousand* private schools, and that those statistics are

avowedly based on 'information' and 'returns' received from them (p. 27), it is somewhat perplexing to have that total summarily dismissed a page further on, and another of less than *thirty thousand*, in the 'classification according to efficiency,' substituted for it without a word of explanation, and with nothing in the items (given in the tables) to suggest it.

It only remains to conclude that the 29,425 schools referred to offered superior facilities for the classification according to efficiency, and that they may be taken as a large enough specimen (being about 30,000 out of 42,000) to represent the whole number. If the whole 42,000 were distributed in similar proportions under the same heads, we should have the classification of these schools as follows:—

Class 1. Superior	} described as before	7,000	} nearly.
„ 2. Middling		10,000	
„ 3. Inferior		20,000	
„ 4. Undescribed		5,000	
		42,000	nearly.

Now it is beyond doubt that the 10,000 schools which we have supposed as above to belong to the same Class 2, described as 'commercial,' and as 'teaching arithmetic, English grammar, and geography,' are filled from the lower middling class almost without exception, and that they are schools for *boys*. The returns give no clue to the probable average of pupils in each of them. We find, indeed, that fifteen is taken as the probable average number of pupils to each school in Class 3, and suppose that twenty may be no unlikely number for those of the next higher grade. The 10,000 schools of Class 2 would thus contain 200,000 pupils. Now, the Registrar estimates the upper and middle class children (appearing to include all those above the 'working class'), from the age of five to that of fifteen years, at—

500,000 at private schools.
50,000 at public „
50,000 under domestic instruction.
600,000

We find, also, that the 50,000 scholars under domestic tuition consist of 20,000 boys and 30,000 females; in the 50,000 at public schools this proportion would, probably, be reversed or more than reversed; in the 500,000 at private schools the proportion of males to females would, probably, be one of equality, or nearly so. This would give about 250,000 boys at private

schools; and if the odd 50,000 out of this number be allotted to the upper classes,—including those of parents ranging from the highest down to the ‘professional’ and opulent mercantile class,—we should have about 200,000 to represent the boys of the class fit for middle schools, whose number is, probably, not less than quadruple that of those of the ‘upper’ class before distinguished. This number corresponds, with remarkable nearness, with that resulting above from the estimate of pupils in the ‘commercial’ class (No. 2) of classified private schools.

This, then, appears to be the inference to which returns hitherto ascertained conduct our inquiries: that, in the year 1851, the boys who should fill middle schools were found almost wholly frequenting the No. 2 (commercial) class of private schools. With regard to the character of these schools, as regards efficiency, the report is not flattering:—

‘A very considerable number of the present schools and teachers must be looked upon as inefficient. More especially is this the case with many of the private schools; which seem, indeed, on this account, to be in course of gradual extinction; as the public schools increase, from year to year, in numbers and efficiency.’

On which we have the further important comment in a footnote:

‘The number of private schools has not at all increased since 1833 (when Lord Kerry’s defective return reported 29,141, with 732,449 scholars; the present number being 30,324, with 721,396 scholars); while the public schools have increased from 9,830 to 15,518, and the scholars in them from 544,698 to 1,422,982. The proportion of public schools to private, which, in 1833, was as 34 to 100, had so increased, that, in 1851, it was as 51 to 100; while the scholars in public schools, which in 1833 were only in the proportion of 74 to 100 in private schools, had increased, in 1851, to the proportion of 197 in the former to 100 in the latter.’

It is likely, however, that the class of private schools, which has been most largely supplanted by public, is that of No. 3, in the ‘classification according to efficiency,’ described as chiefly ‘dame schools;’ and that their pupils have been, in a great measure, drawn away by the national and similar schools, with the infant schools attached to or included among them; and, therefore, that the ‘commercial’ class, or No. 2, continued up to 1851, mainly to provide for the wants of the boys whose case we are now considering.

No doubt the preceding calculations are open to challenge, and are only offered as an approximate solution of the question, until more precise data are attained for determining it. Some may think that the quadruple proportion of the boys in question to those whose parents are in opulent and independent circumstances, and are employed in the higher mercantile or

in professional pursuits, is too large an one to assume. The point at which the line is drawn, between these social classes, is one not easy to define, and must be allowed to be, in some cases, a fluctuating one. The imperceptible declension of the social classes in this country makes, perhaps, any definite assumption seem arbitrary with regard to them. Many persons belong at one time of their lives to a class below such a line, and at another to one above it; and even a narrower or an ampler scale of business in the same professional employment on the part of the parent might assign the boy to the private commercial or to the public grammar school; so much do men's views and plans, for the present and the future of their children, vary with their means, and with their own personal character, as leading them to undergo a greater or less sacrifice caused by expenses on their children's behalf. For the feelings which dictate such resolves, and for the resources which enable their execution, no human effort of calculation can fix a definite scale. Nay, even the amount of educational endowment which a locality possesses, and the extent to which, by external and accidental circumstances, the general standard of education in a town or village may have been raised or depressed, will often so operate as to increase, in one neighbourhood the number of 'private,' in another the number of 'public' pupils, among the sons of parents who, in other social circumstances, may be similarly situated. Yet, when due allowance has been made for all these perplexing fluctuations, our figures, whether hypothetically framed, or based on such statistics as have been most recently gathered, must be allowed a probable, if not a conclusive weight. Surely, one may say, leaving the question of the numerical proportion of this social class to that, for the moment out of sight, 200,000 is not too large an estimate for the male children of the retailers and higher class artisans in the country in the year 1851, taken between the ages which the registrar has assumed as the general limits of the educational period. It is probable, perhaps, that 200,000 is too small a number, and that the balance find accommodation still in private schools, in those, namely of class 1, described as 'superior,' so far as that class of schools is not appropriated to females, which to a great extent they doubtless are. Then again, the number of 200,000 pupils seems no inadequate one for the 'middling,' or No. 2 class; which, from their descriptive title as 'commercial,' seem chiefly to contemplate male pupils. None are so likely to have recourse to such means of instruction as the parent who is himself engaged in those retail and cognate pursuits, for which the term 'commercial' is the more dignified and honourable nomenclature.

Nor is there any kind of education, if so it may be called, so likely to find favour in the eyes of such parents as that which professes a sympathy with the work-day necessities of trade. Guided by these considerations, we find, on the whole, reasons for thinking that the near correspondence of the estimated number of boys likely to constitute such pupils, with the returned number of pupils likely to be recruited from such boys, points to a real and substantial identity, as existing between the two, and forms a sufficient general basis for our assumption, that the fact is as we have surmised it.

We proceed to consider the probable causes for this prevalent determination of the choice of the men of petty commerce in favour of a class of schools which, as we shall attempt to show, are the least worthy of confidence, probably, of all which our age has to offer. The causes are not one, but manifold. In the first place, it is clear that this class of schools was mainly designed to catch tradesmen's sons. The title 'commercial' sufficiently denotes this; which title is their peculiar glory, and beams from probably thousands of brazen doorplates in our metropolis, suburbs, and provincial towns. No doubt therefore that, as they have long had possession of the field, and have had ample opportunities of studying the taste of their customers, they have succeeded in suiting it. The maxim of the thrifty father who measures tape or spreads putty is, to keep the boy's 'nose to the grindstone;' to allow in the habits formed by education and recreation as little as possible which can suggest a diversion of his thoughts from the cash-book and the till. Hence the apparatus of education suggests the future clerk, shopboy, accountant, or what not. The bills of lading, bills of parcels—the neat copybooks with tortuous caligraphy—the questions in arithmetic perpetually based on commercial transactions—lead us back to the same theme. Another cause is, the curious sense of independence which this kind of school fosters, and the high jealousy of interference in domestic life felt by the poorest man who handles a pair of scales. The retailer is sensitive on the subject of 'paying his way,' and with an appreciation of the dignity of rent, taxes, and rates, duly discharged, looks unkindly on anything which has the appearance of a 'charity.' And he expects a blessing less, both 'on him that gives,' and 'on him that takes,' than on him that pays for what he has. He comes into the market with his own standard of the article which he wants, and loves to feel that his right to it has accrued through the passage of the coin of the realm from hand to hand; that it is a right actionable at law, and appreciable in damages. For these reasons the favourite form of olden education,—the endowed grammar

school,—found little favour in his eyes. It grated on his notions of independence to be indebted, even in part, to the bounty of a deceased worthy, and not wholly to his own purveyance; and, at the same time, he distrusted its intrinsic value, because it partook of the nature of a gratuity. Then, there is the circumstance of habit, which makes the smaller tradesman more isolated than probably any other portion of the community. The counter is the barrier between him and the rest of the world, save the wholesale dealer who supplies him. The merchant must have his place of resort and his communications; physicians, barristers, and clergy must, unless they are content to be mere book-worm students, mix with their kind; the soldier and the sailor finds his profession necessarily social; even the labourer has, or used to have, the rural revels of the fair and the wake, the maypole and the mistletoe, and some notice from the parson and the squire. The retailer in a town misses all of these, abhors most of them, and has no substitute for any of them. He goes no further into society than is sufficient to supply his wants; and, perhaps, fosters more than any other class the puritanic notion that certain public amusements are sinful. Hence the domesticity which pervades the English character rises in him to its most intense type; and whatever wears a private and an individual, rather than a public character, attracts his sympathy. It is only, therefore, with the public school, as it is with any other public institution in his eyes. Reversing the Horatian maxim,

‘Magno de flumine mallem,
Quam ex hoc fonticulo, tantundem sumere,’

his feeling is expressed rather by Touchstone, in the words, ‘a poor thing, but mine own;’ and he accordingly in scholastic matters prefers the purely personal arrangement with a teacher solely responsible to him. Nor ought we to omit from the causes which have operated to wean the youth of the shopkeeping community from the scholastic institutions, which were founded in a great degree for their benefit, that of the uniform predominance of the doctrine of the Church in their teaching, which indeed is mostly ensured by express mention in their charter or foundation statutes. In respect to its favourite virtues as well as vices, the retailer’s character easily moulds itself to a dissenting type; and prefers an individualizing and self-chosen form of communion. The tendencies of his social position led him away from the grammar school, not only, as has been shown, because it was a public school and an endowed school, but also because it was a Church school. And this, in the days of intense acrimony, which some of our readers remember, would undoubtedly have

operated powerfully to keep the sons of parents of the smaller trading class out of it. Those feelings have a subdued but appreciable operation still, but are liable to be overcome by many oblique influences; but, above all, by the gradually increased eagerness with which a really good education is sought, and the willingness to sacrifice things precious, even as 'conscientious' scruples, for its sake. But amongst these less laudable causes of the tendency to avoid public schools, was the more respectable motive of wishing to keep the boy from early contamination, and from such precocity in vice as was supposed to become a youth of birth and breeding. The sober, thrifty, grave, and steady father wished for nothing beyond the paternal and domestic element in education, and merely bought an article of which he could inspect and appreciate a sample,—the commercial handwriting, the sum in 'practice,' and the formal letter of business. He had no relish for a great public institution throwing its shadow between him and his son, and fondling his offspring under its corrupting wings. He was further actuated by the sympathy of his order and calling; for the keeper of the 'commercial academy' was, and is, nothing but a retailer of instruction, who has a ware to sell, and depends on his customers, like the grocer and the baker. Thus the parent in question bought, even as he sold, a particular thing for a specific purpose. It preserved the round of the connexion unbroken, held out mutual advantages, and intruded no new ideas upon his self-sufficient system. And then again, the school-master was not uncommonly a decayed tradesman himself, who knew the feelings of his class, and was content to depend on giving them satisfaction. Thus his customers made sure of having the wishes arising from their own narrow views entirely met; whilst their value for the scholastic profession, and for its work, was unconsciously lowered by often finding a man drop into it and comparatively thrive, who, if left to the chances of trade, might have rotted in a gaol.

Nor must we lose sight of another reason, which to a great extent prevailed, and proceeded partly from causes internal to the school, and partly from external feelings in the community around them. As pupils thinned, the master's interest in his school abated; especially since his stipend was secured by the endowment. Sometimes he was the non-resident Rector of the place, or not being the Rector, became non-resident, and appointed an usher, as the former appointed a curate to do perfunctory duties, and save forms. Sometimes the master lived near enough to look in once a-week and take a class, consisting, perhaps, of the half-dozen free boys of the place, who enjoyed the privileges of the foundation. This was not an edifying nor

an encouraging spectacle to parents of thrifty, trading, penny-wise habits, and with a bias towards dissent. It swelled the catalogue of abuses, and, belonging to a semi-clerical function, became a cause of offence and a text of railing.

To all these objections entertained by the trading community, and to all these incitements to suspicion which it felt, must be added the graver and more tangible allegation, that the education commonly supplied by the old-fashioned endowed grammar school was not such an one as the retailers considered most useful for their children. This is so fully, and it seems truly, touched in the preamble of an 'Act for improving the condition and extending the benefits of Grammar Schools,' that it may be well to quote it here (3 and 4 Victoria, c. 77) :—

'Whereas there are in England and Wales many endowed schools, both of royal and private foundation, for the education of boys or youth wholly or principally in grammar; and the term "grammar" has been construed by Courts of Equity as having reference only to the dead languages, that is to say, Greek and Latin: And whereas such education, at the period when such schools, or the greater part, were founded, was supposed not only to be sufficient to qualify boys or youth for admission to the Universities, with a view to the learned professions, but also necessary for preparing them for the superior trades and mercantile business: and whereas from the change of times and other causes, such education, without instruction in other branches of literature and science, is now of less value to those who are entitled to avail themselves of such charitable foundations, whereby such schools have, in many instances, ceased to afford a substantial fulfilment of the intentions of the founders . . . Be it therefore enacted . . . that whenever after the passing of this present Act, any question may come under consideration in any of her Majesty's Courts of Equity, concerning the system of education hereafter to be established in any Grammar School, . . . it shall be lawful for the Court to make such decrees or orders as to the said Court shall seem expedient, as well for extending the system of education to other useful branches of literature and science, in addition to or (subject to the provisions hereinafter contained) in lieu of the Greek and Latin languages, or such other instruction as may be required by the terms of the foundation of the then existing statutes, as also for, &c. &c.

The historical allusion contained in this preamble to the period of time at which the major part of the endowed schools were founded, is one of some interest, and is partially cleared by reference to a table (Educational Census, report, p. 45) which Mr. Horace Mann has compiled. 'Schools supported by endowments' form the second class, under the general head of 'public schools' in his arrangement of them. That class is subdivided into 'endowed collegiate and grammar schools,' and 'other endowed grammar schools;' the former numbering 566, with 35,612 pupils, being the total of 32,221 males, and 3,391 females; and the second amounting to 2,559, with 170,667 pupils, being the total of 106,274 males, and 64,393 females. The former class represent the earliest type of

English scholastic institutions ; and the periods most fertile in them were, apparently, the sixteenth century, in which alone, 155, which still exist, or about one-and-a-half a-year, are enumerated as having been founded ; secondly, the seventeenth century, which produced 180, or nearly two a-year ; and, thirdly, the latter part of the eighteenth century, during the earlier half of which the rate at which the foundations increased had fallen off to less than one a-year. Between 1751 and 1801, however, 84 were founded, the rate rising again to what it had been in the seventeenth century. Now, by way of compensation, we observe that the same earlier half of the eighteenth century, during which the institutions we are considering were comparatively not in great demand, was extremely fertile in the miscellaneous class of foundations, described as 'other endowed schools,' whose rate of foundation during those years was more than double what it had been during the same number of previous years ; just as the rate of foundation of the endowed collegiate and grammar schools fell to one-half of what it had previously been. Now, from the intimation that those other endowed schools are in truth 'denominational' schools (though supported chiefly by endowment), as well as from the extremely limited range of their subjects of study, and from the increased proportion of female to male pupils which they contain, this section may be presumed to be constituted chiefly by parochial charity schools, and other similar eleemosynary seminaries, for the benefit of a poor class of society. In the latter half of the eighteenth century, there was a somewhat revived eagerness for the foundation of grammar schools ; whilst the desire for this poorer class of foundations not only went on unexhausted, but assumed vastly expanded proportions, and was the only popular symptom of an educational life stirring the nation in the depth of its masses. Nearly fifteen per year of such endowments appear on the average to have seen the light, whilst those of the grammar school class were less than two per year ; and, doubtless, to such a timely diffusion of better influences may, under Providence, be ascribed the security and confidence in her institutions which our country enjoyed, in a period which became one of anarchy and uproar, or at least, of confusion and dismay, to a large part of the continent of Europe. During the whole of this period, however, a portion of the endowed grammar schools, which had been but recently founded, must have been going to that decay in which, half a century later, we now find so large a proportion of them. There are no returns, nor is there perhaps a possibility of obtaining any, to show the rate of the exhaustion of endowments, and of the extinction of institutions which had flourished

once. The table which we have been touching upon is confined to information regarding *existing* schools; and, clearly, some periods must have been much more fatal than others to the precarious life of slender endowments. Looking back for two centuries and a quarter, we may say that, probably, the period of the civil war operated both to destroy then existing endowed schools, and to discourage the attempts to found new ones. Probably also the chance of an endowment of moderate dimensions surviving for a given period, may have mainly depended on the greater or less expensiveness of Chancery proceedings, during the time subsequent to its foundation. Here we have no date to guide us, save the general surmise that, since the reputed consolidation of our Equity system, under Lord Chancellor Hardwick, in the middle of the eighteenth century, small charities have had a harder life of it.

It is necessary, however, to distinguish between the extinction of the fund, and the suspension or decay of the charity for want of claimants. An 'existing' school, we presume, means one which numbers still some pupils, and where the form of educational energy still subsists. Yet the bare subsistence of that form will probably enable it to pass muster in the table; and, on the other hand, there must be a considerable number of institutions, a remnant of whose funds survive, but whose life is dormant.

The suspended animation which pervades this whole limbo of semi-extinct and quasi-extinct foundations, is supposed to be yielding to the revivifying influences of the Charitable Trusts' Commissioners. So far as their powers enable them, we doubt not that, under these latter gentlemen, the process of secondary incubation, which the case requires, is progressing favourably as regards the result of renewed existence. But will there be no chance of an alien vitality infused? Sir James Shuttleworth, some few years back, informed us of still extant charities, 'applicable only to instruction in the Catechism, or to the preparation of children for Confirmation, or to teaching to read in 'the Holy Scriptures,' or to 'plain song.' It is worth our while as Churchmen to watch for these scraps of our heritage, and to guard them from that alienation with which they are threatened by the spurious liberality of our day. No doubt thousands of voices would be ready, whenever the question might be raised, in favour of crushing, with a view to their better assimilation with current systems, these otherwise indigestible fragments of an older period. We hear now and then of the resuscitation of a venerable grammar school, and it is supposable that the publicity of the event carries with it a guarantee for the justice of the award, as regards the interests

of religion. But the case is very different where a number of funds, individually small, though of considerable aggregate value, and still more important in consequence of the principle which they embody, is submitted to the conscience of the tribunal. Of the existence of each of these, few are cognisant; of the existence of them all, probably, none save the Commissioners themselves. Their very multitude constitutes their weakness. Is there no danger of their being quietly stifled, and 'unostentatiously' improved into means for providing general education, on an enlightened, unprejudiced, unsectarian, unbogoted, and—in its new sense—'Catholic' principle?

The danger to which we allude is increased by the distrust of classical education, for which exclusive provision is so often found in these old foundations, felt by the lower mercantile community; who have a clear view of what will serve their turn in the business of life, but are not far-sighted in proportion to the clearness of their vision,—and seek rather to turn out a smart tradesman than to educate a man. It is difficult to say how far the Act we have quoted above may have turned the edge of this difficulty; for, strangely enough, school trustees, to judge from Sir James Shuttleworth's statements, appear, in many instances, to have worked for many years since the Act was passed, in ignorance of its enabling provisions. 'It is 'quite clear,' he wrote in 1853, 'that the majority of the trustees of grammar schools know nothing of the Act. Mr. Teason informs me that they often make awkward attempts, in appointing a master, to oblige him to teach other things than Latin and Greek; this is done by a bond or declaration showing that these governing bodies are not aware of the provisions of the Statute. Their legal advisers are generally quite as much in the dark, for the chief law treatises on charities were anterior to this Act.' (Public Education, p. 218.) An Act of Parliament, passed to remove a difficulty, which through circumstantial impediments it fails to touch, rather increases the embarrassment of the case; and becomes a plea for those who are willing to despair of relieving it. In such circumstances our strongest hope lies in the contagion of the example of a good school, wherever one can be found. Wherever trustees are a little more enlightened, and have triumphed over the *vis inertiae*, generated by a reliance on Acts of Parliament and Courts of Equity, there a great work, the parent of many others, is likely to be done. The displacement of the poorer private schools, 'dame' schools, and the like, by the better class of poor public schools, is an undoubted fact; and may encourage a hope that the 'commercial academies,' with their shabby medley of spelling, book-keeping, elementary arithmetic, and

superficial geography, will yield to a sounder system, and one which will assign to the education of the lower mercantile classes its recognised place in the great chain of instruction, which should bind the whole community. Some, no doubt, will be found to dispute the excellence of what is distinctively called 'classical' training for the general mind; and there are probably many more who, from the force of mental habits generated in later life, will deny its applicability to the training of a youth whose regular education must cease at some time between fourteen and fifteen years of age.

To consider this, however, would open an inquiry too widely divergent from our main topic. But, leaving for the present the question open, there is a certain extent to which the right of possession may be pleaded on behalf of the 'classical' principle; although the rigid exclusiveness with which it has been sought to apply it has, to a great extent, stunted its operation, and produced a suspicion of its usefulness. Yet, on the other hand, a larger case of failure is established against the system of schools which have been substituted for those based on that principle. The shopkeepers, following their own devices, and bringing to the question that general intelligence which their eulogists, if they really believed in it, would probably less ceaselessly flatter, have shaped their own idea of the school suited to their own wants; and, by following it, have fallen far behind the rest of the community. The idea is one which makes the schoolmaster solely responsible to the individual parent, and which tends to prevent the son's education from ever rising to a higher level than the parent's conception of what education should be. It seems to tend to prove their incapacity for school administration, at any rate, at present; for it has proved their unwillingness to unite in such administration. They have never, in any well-known instance, succeeded in forming a corporate strength which might resist the mischief and assist the weakness of individual meddling. Their system, if such it can be called, which results from the fortuitous exercise by individuals of the instinct of their class, is as far behind the age, and hardly less helpless in matters of education, as that of the mediæval schoolmen in matters of physical science. Meanwhile, a number of the old schools, which they have forsaken, are in a slow and uncertain course of preparation for their return. These schools, and those who should have been their scholars, have fared ill alike, for want of each other. The decay or decline of a large proportion of the endowed grammar schools has been followed or accompanied by the depreciated education of the great lower commercial class. Pupils and schools being ordained for each other; when the former sever their connexion, and seek other resources, the latter dry up;

and, like the reservoir, which has ceased to hold water, become cracked, or choked, or yield to gradual decay. Their organization loses the sympathetic tact which arises from contact—from mixing with affairs about us, and from a recognition of living wants; and, by ceasing to circulate vital fluid, they lose insensibly the capacity and power of containing it. From a scholastic institution the fresh air of contemporary life, with all its social instincts and wants, can never be excluded, without the most pernicious results to the institution itself. It may, or may not, commute or concede aught in favour of them. There is often—for the homes of education are essentially seats of conservatism, and slowness in change is their truest wisdom—a duty in resisting the favourite theories of the hour, which are but the full-cry of the popular pack, who happen to have the run their own way; a cry full indeed of life and spirit, but full also of recklessness and temerity. But still, it is something to listen, whether we are led by it or not. There is a bracing influence in the fact of being well up with the real busy work of life which no school can safely omit. How completely was this idea seized by the great mediæval institutions which arose to foster learning in Oxford, Paris, Bologna, Ferrara, and elsewhere. The men who presided in their chairs were the leading spirits of their day; and not unfrequently rose, from professing laws or arts, to high posts of diplomacy and statesmanship. To look to a still higher antiquity, Socrates and Gorgias, dissimilar as was their teaching, had this in common,—that their school knit the sinew of practical thought, and braced the man for no abstract republic, but for the daily scenes of the agora and the pnyx. For us to repeat the curriculum of Scotus or Abelard, would be, as it would have been for them, to resuscitate that of Socrates or Gorgias. By excluding this wholesome contemporary atmosphere, the blood of the institution becomes changed from arterial to venal, and a state of chronic asphyxia ensues. And this is the condition into which a number of the elder endowed grammar schools have fallen, and out of which some of them have lately been, and more let us hope may soon be, quickened back to active vigour. And, surely, though the effort to restore suspended animation be a slow and painful experiment, in which spasm and torpor contend for the mastery, it is worth while to make the attempt.

We believe that we have here assigned the main cause for this comparative decay of many a venerable local *sacellum* of learning. There is, however, a concurrent cause, which but for this would have been comparatively harmless,—the scanty amount, or the injudicious mode of endowment which prevails in some of them. Many examples no doubt exist, in which a slender

original outfit has sped an institution along an useful or even a brilliant course. Its success, unfolded from a seedling benevolence, has provoked further liberality; it has 'watered' and has 'been watered also' itself. But in many more, the want of an immediately successful result has checked the 'noble rage' of their founders; and that 'tide in the affairs of men,' to which institutions as well as individuals are liable, has left them in the lurch. When the wall is just not weather-proof, the 'rainy day,' which will sooner or later come, is sure to sap it; when, on the other hand, resources have been just adequate to secure it against that passing peril, it has attracted further support, and by its very endurance become more vigorous. Not a few, probably, of the most honoured abodes of teaching, have braved the perils of a law-suit in their infancy. They have been, like Hercules, cradled in serpents. The twin snakes of law and equity have sought their life. Themis is the harsh step-mother assigned by Jove to rear the infant Muse:—

' Stern rugged nurse! Thy rigid lore,
With patience, many a year she bore.'

Some might be named which have worn out the first century of their existence in a contest with heirs at law, mortgagees, or parish officers. Yet, if this be so, we must allow for a good many which have 'died in the seasoning process.' Again, the choice of money or land as the means of endowment,—a choice often decided by the caprice, and always overruled by the convenience of the testator,—nay, occasionally guided, apparently, by mere accident—is full of the most vital consequences to an institution. Thus, some schools, not having attached themselves by the link of real property to the spot, have gone on approaching, by a slow process of starvation, the point at which life, or at least all its functions, ceased; the ten or twenty pounds which formed an ample revenue in the Tudor period, being reduced by the altered value of money to a beggarly dole.

The limits of this article afford no space for dwelling further on their history; some have crumbled back to earth, whilst others, in evergreen luxuriance, throw a spacious shadow over it, and partially atone for the decay of their brethren. Yet that history is full of instruction in reference to our present question; but we believe it remains yet to be written. Is there, we would ask, a man of the Anglo-Saxon race competent to write it? The best and most nearly complete history of our Universities, is the work of a German; a German, we find from the most recent literary announcements, has just given to the world a history of public offices in England; and perhaps some of that industrious nation will come among us and teach us, to

our shame, what ought to be home-knowledge, 'familiar in our mouths as household words,'—the history of our public schools.

But, whatever may become of the history of dead, or even of living institutions, is less to our present purpose than the consideration of the means which exist for the revival of those which are capable of being useful. The legislation on this subject has not been in its results at present successful. We have already adduced the opinion of Sir J. K. Shuttleworth, that school trustees, and their advisers, are, to a great extent, ignorant of the existence of the most important Act hitherto passed on this subject. This fact, if fact it be, is a curious feature in the general result; and no doubt Sir James ought to be as well informed on this point as any one. It seems to show how great is the need of codification, when law lies unemployed, for want of those who have occasion for its aid being aware of its existence. Subsequent efforts at direct legislation on the general subject of charitable trusts, though made for several years under the high auspices of Lords Lyndhurst and Cottenham, were unsuccessful, until the appointment of the present Commission, on whose labours sufficient light of publicity has not yet been thrown, to enable us to pronounce on the success of their exertions. But, at any rate, the only possible process for the revival and reorganization of a grammar school, is no longer that of a Chancery suit and a special Act of Parliament; under which violent remedies, any but the most robust constitution was certain to succumb.

In instances where the endowment is ample or adequate, it may be generally surmised that there exists a machinery capable of extricating an institution from the rubbish in which its own deceduous state has sometimes half buried it, and that, too, without completing its ruin by the voracity of lawyers. But where the fund is small, and the means for carrying on the work of education require to be supplemented from some other source—where, in short, it is too good a resource to be abandoned, and too poor an one to be regarded as self-sufficient—the difficulties which attend the process of resuscitation are much increased. On a rare occasion, some individual is found who has the will and the means to supply the necessary resources; and to supplement the institution either in the spirit of its author, or if that in its purity be obsolete, then in some other which, most nearly representing it, shall be presentable in the fastidious nineteenth century. More frequently, however, indeed, all but universally, the institution's only hope lies in evoking from the locality and neighbourhood, a feeling in support of it. And here we have generally to attempt the launch amid the storm. Most persons who are willing to subscribe, wish for something in the way either of

patronage, or at least of increased importance, to result from it. A conscientious scruple often is a transparent bubble inflated with a globule of this kind of vapour. Beyond this, education, being a subject full of half-solved questions, in which every one is interested, is one provocative of nearly every form of crotchet of which the human mind is capable. Hence parties are easily formed; and principles equally sound, and equally requiring a limit in their application, draw extreme adherents, and invite frequent collisions. The express is constantly running into the parliamentary-train and the luggage-van; each having its own importance, and each, perhaps, being equally important in its place. It is easy, whenever we approach the ground of practice, to perceive that men's standard of meaning, when they speak of education, requires reducing—if we may borrow a phrase from arithmetic—to some 'common denominator.' But, easily as differences on this subject are generated, even where the ground is not preoccupied, they are rapidly multiplied when there is an old foundation to fight about, and when the very opportunity of discussion is one which prevents the original ideas of this or that person from being accepted. The majority of influential persons may cherish wishes hostile to, or at least inconsistent with, the purpose of the foundation; or, if they happen to coincide in wishes with its object, may not have the perseverance necessary to put down the stubborn resistance of interested grievance-mongers. Not unfrequently, also, a grave and influential but non-local corporation has rights of veto, which require conciliation and deference. Such rights, for example, sometimes pertain to a College at one of the Universities, with which a provincial grammar school may have a fundamental connexion. And where such a corporation, upholding the objects of the foundation, is confronted by some local body whose efforts are directed to set them aside, especially if the plot be thickened by the Bishop of the diocese having visitatorial rights, it soon becomes a very pretty quarrel indeed. Base local interests, too, have parasitically sprung up in some cases, to thrust out learning from her heritage; and the school-house or the master's residence has, through desuetude, become infested by a nuisance, or blockaded on certain days of the week by the market, and the distracted Muse hears—

'A hundred oxen at her levee roar.'

So ruinous are the evils which beset the work, that we might allegorize, without exhausting their catalogue, the passage in which Virgil describes the influences hostile to the husbandman—

'Tum variæ illudant pestes ; sæpe exiguus mus
 Sub terris posuitque domos atque horrea fecit.
 Aut oculis capti fodere cubilia talpæ ;
 Inventusque cavis bufo, et quæ plurima terræ
 Monstra ferunt,' &c.

And all these malignant influences, which multiply apace in the vineyard of the slothful, have to be successfully combated before industry and zeal can contend on equal terms with the educational destitution around them.

In some of the cases where a small endowment exists, it might be possible to supplement it from the payments of scholars. But the moment of the revival of an institution semi-obsolete, is one generally of large demands on the ways and means, and requires something in the nature of a fund to meet the heavy expenses of stock and plant which belong peculiarly to that crisis. In some cases, probably, the assistance of the Charitable Trusts' Commissioners might enable the trustees to close the school, and suspend all payments on its account for a sufficient term, to allow time for the needful fund to accumulate. That term, it might be expected, would be much less than the period in the history of some schools during which they have been closed by a Chancery suit. If this could legally be done, then, with the small capital thus formed, an attempt might often be hopefully risked to rely on the payments of scholars for completing the necessary income. At the same time, the question is worth considering, whether it might not be feasible, out of certain overgrown estates, to create a general fund for the assistance of similar, or even of dissimilar charities, where none similar could be found, in other localities. Not that the notion of paring down prolific institutions to a dead level of mediocrity in endowment should ever be tolerated. The foundations which retain a certain amplitude and nobleness of means perpetuate better the image of their founder's generosity ; and, by ceasing to be thus conspicuous, would cease to be such eloquent witnesses and such influential examples. There is, however, a limit difficult to define, but sensible in practice, at which amplitude passes into plethoric opulence, and the means at hand become of a magnitude disproportioned to the end. Beyond that limit, at which the accumulation of resources ceases to stimulate the efficiency of an institution, they might, by the application of a simple machinery, pass to the benefit of more needy endowments.

The experience, however, of all the persons or institutions who are the objects of endowments, goes, we believe, uniformly to establish the fact, that they are not the objects of popular sympathy. Even if a hospital gets wealthy and hoards, it is at

once liable to be attacked; and even that public usefulness which all men agree to recognise, and in bar of whose claims no scruple of conscience can be pleaded, cannot safely incur the stigma of being too well off. The perception of this feeling by a government which wishes to be popular—and what government will not bid high for such a character?—leads it to administer all such resources, or by its acts to influence their administration, in the spirit of that same antipathy to opulent endowments. This spirit, which embodies itself in an extreme form in such legislative experiments as the Episcopal and Capitular Estates Bill, would fasten on educational endowments in a mitigated degree, but in a much severer one than on those devoted to medical or surgical relief, or perhaps to any eleemosynary provision for bodily wants.

The dangers which these considerations suggest, are aggravated by the tendency evinced among those who have administered the education of the country so far as government has had to do with it. This tendency is towards throwing the whole power of administration, and the whole weight of its patronage, into the hands of a committee of politicians. Regarding Sir J. Shuttleworth as the exponent of the views of these right honourable persons, it is not without an ominous presentiment, derived from our experience of their dealings, that we observed a suggestion, forming part of an apparently long meditated plan, to sweep the whole circle of charitable trusts into the same powerful hands. He remarks, with the added emphasis of italics, 'that Lord Lyndhurst's and Lord Cottenham's bills made no effort to *separate the administrative from the contentious jurisdiction*, was a cardinal defect.' The former of those bills, he informs us, would have 'created,' for the administration of charities, with an income not exceeding 100*l.*, 'a board of three Commissioners, without appeal, to be appointed by the Lord Chancellor,' whilst the latter would have similarly 'created a summary jurisdiction in the Masters in Chancery' for charities with incomes of from 30*l.* to 100*l.*; while for those up to 30*l.*, the corresponding jurisdiction was to have been vested in the County Courts. Sir James, against these provisions, argues unanswerably, that the 'Masters' are a decaying and sentenced institution, and urges with much weight the pressure of other business on the County Courts, and the official inexperience of their judges in equitable cases. Against the three Commissioners of Lord Lyndhurst's bill, he has other objections, chiefly turning on the weight of responsibility, and the absence of appeal. These objections address themselves perhaps, with more force, to purely legal minds; but to unprofessional critics, taking a keen interest in the subject, and having a due remembrance of

the spirit in which Privy Council educational administration has been conducted, the scheme offered by Sir James himself seems fraught with more substantial danger. His main idea in separating judicial from administrative functions, would seem to be, that it is expedient to confide the latter to a 'Committee of the Privy Council.' He sketches a scheme for a 'Board of Public Charities,' to consist of such a committee, and to 'pre-
'side over a department acting separately from that of Public 'Education.' The question of one department or two, may be dismissed as one of purely official detail—as merely meaning, shall a pair of scissors or a knife be the instrument for shredding and clipping 'charity' administration to the Privy Council type? He proceeds with the auspicious proviso:—'But in order to ensure the concurrent action of these two offices, the Lord President should have authority over them, and should represent both in the House of Lords. One committee would likewise constitute the council and controlling power of both departments.' And the next paragraph reviews the suggestion under the captivating title of '*The Committee of Public Education and Charities.*' Of this committee, if ever it see the light, the Lord Chancellor is intended to be an *ex-officio* member; a vice-president is to represent it in the House of Commons, and to 'connect by a harmonious administration the two departments,' and thus 'unite the executive with the deliberative functions.' Here, then, we have a very neat reaping-machine for charitable trusts, complete in all its parts, and adapted by the newest improvements to meet all difficulties of ground.

Now, since there can be no doubt of the pertinence of a large number of charitable trusts to the uses of that particular kind of education with which we are now more especially concerned, the questions which the foregoing suggestions—proceeding, as they do, from a source of recognised influence and wide experience in a nearly kindred question—are apt to raise, cannot but cause grave anxiety in the minds of the large body of Churchmen; who view with distrust any measures proceeding from the same quarter to which the 'management clauses' for a poorer class of schools were due. No doubt, the difference between that class of schools and the one we are now considering, necessitates a difference *pro tanto* in the plan of administering a scheme to promote their greater efficiency. But still, who can doubt, that the same policy which insidiously pushed its way, and advanced its tone from that of an adviser to that of a dictator in the one case, will leave no opportunity untried to usurp a similar position in the other? The claim to direct expenditure as having supplied funds, will find no place, where no grants are made, and where the resources already exist in the form of a

public charity. But every other influence which the Committee of Privy Council have wielded in the case of poor schools, will come spontaneously to hand in that of endowed scholastic institutions, seeking such aid as may resuscitate their functions, or improve their efficiency. A similar power of organization, a similar or even a wider field of patronage, a similar centralization of power and direction of policy are possible, nay, in some respects, are easier in the latter than in the former case. By and bye and in due course, we may look for the wedge in wider dimensions, and driven by more direct blows. A plausible case will at once exist whenever a school subsists on an estate administered by the 'Board of Public Charities,' for extending to it the benefit of the superintendence of that board's official twin, the 'Board of Public Education,' in laying out to the best advantage the proceeds which it enjoys. And then comes the train of inspectors and certificated masters, and their apparatus of reports and tabulated returns, with which we are familiar. The 'Board of Public Charities' and that of 'Public Education,' would operate 'harmoniously' on the whole interest. One would look after the estate, and the other would touch up the live stock upon it—the master, ushers, and scholars. And, whatever doubt may attach to further and contingent results arising from such control, of one result recent and bitter experience leaves no doubt; viz., that under the plausible pretence of unsectarian policy, a root-and-branch war would be waged against the principles of the Prayer-book, and a systematic attempt made to obliterate the mark of the Church from any institution on which old-fashioned piety had set it.

The importance of these considerations to any, who, taking an interest in our present subject, are not blind to the signs of the times, is brought out by the further reflection, that the great majority of educational endowments were made by Churchmen, at a period when the notion of education, though narrow in the extreme, was simple and fervent, and one built on the faith of the Church. Of this, we believe, there can be no doubt; but still, whenever a contrary case can be established, the appropriation of the endowment to further the objects of any religious communion whose interests the founder had in view, should be jealously guarded from the substitution of any rival. Let the children of the wife have their heritage, and the 'sons of the concubines' also enjoy such gifts as pertain to their estate. There is no method so short, safe, and satisfactory, so clear of present troubles and future embarrassments, as that of simple justice. There is nothing which so much envenoms and exasperates, as the sickly pretence of impartiality faintly screening the approaches of party-spirit,—the ostentatious flag of

neutrality covering the contraband of persecution. As pride is most offensive when it apes humility, so injustice is most galling when it affects the bandage and the scales.

Perhaps there is no work which may form a fairer field for the operations of Church unions, than the guarding the interests of poor endowments, in their own locality and neighbourhood, which may pertain to the Church, or relate to her interests. There is, no doubt, abundance of work for them, so long as the present ministry, or any who are at present likely to succeed them, remain in possession of power. The interests of educational endowments are, however, happily distinct from any such ephemeral anxiety as popular men and their measures can create. Those interests perpetuate themselves, and in them are mingled the profoundest elements of our social condition. They may acquire a greater prominence through the fluctuating influences of the political atmosphere, but command a sympathy from their own intrinsic and substantial worth. A passing cloud may throw them into the shade, or the glare of some signal danger may temporarily outshine their importance; but they retain the calm lustre which is 'not of this world,' but reflected from the luminousness of that eternal state towards which they ever point.

It would be unfair to omit from our estimate of existing resources the additions which contemporary zeal is making to their sum. It may be difficult to rescue from decay the antiquated remains of many an olden local benefaction; but they have at least made good their claim to the epitaph *non omnis moriar*, by the impulse which they have aroused in living breasts. In several venerable cities, Salisbury, for example, and Peterborough, efforts to develop the educational branch of the cathedral idea have lately, from time to time, challenged our interest. Even with greater boldness, and with larger visible, and it may be hoped also invisible, results, the Principal of St. Nicholas' College, Shoreham, has for ten years past been pursuing his unwearied efforts to hold up to our times the image of what a public school for the middle class should be. Beyond all the outward successes gained by himself and his earnest brotherhood in toil, and now rapidly expanding into a third mansion of learning in the centre college at Lancing, shines the inner gem of self-devotion which few of those who now benefit in this generation by their labours can appreciate. Could such men but be found in sufficient abundance, their diffusion over the land would offer a speedy solution of nearly all the difficulties with which our present question is beset. Not only, however, because human nature forbids us to expect that masters of equal zeal and skill can be supplied for so wide a work as that before us, on so self-denying

a standard of remuneration as that which he and his fellows are content to share, do we feel it necessary to husband our resources, but because Divine wisdom and human prudence alike teach us to 'gather up the fragments that remain, that nothing be lost.'

Nor is the peculiar branch of this great general subject to which we devote these pages, likely to hold any other than the most prominent place for some time to come. The events of the past year have signally tended to increase that prominence. We refer in particular to the examination held in June last in the city of Exeter, for the pupils of 'independent schools for the middle classes.' The three pamphlets in which are detailed the antecedents, proceedings, and results of this examination, and the titles of which are prefixed to this article, are works of first-rate interest, not only as chronicling a great provincial movement in middle class education, but as bearing on the general experiment on that subject, to which the University of Oxford at once generously committed itself. These pages contain several confirmations, from opinions entitled to high respect, of some of the foregoing remarks; but not only on this account, but on that of the valuable hints and suggestions with which they teem, we cannot better dismiss the present subject than by directing attention to them. A subsequent small volume put forth by Mr. Acland himself, though it acquaints us more fully with his personal share in the matter, and with his views on the extension of education in the direction of Art, hardly adds any important fact to the existing materials of argument.

Perhaps the most wholesome feature traceable in the entire aspect of the examination held at Exeter in June last, and in that demand for a raised standard of middle school education to which it testifies, is that it grew out of a sense of a practical want, ascertained to exist by those who were familiar on the spot with the working of present systems, and whose primary business was *not* to establish or improve schools, much less to examine them, but to push a great general interest requiring for its advancement a superior mental training. 'A society,' it appears, 'was established at Bath on the 8th September, 1777, for the encouragement of agriculture, manufactures, commerce, and the fine arts.' It thrived with varying usefulness under various titles, and is represented in the present day by 'the Bath and West of England Society for the encouragement of agriculture, arts, manufactures and commerce.' Of this society, Mr. T. D. Acland, junior, would seem to be a leading member. Whether to him or to Lord Ebrington, for whom we see a claim advanced by a speaker at a public meeting, the original credit of the plan be due, the

members of this society seem to have readily imbibed the valuable idea of going to the root of the matter, and seeking in primary and general education the causes for the successful or unsuccessful cultivation of those special branches of knowledge to which they are specially devoted. They resolved to test their popular schools, and thus dig back to that foundation on which such a society as theirs rests as a superstructure. The value of such a recognition of the relation subsisting between youthful education and the career of later life, is of itself a great encouragement both to teacher and pupil. The more conspicuous does this become from the strong concentration given to the whole proceeding by its local character, and by the social influence of its promoters. A perusal of the list of their names will show any one who is familiar with the western counties, that among them are numbered most of the guides of local opinion there. It is indeed a great thing for their schools, when such men meet in the metropolis of their portion of England, and say in effect, 'We wish to have more skilful farmers, more expert engineers, to diffuse more liberal-minded views in commerce and general business, and to promote a more genuine style in both useful and ornamental art; and we look to the schools of this city and its neighbourhood, and to all which can be brought within the radius of our effort, to supply the means to these ends.' It is by such an appeal that a school can best be taught to know itself, and receive the rousing impulse which the machinery of learning derives from the contact of active life. The following remarks are valuable, as showing what was and what was not the aim which Mr. Acland and his coadjutors had in view:—

'A few persons of various shades of opinion, political and religious, having learned to act together and to trust each other, have provided a small prize fund (*n. b.* prizes to the amount of 120 guineas, and a life-membership of the Bath and West of England Society, were offered for competition), with a view to put to a practical test the value which the middle ranks may be disposed to attach to certificates of the progress of their children, if awarded by competent examiners.

'The promoters of the prizes do not offer education; no attempt is made to found agricultural colleges or middle-schools; no inspection is proposed; still less is it intended to protect the interests of existing establishments by encouraging a monopoly of education. The one thing that is offered to the middle classes is an examination which shall test the success of the education given, whether in schools or elsewhere; and thus at once give parents the power of discriminating efficient teachers, and teachers the opportunity of proving their own skill.

'With regard to the internal economy of schools, the regulations for moral discipline, the habits of worship (points which have hitherto proved a stumbling-block in middle class schemes), no interference is attempted, and, therefore, no responsibility is incurred. That is left, where it must rest at last, with the parents.

‘The advice of able and intelligent gentlemen engaged in commercial education has been sought and very willingly given.

‘The Lord President of the Council has most kindly acceded to the request, that he would allow two of Her Majesty’s Inspectors to act in concert with a Board of Examiners, whose names speak for themselves. The value of the co-operation of Her Majesty’s Committee of Council cannot be overrated; but it would be obviously inexpedient that the education of the middle ranks should be permanently dependent on the official agency of the Government for the time being.

‘It would seem, therefore, desirable, on many accounts, that, as soon as the evidence of a willingness to apply for examination is sufficiently established, some more independent and permanent machinery should be provided.’

The ‘more independent and permanent machinery,’ here stated to be in demand, has begun to be supplied, and when the ‘remarks’ above-quoted were written, had already been promised and planned. It is interesting to watch how a local call proceeding from the south-western corner of the kingdom, was at once wafted to one of its intellectual *foci*, and responded to. It shows how an attachment to our city or our county—that feeling, which, although it was the incentive to the greatest deeds in behalf of education in a bygone age, is *now* commonly made a subject of depreciation and a topic of scorn—is capable still of producing worthy efforts. It matters not that once it worked by endowments, and that now it has begun to work also by examinations. The spirit of commencing in earnest on behalf of those to whom we are most visibly by a law of nature bound, is the one most powerful to propel and diffuse benevolence. This has been wisely exemplified by Mr. Woodard in the advantageous terms offered at Hurstpierpoint to boys being natives of the county in which it stands. Thus the effort made on behalf of Devonshire schools, in directing which the names of Mr. Acland and Mr. Temple stand out in strong relief, supplied the happy case in point, which public opinion, ever, in this country, fond of fact and of something tangible, required, in order to justify that step which the University of Oxford has just taken on behalf of the entire kingdom. The speeches reported as having been delivered in Exeter, on the occasion of the late examination there, contain copious traces of the same feeling. The county which drew forth those genial allusions, has not, perhaps, been hitherto the one most usually selected for the eulogy of *felix prole virum*. Its Exmoor ponies, its orchard and dairy produce, have, indeed, long ranked far above any feeble praises which we could bestow; but a disrespectful parallel between the sons of that favoured western soil and the clods thereof, has obtained a currency which it will in future be difficult to justify. Here is a brief assertion of

their claims on their fellow-subjects and fellow-students in all the arts which civilise mankind.

'I do not think' (said Mr. Temple), 'that when Mr. Acland first proposed to hold these examinations, he himself had the slightest idea—and most certainly when I heard from him, I had not the slightest idea—of what was to come out of his proposition. It appeared, at first sight, to be a proposal to do something towards the improvement of schools in the western counties; but as it went on—and the more it was discussed, the more it seemed to grow under our hands—it appeared to grow more important every day; and everywhere it was taken up with warmer interest. It was put first before a few members of the Universities, who accepted it, as they said themselves, with the greatest delight; and it was only doubted whether it was possible to expect that the country at large would follow up the movement which had been commenced. It was followed up by applying to different parts of the country; and everywhere, as I have said, it was taken up with the warmest interest; and memorials poured in as fast almost as they could receive them, praying the Universities to adopt some scheme, not for the western counties only, but for the whole of England.'

Thus a sincere man, with a single object at heart and a limited sphere of action in which to work at it, is drawn on by the force of sympathy, and stumbles on a great result. It is a bright example of the reward which waits on him who is 'faithful over a few things.'

It is, indeed, true, that a wide ebullition of sympathy, sufficient, probably, to astonish the most sanguine projectors of the scheme, has been shown by 'the country.' The helping hand held out by the University has come in contact with an undefined but instinctive want. Nor does the spirit thus evoked expire in mere sympathetic expressions. Under the guidance of this feeling, the scheme is advancing towards some experimental results. The public meetings which have taken place in the great commercial and manufacturing centres of population have left behind them an organization of local committees, to ensure to their neighbourhoods the educational benefit in which they have thus expressed their confidence. Newspaper reports have given a wide currency to the views entertained by the various speakers at these provincial meetings; and, although editorial comments and paper discussion have been sparingly provoked, that is, probably, because few purely educational schemes have ever met with an acceptance marked with so little diversity of sentiment. We may mention Leeds, York, Birmingham, Bath, and Southampton, as representing and leading public feeling on the subject in northern and southern England. From the local committee which has originated in the first-named town, has emanated the last of the publications on the list prefixed to this article. It is a tract setting forth the claims of middle schools to benefit by the improved standard of popular education,

arguing the necessity of choosing between the stimulus of Government inspection and that of examinations by the University, and reasoning conclusively in favour of the latter. In the metropolis we have hitherto looked in vain for a similarly outspoken welcome to the Oxford plan. It is not difficult to imagine reasons for this attitude of silence. The larger and older and more amply endowed metropolitan grammar schools, though many of them include a class of pupils who leave for business at the usual age, have their own system of examinations and rewards, and feel a confidence in it. They derive their working standard from the large number of other pupils whom they send to the University, and do not care to modify their plan for the sake of what they would feel rather an interference than a benefit. The more strictly commercial public schools of the same neighbourhood are influenced, probably, by the inertness of the superior class. Their masters are men necessarily less known to the public, and, though near enough to be overshadowed by their grander neighbours, are practically as remote from mutual support as if they lived fifty miles from each other. They never met in their lives for any common purpose whatever, and each finds it, as usual, an awkward thing to take the invidious initiative. As these pages, however, are going to press, a rumour reaches us of a 'feeler' put forth by some one more resolute or less diffident than his brethren, and it is possible that by a vigorous push they may be yet in time. Elsewhere corporations have sometimes led and scholastic bodies followed, but the corporation of the city of London at present hardly enjoys confidence beyond the narrow circle of its own routine of duties. Yet whatever course the metropolitan schools may take, the plan is sure of a sufficiently wide popularity to give it a fair start, and ensure favourable circumstances to its experiment.

It remains, then, to be seen by experience what effect the scheme thus set on foot will have on the existing schools in which the middle classes are educated. It is probable, from several considerations, that the gradual extinction of the old-fashioned private 'commercial' schools will thereby be accelerated. That that extinction is already taking place, we have previously pointed out, as one of the facts established by the Educational Census. In the first place, we base this anticipation on the fact, that these examinations will work most powerfully through the academic sympathy which they are apt to express. A less coldly, critical aspect must surely be held by the University, the prytaneum of education itself, than by such a body as the Privy Council, towards the labours which it assists and superintends. The former have a flesh-and-blood relationship with the object of their fostering efforts, and will feel a tendency

to coalesce with the growth which they stimulate. The latter find themselves necessarily external to that object; they cannot coalesce with it any more than the mould with the substance to which it gives form. They watch its performances with a calculating interest, as the engineer notes the revolutions of his fly-wheel. This educational sympathy will necessarily be strongest with those schools which have most homogeneous elements with an university: and these will be, firstly, such as are in any sense public; secondly, such as aim at general rather than special education; and thirdly, such as include the classical element of the dead languages. In all these respects, the private 'commercial' academy falls short of the point at which that sympathy will be powerful. Further, the test applied by these examinations will tend to show the inefficiency of the masters of these private schools. At first, perhaps, a good many will try, or seem to try, to meet its requisitions; but those requisitions will bewilder their minds and exhaust their perseverance. The simplicity of a deep principle, and the power and the wisdom of teaching thereby, and that universally, however elementary the matter taught, will, we may venture to assume, baffle their grasp, save perhaps in the case of the few who may have within them something better than their system. On the other hand, there is, in all these respects, a hope of new and fresh life for the endowed grammar schools. The process of revival—a work in which we are glad to see that Mr. Acland, in one of these pamphlets, dwells with congenial anticipations—will derive a vital warmth from contact with the motherly bosom of the University. Their re-organization on a plan to suit the wants of an age which cannot wait, being facilitated by the powers of the Commissioners of Charitable Trusts, and having the example of the poorer schools before their eyes, will be guided at once and strengthened by the powerful hand stretched out to them. To boast beforehand of the issue, which we may, however, joyfully anticipate, would indeed be folly; but an issue of such moment and of such promise, may reasonably be commended to the prayers of all those who have at heart that ancient cause of sound religion and useful learning, for which so many generations of wise and holy and earnest men have both prayed and laboured in this land—more especially of all who love the Church and fear the State, in their present respective attitudes of endurance and aggression.

It is not part of our present purpose to dwell on the many points of highly interesting detail presented by the recent examination at Exeter, both in its process and in its results. They in general concern the professional educator and trainer of boys rather than the general reader. On the whole, the

opinion seems probable that too great stress was laid on paper work,—a difficult medium for eliciting the knowledge of the young. Mr. Temple, in a letter to the Master of Pembroke College, Oxford, says, ‘The examination should, I think, be all on paper’ (No. III. p. 50). To this we have a demurrer wisely put in by Mr. Howson, of the Liverpool Institution, who says (*ibid.* p. 55), ‘It appears to me that an examination of boys without *virâ voce* is very inadequate. Boys of sixteen cannot put down their knowledge on paper in a given time like men of twenty-one. Moreover, it seems peculiarly desirable that those who are destined for active business should be put to the test of oral examination. Yet,’ he adds, ‘I do not at present see how *virâ voce* can efficiently and fairly be made a part of this scheme. No point, in my opinion, requires more careful consideration than this.’ Beyond, however, the fact that the Exeter examination was one wholly on paper, we notice the statement, that ‘a much larger number of questions were set than any one candidate was expected to answer, and that questions suited to the younger and older candidates were included in the same paper. This arrangement was adopted in order to give to every candidate the widest range of selection, and the least occasion for subsequent complaint. Considering the various circumstances of the youths, no other plan presented so little prospect of inconvenience, and *no inconvenience did in fact result from the course adopted.*’ We have italicised the last statement as questionable, especially when we compare with it the rather disparaging terms in which Mr. Temple himself in his report (No. III. pp. 8, 9) speaks of the standard which the paper work reached:—

‘The number of candidates, whose papers ultimately passed under review, was 106—thirty-four seniors and seventy-two juniors. The general character of the work may be estimated by the Prize List. Sixteen obtained prizes of one sort or another among the seniors, and five were mentioned with commendation. Twenty-two obtained prizes among the juniors, and ten were commended. It should be observed, however, that the standard was purposely put low, because much could not fairly be expected on the first occasion of trial. If the examination were to be taken as a test how far boys were, in any tolerable sense, educated according to their rank in life, all those who did not obtain prizes must be considered as having fallen below that mark. This leaves eighteen out of the thirty-four seniors, and fifty out of the seventy-two juniors, who cannot be said to have passed. The force of this statement will seem to be increased, by the consideration that the candidates were probably picked specimens of the schools from which they came; but, on the other hand, not a few were going back to school again, and had not obtained all that the schools could give them.’

‘Some light is, perhaps, thrown on the character of the failures by the fact, that out of the eighteen seniors and fifty juniors who did not obtain a prize, nine seniors and twenty-seven juniors must have been

rejected for deficiency in the preliminary examination, even if their other work had been better than it was. This deficiency was chiefly shown in the spelling; but many also failed in elementary arithmetic; and among them, some who attempted a good deal in the mathematical papers. I do not think the schools universally recognise the very great importance of a thorough knowledge of the simplest elements of learning as a condition of all progress afterwards.'

The fact is, paper work, to do justice to the powers of the examinee, who is there bereft of that guiding clue held by the examiner, which in *vivâ voce* never forsakes him, requires an amount of presence of mind and judgment which cannot be expected at a youthful age. He may urge his forward course with vigour on paper, but he requires to be steered. The whole mind of a boy of fourteen is loose-jointed, like a puppy's physical frame, and cannot bring its whole weight to bear on a given point. Knowledge is not a purely objective and tangible thing into which we can dip a gauge, or round which we can stretch a tailor's tape; it is always subjective to the mind in which it resides, and its expression reflects that mind in all its points. There is therefore not only a crudity and scantiness about boyish knowledge, but a combined incompleteness and redundancy, which, in young minds even of the best promise, develops itself in curious erratic freaks when left to cut its own capers on ruled foolscap, 'leaving on the left hand a margin of an inch, on which the number of each question is to be written' (No. III. p. 50). To this misfortune we are inclined to attribute the appearance of failure which, from one point of view, the examination held at Exeter exhibits. More especially would mishaps be likely to occur where senior and junior questions are treacherously mixed up in the same subjects on the same sheet of paper. Some would lame their wits at starting over a stiff problem intended for their elders, and be unable, or too disheartened, to recover themselves; some would get entangled between the deeps and the shallows, and lose time, and miss the opportunity of answering their fair quota; a third sort would get on swimmingly, and attack, *currente calamo*, questions, senior and junior, innocently and promiscuously, and would be as innocently surprised when they learnt the result as exhibited in their marks. Such as these last are, perhaps, sure of their fate under any system of questions or of marks; but it is hardly fair thus to tempt them to exaggerate their failure.

Yet, no doubt, a large proportion of failures might have been expected by any who closely scrutinized the papers, and knew what popular middle class schools are. It becomes a question, however, as we charge the examination with too high a standard,

(*pace* Mr. Temple, who mildly observes that it was 'purposely put low,') whether a lower one would have been so practically useful. The whole arrangements for a meeting between these west-country lads, and their unknown friends from Oxford, were so utterly exceptional and unprecedented, that a failure, however complete, could not possibly bring to any one so much discredit as an ordinary little-go pluck. The event was one which had never occurred before, and could never, under the same exciting and experimental circumstances, occur again. It was more useful to take the golden opportunity which the soothing palliative of munificent prizes afforded, to show these schools how far they were below par, than to bestow delusive blandishments on their supposed efficiency. It was the Horatian—

——— 'pueris dant crustula blandi
Doctores, elementa velint ut discere prima.'

the *crustula* being handsome books worth from ten pounds to ten shillings. Let us hope that they may be 'willing to learn,' under the auspices of the University of Oxford, those 'first elements' in which Mr. Temple found them so deficient.

But, further, as regards the generally-diffused examinations which we are led to expect under the influence of the new statute. We do not hesitate to pronounce the standard too high. No doubt a boy may master, at fourteen, three books of Cæsar and two of Xenophon, if he has little or nothing else to do; but with the variety of subjects for study which the prospectus of the delegates encourages, if it does not prescribe, it is most likely that the Latin and Greek will be sound as far as they go, but meagre; and the other subjects such mere smattering, that they had better been let alone. Still, the projectors of a new examination consult the popularity of their examiners by laying down, as far as written terms can indicate it, a standard too severe for actual operations. The examiners, by judiciously relenting, and giving the mildest possible interpretation to that written law, may then, as the saying is, let the candidates 'down easy' after they have been put in a state of wholesome awe by the Draconic statute which seemed to threaten 'pluck' alike to all. It is then possible gradually to elevate the working standard to the maximum, instead of the minimum of what the terms of the statute will bear; and thus the examiners get the credit of kindness, which has a wonderful effect in reconciling young beginners to being operated upon by them; after which the statutable standard can be screwed up in its turn, so it be not done too suddenly, to any pitch which may be useful. On the whole, therefore, though we regard the published standard as too high, we are not disposed on that account finally to

quarrel with it. The subjects for religious instruction are well chosen, and to this test all are invited, though it is forced upon none. The onus of objecting to the being examined in certain portions of Holy Scripture and the Prayer-book is made to rest with the parents, and the objection, when made, will be attended to. As regards the working of the 'parental objection' clause, it may be remembered that at Exeter less than seven per cent. of the examinees alleged such objections, and were in consequence excused. At the same time, one feature of that examination has been dropped, which we could have wished retained. Candidates were there taught to expect that a 'prize might be 'gained in the department of religious knowledge without 'reference to any other department,' on the mere condition of not failing in the preliminary examination. In future middle class examinations' candidates are told that 'the fact of having 'passed the examination in the rudiments of faith and religion 'will be entered on their certificates, although it will not affect 'their places on the list' (Regulations, p. 8). It is not easy to see on what grounds this homage to faith and religion is in one case offered, and in the other withdrawn; or why the same encouragement 'to youths who have no time for secular study, to improve themselves in religious knowledge' (No. II. p. 6), which was judged wholesome for Exeter, should not be equally good for the rest of the country.

On one further question of interest in reference to the Oxford statute we will here venture to touch: it is that of the degree or quasi-degree with which those senior candidates who satisfy the examiners will be decorated. 'Associate in arts' is a title which has stirred the indignant rebuke of at least one eminent member of the sister University, who objected, if he be rightly reported, that there was nothing in which they were, in any just sense of the word, 'associated' with the members of the University. The objection seems a mere narrow cavil; so far as boys can be associated with men, there is no reason to complain that the association is fictitious; and so far as men may be reminded that, when boys, they were associated with those who teach the nation, and that they then, for a brief season, drank of the same fountains which are open for life to those who have more leisure, or are otherwise more amply gifted than themselves, there is no reason why the bond which the term implies should be felt to be unreal. The objections of an able critic in the 'Saturday Review,' that the title would be so widely diffused as to be vulgarised, is worth even less attention. The prospectus of 'regulations,' already quoted, is an answer for the present, so far as any is necessary, to all such alarms. We should be agreeably surprised when a sufficiently large number of shopmen

and lawyers' clerks acquire the A.A. distinction for us to regard it as vulgarised thereby. It will, to a great extent, have done its work whenever that risk becomes formidable. There should be always difficulty enough in the way of attaining it to provoke endeavour; and whenever the average of talents and application so far rises among the lower middling classes, as for the degree to be won with too cheap an effort, the *prestige* of difficulty may be restored by raising the standard on the improved aspirant. We need in this country any protest which may be had against class prejudices, and cannot spare any influence which lets in light through the ranks of the social phalanx on the merit of the individual, to whatever grade or station he may belong. Such was one of the great boons which the mediæval universities conferred on the men of their own day. They dipped down into all the strata of society; and wherever a healthy spring was found, they tapped it, and drew the hidden source to light. Similar, there is some reason to hope, may be the influence for which the University of Oxford has made a vigorous bid. The machinery necessary for the purpose is not all ready to hand, and much that exists is rusty and imperfect. Yet, there seem strong reasons for entertaining a joyful augury of revivals and re-adaptations of things deemed extinct and obsolete. The 700 old grammar schools, once set on their legs, would by the force of their example, more powerfully than even by the extent of their teaching, exercise an influence in favour of the sound and slow-but-sure system, which has still a life in itself, even though it need a fresh organization. These old schools are nothing else than widely-spread roots of the old method of general education which in the University we see concentrated. They are the fibres by which Oxford and Cambridge penetrated to the core of English life; and their toughness and tenacity of existence seems to testify to the vigour of their kind. If they have thus long survived in a state of penurious and suspended existence, like the 'stump of roots in the earth' in the royal vision, how much more may be expected of them when the sap of life shall swell in them again?

There is one last point in which we think the 'regulations for conveying the statute into effect' have left an undesirable, though probably an unintentional, omission in their provisions. No attempt is made to recognise the office of the previous teacher, when the pupil repairs to Oxford, or appears before the examiner sent by the University. The boy or youth will come before the examiner purely as an individual; and all that is known of his school, if he comes from any, will be that its name stands after his own in the list of candidates. Technically,

no doubt, the precedents of University etiquette leave no room for the recognition of scholastic bodies outside its own walls. But there were reasons why, in the present case, this reserve might have been usefully abandoned. It does not indeed appear how the University is to know officially from what 'school, if any,' the candidate comes. None, we presume, will dispute that this information should proceed, not from the pupil, but from the teacher; and it would be a more dignified course for the University, as well as one more honorific towards the schoolmaster, that a formal certificate should be required of the latter, showing the date of the candidate's entering his school, and the period during which he continued under his instruction. This would have been a trifling consideration to show to a body of men holding a highly useful, but often an ill-requited office; nor can we suppose for a moment that it was omitted for any other reason than because it was not thought of. The 'regulations' would indeed be more complete with it than they are without it; and we venture the opinion, that to insert it would give a welcome recognition to the large number of middle school masters, who are not members of the University, and who would be glad of having the smallest corner of Alma Mater's ample robe thrown over the ambiguity of their scholastic status.

ART. II.—1. *Les Césars*. Par le COMTE FRANZ DE CHAMPAGNY.
Second Edition, 2 vols. 8vo. Paris. 1853.

2. *Decii Junii Juvenalis, Satiræ XIII. The Latin Text of O. Jahn*. Edited, with English Notes, by J. E. B. MAYOR.
8vo. Cambridge: Macmillan & Co. 1856.

ONE great fact the political history of the Empire teaches us; it proves that, after all, the Roman nationality had not been left in the confusion of civil war, and the enervating luxury which gradually fastened upon the conquering people. The literary history of the same period helps to establish the same conclusion, and to demonstrate that, as each quarter of the globe seems to be distinguished from the rest by the possession of one common nature, spite of grand differences, as *e. g.* between France and Russia, Louisiana and New England, so it is with races through the whole compass of their duration and fortunes. It does often appear as though certain phenomena of society and opinion ranged the earth at will like an epidemic, now betaking themselves to one land, now to another, so that the most mutually remote types of nationality are separated from each other only by the interval of a few centuries. Yet it is evident that concurrently with this phenomenon, the phases of feelings and manners in their various manifestations, have some sort of relation and analogy to the circumstances of the state in which they first arise; and that the right point of view from which to examine them, can be discovered only by considering the life and condition of one special nation and age.—Of all states of society whatever, the Roman is in this respect the most instructive. Rome did not, as Greece, only brighten and flash forth in its civilization as an ideal for the nations; it was not so much itself the educator as the pioneer of civilization for all peoples and times, as though they had been virgin soil committed to the plough for the first time, or a mass of ore to the smelting. It absolutely changed their posture and conformation by the rude force of superior energy, rather than by the impress of a master intellect, and so mixed itself up with every institution and the whole spirit of the nations it had subdued, that every age holds traces of the stamp of that mighty foot deeply imprinted on the very elements of society. This influence was not the result of any temporary combination of events, as was the contagion of Spanish feeling in Europe, which left the nation itself where it originated as desolate and alien to it as its neighbours, after the impulse had subsided. The Republic did not alone bear this close affinity to the world

at large, nor the Empire alone. They were not even distinct and separate agencies; we do not trace this institution to the one, that form to the other. The Roman race—that is, without nice questions of genealogy, the sovereign orders of the imperial city at one time and another—is a positive and material cause in the cultivation and condition of modern Europe; its acts, and the records of its sentiments, tend alike to this conclusion; its political history is, from the consulship of Brutus to the last of the twelve Cæsars, and beyond, the history of one people, with a constitution widely modified and tarnished at different stages, but rather developed than revolutionized. Their literature in all its epochs has still the stamp of a national literature, representing in each the characteristics of the particular period, but with a deep, full under-current of feeling, which was neither republican nor imperial, but only Roman.

It is especially interesting to lay our hands on a picture, in that literature, of life and manners, and trace the analogy between the state of things there depicted, and the old. But when that picture was meant to be a gloomy one, and hardly affects not to exaggerate the degeneracy of the people from their ancestors; when it is a satire, and levelled at those classes which contained the essence of the *Nomen Romanum*, we are somewhat justified in trusting to the delineation, to the extent, at least, of the affinities between what was and what is, which we can trace on the canvas, underneath the dense coating of wilful misrepresentation and prejudice. The period from Tiberius to Domitian was peculiarly the age of satire; and the fact that it was, affords a clue to its real position in the annals of Rome. It proves that the sovereigns of that era might be tyrants (an open question); but, if tyrants, they were usurpers by force, not despots recognised by the constitution. Civil war, or the terror of the barbarian, might make extraordinary dictatorial prerogatives necessary to the nation's safety, but the spirit of the whole people had not sunk to love and adore the badge of their abnegation of self-government. An epigram or a pasquinade on authorities shows nothing; neither does its popularity. Mere surprise at the contempt exhibited for persons held sacred, and natural dislike to the customary restraint, produces the effect of wit upon the public mind. But to produce, and to praise a deliberate satire, not vaguely running wild against the whole human race, but a systematic onslaught on dignities and classes which enjoyed a monopoly of reverence, and a sort of privilege of playing the fool and the desperado without reproof, indicates a habit of passing judgment freely on the conduct of the great, and that interest

in their sentiments and actions which the exclusiveness, either of absolutism or an oligarchy, effectually benumbs.

It does not matter that the names held up to ridicule had lost their associations of pomp and power, that the vices formerly in vogue were not fashionable then. We must remember that the common notion about the empire is, that it was the era of a series of sultans, or military tyrants. But the simple capacity of laughing at what has been gilded over with personal grandeur, is something alien to habitual servility; and the more, perhaps, does it prove a custom of independence in thought, that the thirst of vengeance for recent oppression cannot account for a burst of exultation over Sejanus in the reign of Domitian. Satire cannot flourish under a pure despotism, for the monarch may not be, and his courtiers are not worth being attacked, let alone the ruler's jealousy of a composition which, in asserting a right to criticise the blind instruments of his government, and the creatures of his munificence, assumes responsibility in himself. But at Rome there was the not so unnatural union of absolutism in the executive power with freedom of public opinion. The fiction of official accountability for the performance of a trust committed by the people, was not so much a fiction in practice, as it appeared to be even in theory. The nominees of the emperor and the senate, were, many of them, the men whom the nation would have chosen in its day of republican liberty; and opinion, interpreting the exigencies of the times, which aggressions from the east and the north made one series of crises, ratified the choice, and condemned and murmured down the tendency to forget, while consulting private friendship, or sordid political services, that magistrates still had duties to discharge.

It were idle to attempt to prove the Empire to have been a good form of government absolutely; it is not so unreasonable to argue (although this is not the place), that it was the best, as being the only one possible under existing circumstances, when that portentous revolution, the annihilation not only of so many nations' liberties, but even of their capacity of thinking for themselves, had just been consummated. Outside Rome, in Italy itself, slavery was the dominant form of society; but beneath the shadow of the Capitol it was not the least danger for a prince *cerdonibus esse timendus*. Nor was the freedom only the lawless licence of the rabble who are free from, because beneath, the law. For the genuine Romans it had withdrawn into a narrower compass. The haughty Plebs was no longer represented as an order; it would have disdained the claims of the mob to descent from it; but the nobles still kept their independence, shorn of some of its security, but yet the more palpable perhaps

from the apparent plots to coerce it issuing from imperial jealousy. Public opinion supported them and checked the sovereign. While the old spirit of Rome still lingered, while the old names of the Republic survived, how preposterous it is to speak or to think of Rome, as is the tendency, as sunk to the condition of Turkey, and to ignore the connexion of the republic and the empire. It is as groundless a theory as that which would exhibit us as a totally different race from the subjects of Elizabeth. The grandeur of the Old Houses under Tiberius and Caligula is something contradictory to Orientalism. The invectives launched by the satirist against their luxury to prove their degeneracy and the falling away of the ancient spirit, demonstrate that at least it was not the policy of imperialism which had caused the change. The picture which he draws of the crimes and degradation of his countrymen is gloomy indeed; murder and debauchery, wild beast-like valour, and the most sickly effeminacy, desperate prodigality, and niggardly patronage were, according to him, the sum of a Roman's pursuits and dispositions. But all is in the extreme; there is nothing but what savours of the souls of the conquerors of the world run mad.

The Republic is the background to every scene; and the lighting of the sarcasm kindles up, and seems to bring into unnatural juxtaposition, the Empire and the Commonwealth. It is impossible to read ten lines without discovering that its writer did not dream of the old times as gone beyond recall; that the spirit of the descendants of the Curii and Cincinnati appeared to his fancy to be only sleeping, not dead. We come to his denunciations in the anticipation of finding them full of images from a period long past, with all its results, and descriptive of an actual state of things grand and vast, but altogether different. The stoicism of Seneca, and the very association of the names of the great lawyers of that time with the code of the oriental Justinian, suggest a state of society very distinct from that which produced the free eloquence of Cicero, or the plebiscita of the tribunes. Actually, we find a multitude indeed of alien vices and forms of luxury born of the Empire, but we find also an apparent conviction in the author, that he, a Roman, wrote to Romans; that everything which was new was exceptional; that the basis was national. He does not acknowledge that the Empire existed by the people's will, but, in the genuine spirit of modern imperialists, contemplates it as in all cases a temporary institution; in some a mere tyranny, in others, perhaps useful for a particular exigency. With the outward forms so entirely unchanged, he could not think the internal character so completely revolutionised as many suppose it to have been. Nor was it so changed. But few of the emperors were even capable

of forming a project for constituting themselves kings and the source of a regular dynasty. In keeping up the appearance of acquiescence to the popular will, and the habit of consulting and paying deference to the senate, they did violence to the proud instincts of sovereigns and generals: but they allowed the continuance of so dangerous a germ and nucleus of disaffection, or it might be, insurrection, because their own minds were as much in bondage to a belief in old names, as those of their subjects. They did not suffer, what is always a sign of weakness in a new government, the permanence of offices which their own recent dignity had robbed of all utility, only because they were weak, and alterations would have given a cry to ever-ready malcontents; they themselves looked upon a consulship or a triumph, as an ornament not beneath their own aspirations. It is natural for us, surveying from a distance the history of the Eternal City, to recognise one definite line of demarcation, viz. that which separates the Empire from the Republic; the likeness between the several epochs of the former seems greater than that between itself and the latter. We are perhaps deceived by a name; we certainly discover a deeper contrast between the two than did Romans themselves.

They were, in every stage of their history, a conservative people. Amid the luxury and effeminacy of the Empire, and in the literature employed in scourging that change of manners and life, this conservatism, and in its worst aspect, appears more plainly than it possibly could in the activity and agitations of the Republic. The phenomenon of the old nature, retained under every variety of circumstance, is the great fact of the social and political history of Rome. Larger retinues were kept, more splendid palaces built, and more sumptuous entertainments given by the nobles at home and governors abroad; but the essential features of state policy remained unaltered. Still, the feelings of the provincials were not consulted; still, satisfaction was awarded them against their magistrates, only if *they* had violated justice as meted out by a Roman standard. The details of oppression in the dependencies, and of vengeance and tyranny in the age of the Cæsars, read like a repetition of the tale of Verres. Either robbery and murder lost their significance, when perpetrated by a Roman noble against an African, or banishment from Rome was still regarded as banishment from the only spot which could be a home, from the only civilization which deserved the name. Certainly, no wrongs of provincials could be terrible enough in the sight of an emperor, any more than in that of a tribune, to warrant the forfeiture of a citizen's life. The penalty might be more rigidly extorted; but it was, as formerly, ridiculously inadequate.

‘Exul ab octavâ Marius bibit, et fruitur dis
Iritis; at tu, victrix provincia, ploras.’

At home the fragments of the old ‘*edicts*’ of Republican prætors lived in the larger scheme of legislation for an empire, and the transaction of the business of a world was partly governed by the sententious maxims of Appius Claudius. The stern invectives of stoic senators and satirists against the growth of prodigality and sloth, and, still more, the absence of any intimation that they thought of their city as a metropolis of subjugated continents rather than as *Urbs Roma*, tend to the same conclusion, viz. that they might deem it degenerate, but not in a different position relatively to the rest of mankind. It seemed to them that all genuine Romans must be born equals, and all foreigners, beyond comparison and in the nature of things, their inferiors; that, in short, the conqueror of Italy had not taken upon herself novel obligations, or cosmopolite sympathies, when become dictator over many nations.

Much which is reasonable to us was necessarily incomprehensible to them. Yet we, too, are familiar with the idea of equality among Englishmen as conjoined with a latent superstition respecting our superiority to all other nations;—and then we refuse to understand why the social influence of the Greek, whom we consider of a higher intellectual type than the Roman, should have been remarked by the latter with jealousy and indignation! To the Romans it appeared much as it would to us when the subtle Hindoo arrogates a claim to rank politically with the Anglo-Saxon. Dexterity and ingenuity were, in their eyes, the proper qualities of subjects, and the quality ‘*omnia novit*’ marked the parasite. A wide gulf lay between their nationality and that of their dependents. Which was the higher was no longer an open question. The actual relation of the two parties was held to have decided that point, and, with it, the inferiority of every individual attribute on the one side, the preeminence of each on the other. To borrow aught from the conquered, was to accept so far degradation. The rise of the tremendous power of these Latins had, in fact, been owing entirely to their possession of some special moral qualities, not to circumstances. No old right of superiority had been taken advantage of in a moment of depression or of internal dissensions in a neighbouring state; no fortunate alliance had thrown the sceptre of the one into the hands of the sovereign of another. The coalition of the territories which together made the empire, was not a coalition on equal terms; it was the violent merging of the one in the other, accomplished through superiority in force and essential vigour;—and *væ victis*! The excellence of the victors’ character consisted in this, that they always expanded and rose to the level of the occasion.

The policy which had proved sufficient for a city was not thrown aside, but modified so as to suit a vast range of conquests. Even in its origin, it was not an eccentric, narrow-minded policy, but based mainly on reasonable and wide principles, and a severe common-sense. Hence it did not break down as the Spartan, when applied to a different sphere. It had been from the first a system to form rulers, not only obedient soldiers; and every citizen was trained by it to feel himself a Roman citizen, wherever he might be, bound up with its glory, and representing in his own person the majesty of the state. He could, when in Asia, apply Asiatic forms of torture and tyranny; even at home he rioted in all the luxury of Antioch; but all this was only skin-deep; he remained a Roman at heart, nor ever foreswore the rules of Roman policy. His nature, exaggerated as it was by long historical associations of conquest and sovereignty, led him to believe implicitly in the perfections of his own nationality. He deified his country in the reigning emperor; he most thoroughly and servilely confided, not in his own fortune, but in his capacity for government, and his destiny as the world's civilizer.

The vilest of the Cæsars held this doctrine equally with their subjects. Nero himself did not innovate materially on the foreign policy of the Commonwealth. They had their foreign flatterers, their intermixture of alien senators and ministers; but no change was made thereby in state policy, for these men mimicked successfully the character of the country of their adoption. Nothing, indeed, excited more the indignation of old-fashioned Romans, like Juvenal and Tacitus, than to see a Pallas, or a Crispinus, or even a well-born Etruscan, taking precedence of Cornelii and Æmilii. But, whether it were the blind impulse of sovereigns feeling in their isolation among their own countrymen the need of friends from without, or an usurper's natural jealousy of fellow-citizens who recollected when their prince's house was no grander than their own, or a profound sagacity, which told them the advisers of the lord of many nations must not reflect the prejudices of one alone,—certainly their practice of admitting to their councils men who, while ready to act according to Roman principles, had been brought up in the freer atmosphere of a different race and land, had nothing erroneous on the face of it. It was the same instinct, perhaps, as that which led the kings of the middle ages to choose for their adviser a prelate, or, in more modern times, their father confessor, as their sole alternative in lieu of a *noblesse* reared in the strictest of all creeds, the superstitions of feudalism, and in the narrowest of all scopes of experience. By such a policy of itself, the Cæsars would not have demonstrated

their unfitness for their position ; it did not necessarily indicate degeneracy, but the consciousness, only arising in the minds of men who actually had to consult the circumstances of the times, and not an unbending dogma, of the necessity, not of changing principles, in ruling the dominions which these had been the means of winning, but of using the vast extent of their territories as a seminary not only for soldiers, but statesmen. Neither did a single city, even one like Rome, furnish sufficient available genius for the governing of half the world ; nor were the few Old Houses always ready to devote their abilities to the promoting the glory and power of a man they envied. Even Augustus had found it necessary to select Mæcenas from beyond the narrow pale of the nobility ; and this Mameluke system was forced, *à fortiori*, on his unpopular successors. Crispinus and others have prejudiced us against a practice of which their insolence was the fruit ; but many great commanders arose from it, and throngs of energetic assessors in the provincial magistracies (who soon sunk their barbarous origin in their new citizenship, and whose origin we have forgotten), to stem the flood of barbarism both at home and abroad. Every indication, however, of a bias to utilize the Provincials' genius, was regarded by the one party as demonstrative of a plot against the constitution.

Had the Emperors indeed attempted (we are not ignoring one or two solitary exceptions) to become 'kings,'—using the word in its Latin significance, as equivalent to an Oriental despot, with all its commutation of servility on the one side, and licentious wilfulness on the other,—they would have deserved to be held up to ridicule ; the scheme must have speedily destroyed both them and their country. For the brick and stone allegory of the Temple of Janus, with its ever open gates, imaged a positive fact in Roman history, viz. that their normal state must be war ; that they were the civilizers of the world, and the conservators of peace ; but this, by arms. Their empire had been swelled by force, and every conquest, in extending the frontier line of enemies, only confirmed the necessity of continued efforts. There was no hope for them in any appeal for help to subjects whose nationality was opposed to that of the victors. Their object, as it had been from the beginning, must be still to annihilate the independent power of their dependents, to constitute themselves their protectors, to make everything centre at, and radiate from Rome. When Caracalla proclaimed all subjects of Rome Citizens, the Roman world had already coalesced into something like harmony, from the lapse of years during which the union had lasted, the common terror of the outer barbarian, and perhaps the gradual disappearance of that master energy

which had distinguished the capital from the provinces. In Juvenal's age, the time was not ripe—certainly the Emperors did not conceive it to be—for such large measures. Even to the close of the dynasty, if so we may term it, of the twelve Cæsars, the Empire remained an unorganized mass of nations; armies could be recruited among them with impunity, only if the boundary between the sovereign city and the provinces were so entire, that, to enlist under her banners, entailed on the tyro forfeiture of all obligations to any other fatherland. Thus, to have assumed prerogatives which should have confounded all together, Romans and Provincials, according to the radical principle of an Eastern kingdom, would have been to strip themselves of their only resource against the external foe, to have even foully abandoned the prestige of Rome, in an attempt to emancipate themselves from the old names. As long as an Arminius or a Phraates could be formidable, there was not much fear that a Caligula or even a Nero would put in practice his theory of the advantages of the Oriental *régime*.

The capital continued to maintain its monopoly of power; and all official patronage radiated from thence as of old. The great Houses kept their privilege of sharing the richest governments, and shone in the Fasti. Even the secret influence of freedmen proved nothing less than the degeneracy of the spirit of Rome; it displayed the strength and life of that spirit in drawing all other phases of character within the range of its formative power, so that the Gallic legionary, or the Spaniard, did not boast the freshness of his nationality, but made it his chief pride to ape the Roman. Nor indeed was it so much a change of policy which the conservative Romans of the Empire speak of; they do not seem to be aware of the difference in kind between the Republic, and Empire as such, which has come to be commonly believed by us. It is not that they are jealous of the sway of foreign principles of action, but of baseborn foreigners mimicking native Quirites, and insulting the triumphal statues by the intrusion of their own:—

‘inter quas ausus habere
Nescio quis titulos Ægyptius atque Arabarches;’

or of a Paris affecting the airs of a patron to citizen poets:—

‘Ille et militiæ multis largitur honorem;
Quod non dant proceres, dabit histrio.’

The vices of the Egyptian Crispinus did not so much disgust the satirist, as that he had had the audacity to become a senator. The advancement of men like Paris and Cinna, was a glaring affront to public opinion at Rome; but the indignation of Juvenal and Tacitus, though they dwell upon the

elevation of some notorious *parvenus*, has a wider area, and implies a condemnation of all tokens of favour to any without the narrow limits of the register of a single city. They did not see that the peculiar qualities of Romans, those qualities which had made them what they were, did not run in the blood of one nation only; that they are the offspring of the consciousness of power and the habit of government. His Athenian training did not give the Roman gentleman the exquisite Greek taste; but usage and intuition could make of the Dacian or the Spaniard a vigorous commander, or even emperor. Strength of will and energy of mind exist, in the raw material, almost everywhere; ages of supremacy had not given the Roman an exclusive inheritance in them, though they had made him the representative and type of the species, because circumstances had furnished his nation with exclusive opportunities for developing powers originally great. They were prejudiced against understanding the inutility and monstrosity of denying an occasion for the manifestation of the faculties of administration to every corner of the globe but their own. So blind a prejudice could not succeed in repressing entirely the tendency of genius to appear and exert itself; but the clamours and predictions of satirists and the interested Orders, respecting the danger from such innovations, partly caused them to prove themselves. Both master and favourite felt they were doing violence to the sentiments of the ruling classes, the one in conferring, the other in accepting office. He was forced to be a tyrant, because the very fact of his elevation was considered by the genuine citizen a sign and test of tyranny. Yet, even the actual tyranny, and the common opinion as to its degree, were much less pronounced than we are accustomed to suppose. The evidence afforded by no unprejudiced authors, by Tacitus and Juvenal, as to the real character of the despotism, and the vicious influence of alien ministers, does not point to the sort of government maintained by a Dionysius, or a Persian monarch; scarcely even, notwithstanding the prominence of certain resembling traits, to the cunning policy of Louis XI. It reminds us rather of the authority of Piers Gavaston, or the Despensers, of Edward the Second's time. The oppressions were practised on the old *noblesse*. The tales of these oppressions are rather stories of court intrigues, and of the exclusion of the heads of ancient families from their rightful places. The narrow compass, apparently, of the sympathies of those writers is remarkable. They are confined entirely to the Capitol and the exclusive caste which dwelt there. Great evils pervaded the whole system; but they were scarcely those upon which the political satirist and the satirist of life and manners have laid

their magical touch. The practices *they* stigmatise, and *their* examples of the degeneracy of Romans, were lamentable in themselves. But they are chiefly important, as being almost necessary deductions from a far higher and profounder cause.

The Empire was, as we have said, the proper development of the Republic. It was the period of government and consolidation following on the period of conquest and destruction; not that they now began the work of legislation; but it had been formerly concurrent with conquest, now it appears as an independent agency. But the Romans had got the habit of arbitrary despotism too deeply ingrained in their constitution through the usage of so many centuries, to be able now to put it off. While it was still the era of conquest, the whole people could take part in the business; it served them as a profession. When that had passed by, their occupation was gone. They had lost, if they ever possessed, the attributes which are a condition of great commercial progress. The associations of military glory almost forbade the rise of such a spirit now; and the command of the wealth and energies of the world made application to such matters gratuitous. Their powers and capacities could be utilized, while the State was in a condition of advancement both at home and abroad. There was the struggle for empire here, the emulation and agitations consequent upon a not yet elaborated Constitution there. The Empire pacified the civil contests, while its establishment synchronized with the completion of the work of territorial subjugation. After this, fresh territories were, it is true, perpetually being added to the dominions of Rome: but they were not added by reason of their own intrinsic worth, but as necessary appendages to the old, necessary as a frontier and a sort of debatable land. The Metropolis became the seat of government, no longer the fortress and dwelling-place of the Roman army. Its population could not settle down into merely an integral part of the Empire; the old spirit of domineering, and indeed the old energy, resisted the influence of circumstances which would have reduced it to an equality with the rest. They **WOULD** remain the sovereign class, and the downfall of all independence and separate nationalities, which had been the consequence of the Roman arms, tended to secure for a time the only population and locality which were free to cherish ancient associations and history. But the vast extent of territories to be garrisoned made it impossible to employ only a citizen soldiery, the confluence of wealth in Rome made warfare, especially when to be shared with barbarians, distasteful to the arrogant poor. Without profession or trade, they sank at length into the meanest of parasites, the meaner, that they were so proud of their very indolence.

The jealousy of the Emperors produced much the same effect upon the *noblesse*. The growing indolence of a close aristocracy; and the difficulty of finding posts, even in territories so vast, high enough for their rank, or sufficiently of the nature of sinecures for their tastes, seconded and justified the imperial policy. There is, as shown perhaps in modern times most clearly by Stockholm and Vienna, something narrowing or even debasing in the moral and intellectual atmosphere of a city with no other interests but those connected with government and a court, and where all are engaged in looking out for spoils, or in spending them. A great city, to be morally and mentally healthy, should have several distinct sources of interest and occupation, and among them, some which exercise the faculties for the details of private business, as well as for politics. It should not hold one relation only to the rest of the country, the relation of ruler. So far as the poet's and historian's censures bear upon this phase of the great city, and the vices it nourished, all their declamation is well grounded; but they were prejudiced by their whole history against discovering the real cause of the degeneracy, viz. that very energy of the Roman will which prevented the citizen giving his attention to anything below government. Nay, they appealed to this, the most essential feature of the Roman's character then no less than formerly, as demonstrating the shame of his actual position, as a parasite of the great, or obnoxious to the caprice of a freedman.

The population of Rome was a mixture of various incongruous elements. There were the slaves, the tradesmen, chiefly recruited from the latter class, the followers of lucrative professions, medicine and the different departments of education, many of these too being foreigners; and, lastly, came the men without occupation, a class which, in default of any more distinctive appellation or pursuit, styled itself Quirites, and included the rabble and the nobles. Among the nobles was a sprinkling of indefatigable jurists, the statesmen who did the real work of legislation and government, and the generals. The more stirring impulses of every-day life were altogether wanting. No elements of production were contained in the capital; all were employed either in selling what they had not made, spending, or making themselves out to be fit persons to be spent upon. The whole town seemed given up to indolence and laborious luxury, and was thronged with men who had no natural sphere of employment, and who disdained the relations of peaceful citizens, when they could not act sovereigns. Beneath the surface of pomp and enjoyment nestled the fruitful germs of petty intrigue, espionage, and suspicion. The sovereign could not sufficiently forget that he pretended to be a consti-

tutional republican magistrate; his courtiers, that it shamed their ancestry to owe obedience to a man of no better blood than themselves. While some were cherishing the morbid feeling of envy and contempt, others were moving heaven and earth to get scope in some not yet plundered province for a display of their talents for the restoration of lost fortunes. The aspirant or malecontent had each his band of revolted followers who knew no head but him; and who hoped for tribuneships or provincial commissions from his prosperous hand. Meantime, they were ready to sell their capacities for flattering at the price of a seat below the salt at their patron's table. The crowds round the noble's door for the niggardly dole,

‘Cum summus honor finito computet anno,
Sportula quid referat, quantum rationibus addat;’

the miseries of the chilly perambulation of the city before dawn,

‘Illo tempore quo se
Frigida circumagunt pigri sarraca Boötæ;’

for attendance at the great man's levee; the gloomier intimations of the systematic violation of the sanctity of domestic purity, and the poisoned cup of the parricide, when

‘Jam torquet juvenem longa et cervina senectus,’

were the necessary concomitants of a condition of things which denied duties to the nobles, and gave needy younger sons, or spendthrifts, no hope of recovering their station but at the expense of the provinces, whether directly, or by participating in the imperial largess from the public taxes, or the patron's gift from the spoils of a conquered government.

Juvenal and Tacitus only condemn the extravagance or the servility; they seem to think the extradition of the miserable provinces to the *immediate* rule of the *noblesse* would, at all events, elevate the tone of Rome. They did not or would not see that the evil lay far deeper; that it was this very fixity of relations between the Roman (*i.e.* the denizen of the capital) and the Provincial which caused the evil; that no people can help being degraded, or rather degrading itself, which has not experienced the interchange of obedience and government. The lesson taught by the history of Rome is a most important one; but contemporary authors could not understand it. The lesson has been repeated in the history of many countries since, and especially of Spain. Many of the vices which have called forth the bitterest reproaches from writers about either country, flowed manifestly from the almost compulsory idleness of the population, the incompatibility of their claims and reminiscences with any settled occupation. Just in

the same way the traditional grandeur of the Colonna and other noble families of Middle-age Rome, with the hankerings after place without responsibility of a large portion of the rest of the population, made it the worst capital in Europe, a perpetual scene of bloody feuds between rival houses, or between the nobles and the constituted police, or of sordid intrigues and scandal-mongering in the emulation for office and dignities. We can trace in Juvenal the strength of the spirit of bureaucracy in his day, the system of tampering with the imperial household, and with the favourite attendants even of private persons, and one universal medley of patronage and dependence. It had long been a proverb that every man had his price at Rome; there was not more corruption under the Empire than under the Republic; but there existed in the later period fewer independent sources of interest to divide attention and to keep the public mind from stagnating. From all quarters came candidates for court favour, or for promotion at home, and the intervals of the serious business of attendance at the levee or patron's procession down to the Forum, were occupied with pandering to his pleasures or their own.

Yet, in the dark picture are a few redeeming features, signs, not that the degradation of its people was less than is supposed, but that it was the degradation of a race still of a noble and colossal type. The nobles who boasted pure descent from the heroes of the Republic, in all their vices showed themselves at least a special and exclusive class, not the creatures of a monarch's will. The imperial autocracy, though it set out with being the champion and favourite of the once great middle classes of Rome, proved most destructive to these its supporters. It had the effect of confounding them with the middle classes of the world at large. The *noblesse* gained new riches, and the right of oppressing all beneath them, as the price of their old absolute supremacy. They no longer took, as a body, the same active part in politics, unless when their extravagance necessitated the acceptance of a wealthy governorship; but they lived in a style of sensual indulgence, which would have made a marquis of France exclaim. An air of recklessness hung about their prodigality, which indicated that this affectation of negligence about the constitution of their country, and their lost prerogatives but covered a sort of desperate carelessness respecting the continuance of their Houses; while an unhealthy craving for fame, which degraded haughty consulars into clever jockeys, a Gracchus to a prize-fighter, a Fabius to a comedian, and the heir of the Mamerci to a clown in a low farce, demonstrated the same lack of proper duties and functions which made d'Orleans emulous of an English coachman, before he found out

a more novel plaything in '*égalité*' and demagogism. Further, in the same gloomy picture, some, at all events, of the shadows are due to the feelings and opinions of the artist; while many of the follies or crimes with which citizens of Rome are upbraided, though realities, arose entirely from the strange confusion there of a theory partly carried out with a practice partly opposed to it.

The expressions of authors lead one to suppose that the standard in *their* judgment of guilty luxury and fashion was calculated from the manners of a rude agricultural population, simple from lack of resources. As ever, they exhibit that obstinate indigenous conservatism, which, taking not into account changes in circumstances, strove to force all men to submit to one narrow measure; and assumed, with Draco, that all violations of this must be equally criminal. They would not comprehend that all sumptuary laws must be proportionate to the means of a nation, and yet more, of the different classes in it; that excessive strictness in a law, while it creates transgressors against itself, tends to make them outlaws, enemies that is, to law altogether. The poet and the historian were not by themselves; they represent a whole class of men, the best and most virtuous citizens, no doubt, but on whom rests much of the blame of the fall of their country; blame, because they who alone might have saved it, would not go to work in the right way. The old glories of Rome had intoxicated their imaginations, and blinded their reason, till they grew unable to trace them to their origin; and looked upon all the circumstances of that earlier period as equally influential towards the result. Had the Roman, like the Etruscan, made his first Italian conquest a pretext for sitting down to enjoy himself, he certainly would never have won the world. His simplicity and continuity of energy were thus important conditions of his success. But, to suppose them by themselves independent causes, would be to contradict the fact that many a simple Turcoman tribe owns itself the Sultan's slave; and would make the triumphs of Epicurean chiefs of an Epicurean nobility, like Sylla, and Lucullus, and Pompey, and Cæsar, strange and inexplicable portents in history. Thatched cottages, earthenware goblets, porridge and fat bacon, a dainty reserved for the birthday festival, had nothing to do with their ancestors' successes, except so far as they were part of the circumstances of the time; neither was it in the nature of things that the charming banquet to which the poet invites his friend Persicus, should serve as a substitute for the citron-wood table and *entremets* of the wealthy senator. These ultra-grateful reminiscences of the early times even suggest too mean an idea of the intrinsic powers of the

old Quirites. They conquered their empire, not by the formal rules and mechanical discipline of the Spartan, but by persevering heroism, adapting itself to their resources. The other theory would have destroyed art in the attempt to destroy vice and prodigality; it would have left unimpaired the most mauseous ostentation. The antique bronzes, the frieze, and the statue, were redeeming traits in the grossness of Roman luxury. The Romans were not a race of native taste, or very capable of taking intelligent delight in art. Verres could scarcely, we would think, have had a true feeling of the beautiful, unless he were like those captains of Charles V., who, amid the carnage, used to indite love-lorn ditties and simple pastorals. It was simply out of a blind emulation and jealousy of being surpassed in aught, that they became virtuosos; the study tended to soften their natural hardness of temperament, by supplying new objects and interests; but it was not sufficiently in harmony with the elements of their nature to be invincible by ridicule. The satirist does not discriminate between insensate prodigality and a love of the fine arts for their own sake. Had he effected anything, it would have been the destruction of taste. A large faction of rude minds; some genuine though unreasonable patriots, like that Lucius Piso of the Annals; others, boorish enemies to anything like innovation, and jealous of tastes they did not possess, would have aided in the work. Luxury must have still continued to be the form of Roman society, as long as Rome remained the centre of a vast and tributary dominion, but in a more extravagant and less refined shape. As it was, these invectives, sympathized in by a large party in the city, and echoed internally by a latent superstition in many whose practice was opposite, served to hinder the gradual establishment of a policy more natural under the altered circumstances. When the law of a nation's prosperity, even its existence, is asserted with authority to be one which only suits a market town and capital of agricultural labour, where no virtue or happiness is allowed to be possible for the rulers of a world unless they live as farmers, the result is likely to be general scepticism, and obedience to selfish instincts.

Again, what awoke the indignation of the lovers of the old state of things, was the spectacle of a patrician tossing the dole to his 'old and weary clients,' as though they were so many dogs, or of another inviting a needy dependent, and regaling him with mud-eels and musty crusts, while he himself and his wealthy *childless* guests indulged in the red mullet or delicate lamprey. The error was in the feeling bound to keep up obsolete fashions, to have a retinue of friends and clients, when all the use of that institution had long gone by; and, consequently,

the integrity of it. Roman feeling would not have been shocked by the sight of fellow-countrymen affecting a hypocritical equality, but acting as of a different planet, unless the conservatism of the nation had enjoined the continuance of worn-out customs. How fruitful a source of discontent it would be in modern Europe, if great landowners were forced by opinion to maintain the feudal hospitality of the Nevilles, and to turn loose upon the side-dishes a host of hungry ostlers and farm-bailiffs! The old simple bond between lord and vassal had long disappeared at Rome; but public opinion, of which Juvenal was an exponent, suffered not the former to abandon the outward signs of its existence; and then they were angry at finding these signs really unmeaning, and sedulously robbed of all their formal significance! For the proud noble *cænare civiliter*, that is, to dine off the same fare, and at the same board with his suite of flatterers and drudges, would have been perhaps not more pleasant for the latter in the days of the Cæsars, than it would be if the distinction now between the servants' hall and the dining-room were broken down. It would have certainly simplified the arrangements of the upper board, and spoiled the trade of the fishmongers of Rome; but whether such a reverting to the old customs, and their revival in the old spirit, would have been good for the world at large, is more doubtful. The effect of the compliment to the Titii and Caii, must have been to degrade the sagacious philosopher from Athens, the rhetorician of Lyons, and the generous Spaniard. As society actually was constituted, the only Romans, at least as the world's ruling caste, were the nobles. Subject states fed *their* luxury and venerated *their* claims to fame. The populace, in a great measure composed of foreigners seeking their fortune in the capital, were only Romans, and entitled to respect, *there*. The effect of the restoration of the old civic equality, or rather the creation of it (for we should have to search diligently in the ancient annals, before we found it in the days of Coriolanus and Camillus), must have been to shut the doors of the metropolis to new citizens, when sovereign prerogatives were attached to that rank; and to make Rome yet more imperious to, and unsympathetic with, the complaints and cravings of the dependencies. The latter had, as it was, only to supply materials for the imperial largesses to the populace, '*panem et Circenses*:' in the other case they must have revered in each miserable unit of the rabble a natural lord and master. This end, even put out in these seemingly exaggerated colours, Juvenal hardly pretends to conceal he desired. Tacitus did not wish for it, for he was aristocratic in his tenets, and only directed his shafts against the oppressor of the old *noblesse*; he saw that to attempt to

raise the mob of the Capitol were a vain task, had they possessed more genuine Roman blood than they did. Juvenal, with a more complete theoretical scope, was less practical. He was democratic, that is, he cared not exclusively for noble or commoner; he desired to see the Romans a sovereign order, elevated above the rest of the earth: in the greatness of their elevation above others, all the lesser distinctions among themselves ought, he thought, to be forgotten or passed over. The vices and follies, among them, especially the affectation of civic equality, which he assails, were real blemishes in the imperial system. The misfortune was that the critic could propose to his countrymen no nobler pursuits, and no positive object to be attained by the erection of a different system upon the ruins of the old. Antique simplicity and rudeness, in a city of millions and the centre of cultivation, had been as great a paradox as was the scheme of an army of perfectly incorrupt, poverty-loving *guards* for jewellers and confectioners in Plato's Republic.

Still, in these points the poet had a positive basis for his censures. Prejudice was essential to his order of mind acting upon his especial circumstances of birth, locality, and times. Paradoxical as it may seem to affirm it, from his prejudices proceeds the great excellence of his satire. He wrote strongly, because he felt strongly; he wrote in appearance vaguely and with generality, because to him the Romans were the whole human race, and the passions and emotions of humanity had no force and significance in his eyes, except so far as they coloured or raged in Roman hearts. It was not that Rome, as the metropolis of the civilized world, appeared to him an epitome of that world; it rather appeared to him a substitute for it. A Lentulus acting the '*beaten slave*' was regarded by public opinion as something monstrous. Provincials themselves would have echoed the poet's indignant cry:—

'Judice me dignus vera cruce;'

for the grandeur and preeminence of the Old Houses was still a fact, and not a mockery; they were the nobility of the world. But, in his view, the scandal was in the debasement, not so much of the peer of the empire, as of the far descended Roman citizen. Broad, trite, moral maxims are not trite with him. When he seems to be denouncing a vice of human nature, he is only denouncing a Roman profligate. He was able to do this after a mode which would have been impracticable for a writer whose zenith had fallen in the reign of Tiberius, or even of Nero. From the position in time which he occupied, he could discern at a glance both the commencement and catastrophe of the revolution in manners in the capital. He could concentrate

his wrath with a good conscience, and the sincerity which makes him unsurpassable, on each deviation from the old ways, as a cause of the utter degradation of the reign of Domitian, that 'bald-headed Nero.' The gloom of that time shed a shadow and sort of tragic grandeur backwards on the past, while the poet escaped the confusedness and pointlessness attendant on any attempt to assail and laugh down new fashions and follies as they rise, before their true nature and bearings can be known.

From this accident of his epoch, concurring with the peculiarities of his judgment, have arisen the numerous more apparent than real points of contact between him and some of the moderns, which have facilitated the work of imitation or translation. No Latin or Greek classic can boast at once of a translator like Gifford, and an adapter like Johnson. This is not altogether, perhaps, a merit in Juvenal, or, if so, a merit, like the beauty of the opal which arises, we are told, from a natural flaw. Horace as a satirist is unapproachable by paraphrase, or, at all events, by translation, because he had no theory, but drew straight from life. Personal experience furnished him with his plan. Juvenal had a theory, and that a rigid one. For the fine distinctions of social life he had no eye; he viewed his countrymen only in a political light, as a governing caste. His age was not an age of society, as that of Horace; it bears the same relation to this latter which the era of the Georges does to the reign of Queen Anne. The ease and elegance of society consequent upon the feeling that rank was a predetermined fact, was gone under Caligula, Claudius, and Nero; it had begun to melt away even under Tiberius. Augustus was, like Charles II. and Anne, a citizen sovereign; his stepson and his successors scarcely came in as benefactors and restorers of order; they were necessary, like the Georges, but rather as filling up a gap, than as a direct gain to the nation. The nobles felt this; and, further, the absence of any striking genius, or of the prestige of great achievements in these adopted Julii, would teach them to fear that when mediocrities could lord it over *them*, the system whence their only title came must be indeed a powerful one, and already beginning to be indefeasible. Many sequestered themselves in their palaces, indulging in morbid half-futile suspicions of themselves as possible conspirators against the established order, or objects of conspiracy. To refer to this state of things in the reign of Domitian, or later, after the persecutions of Nero, and the civil wars of Otho and Vitellius, with the tyranny of the last of the Flavii, had played the same part in Rome, which the Wars of the Roses did in English history, is somewhat of an anachronism. But pictures of life and manners actually do, for the most part, reflect in

many ways the previous generation. Some of Ben Jonson's most beautiful poems were the offspring of King James's uncongenial court-revels. The prerogative of simple country-squires to play the part of tragedy-tyrants, we may hope, was not recognised when Richardson thrilled and agonised the hearts of his contemporaries. Fidelity to the bygone Stuarts had become a romantic reminiscence of the past when Scott told the tale of the misfortunes and heroism of the Chevalier. Homer himself, it is probable, rose at the end of the Heroic age. It is only when the complete result has been attained, and all the features can be surveyed at once, that an author can combine them into a picture; for traces of the life and habits of the former generation linger, and are discoverable far into the next. It is not so with the poets or novelists of sentiment or nature—the Virgils, and Mackenzies, and Keatses; they reflect the hues of the present exclusively. The blending of the republican but aristocrat Roman with the satrap, the confusion, even anarchy produced by the confluence of all nations' separate instruments, and appliances of luxury and types of religion, to Rome, with their adoption by the Roman noble as playthings or decorations, not as essentials; the adaptive power of the Roman will forcing emperors and freedman-viziers, culled from all quarters of the globe, to assume the Roman self-reliant policy in administering the foreign relations of the Empire; finally, the union of the independence of the Roman dames, not known even to the Greek, with Eastern extravagance and profligacy;—all this, which is the main source of our interest in these satires, would not have been displayed nearly so forcibly or brightly, had the poet written when in the midst of those influences, and without the key and clue to the characters of the epoch, and its distinctive tendencies, provided by the reigns of Otho, Vitellius, and Domitian.

But as well the distance in time from many of the fashions assailed, as the author's peculiar genius, with its defect as to fineness of intellectual touch, if we may use the metaphor, hindered that nice perfectness of shading which so charms us in Horace. The latter hints at the elegance of Mécænas, while ridiculing the sordid pretentiousness of Nasidienus; he gives us exceptional traits in the ordinary life of Rome, rather than instances of its exceptional vices and crimes, the lights as well as the shadows. Ages of exclusiveness and class-isolation, like Juvenal's, when the national distinctions of rank were deepened and widened, partly perhaps, from the gradual fading away of the landmarks of sentiment and hereditary prejudice, when the noble, the author, and the needy client no longer mingled in the Forum and at the hustings, impose upon

satire a different scope and purpose. Such ages do not care for personalities or neighbourly slander, when now rank, and not locality, is the bond of union. Gossip and the ill-natured story are intelligible, only when they can be made to wear a political aspect; and classes, rather than individuals, become the theme of abuse. Satire *then* does not aim at complete truthfulness, or the praise of being a miniature copy of the times. Its plan almost compels exaggeration and grotesqueness; for, from the point of view of the writer, only follies and vices can be noticed. Yet even then it has a veracity and a falsity of its own, and allows of infinite gradations in this particular, from Juvenal down to 'English Bards and Scotch Reviewers.' In our three chief satirists of the last century, Pope, Churchill, and Johnson, there is a want of the substance of truth. The range of the first is too limited, not that the court may not sometimes furnish an adequate area for the satirist, but not the court of St. James' under the Georges. Fashionable society had then no monopoly of society, as under the previous reign; it was only a section of it. Churchill's fire and recklessness supplied the place of genius. There is at least earnestness about his fury; and, though it is often so general, that to adopt Pulteney's critique, he 'runs a muck at all mankind,' yet English politicians and Scotchmen as a race were to him a special topic which prevents his declamations from appearing mere efforts of literary capacity. Johnson's 'Imitations' furnish a picture of Johnson himself, and an outlet for his invincible John Bullism. But they have no immediate end; they do not themselves suggest a reason for their own fierceness. Ambition is a sufficiently common quality in all ages and nations; it had not appeared in England in any prodigious proportions, when the 'Vanity of Human Wishes' was penned—there was perhaps then rather a general stagnation of aspirations. But at Rome ambition was a specialty which Romans enjoyed above the rest of mankind; and in imperial Rome the national quality not only displayed itself in its most extravagant varieties, but was inspired by the caprices of private selfishness, and no longer by the fervour of patriotism which forgot self in country. So with the mimicry, severally, of French and Greek fashions. All nations have an inclination to borrow from their neighbours; we have always imitated the dress and deportment of France, but not especially when 'London' was composed. If the Roman satirist had referred to any one reign exclusively, he would have been open to the same objection; but a whole age, and the relation between its moral degeneracy and its addiction to Greek modes, as concomitant phenomena, is the object of his criticism. 'London' and the 'Vanity of Human Wishes' seem good imitations, or

even interpretations, of Juvenal, because of the propensity of the latter to be hurried into maligning the whole human race. But humanity was more closely connected with his subject, Rome, than the mad desires of Charles XII. of Sweden with England. Rome was, to adopt metaphysical phraseology, at once a material and an efficient cause in the world. While it contained the elements of every phase of society in the vast multitude, attracted like jackals to the prey slain by the lion, and served as a species of seminary for the institutions and policy of nations, it also preserved in it the relics of that princely people which had subjugated so many countries, and was now governing and penetrating them with its own peculiar spirit.

We can fancy the cynical poet wandering through the throng, and mocking at every deviation in the foreigner's habits from what was to him the mirror of all propriety, old Rome, and execrating every innovation connived at by Romans themselves. His allusions to alien usages always wear the tone of a master's scornful review of his slaves playing his part at their Saturnalia, or of the king of Brobdignag's critique of Gulliver's account of European constitutions. Every vista to his gaze, and indeed to that of mankind in general, led up to, and was closed by the old names of the Commonwealth. His satire sets out from and concludes with them, because they were the centre of fashion and society, and the sole hope of a regenerated order of things. The contraction of his scope thus explains the breadth, and, it may be, vagueness of the extent of his subject-matter. The vices of any large capital may be thus confounded with the peculiar vices of Romans, and the natural eccentricities of humanity impersonated in some special example of degradation of the Roman nature. While this renders any imitation of him more plausible than, for instance, of Horace, from the expansiveness of his sphere of observation, and consequently, the multiplication of the points of resemblance between those times and these, the form itself of Roman society under the Empire was not so very broadly marked off from that of a modern European capital. The life both of the poor and the wealthy Athenian was regulated by fashions perfectly unlike ours. The Greek belonged to a distinct intellectual type; the Roman does not appear to have done so. Some great moral qualities he had, obstinate but calm energy, and a grand selfish engrossment in his country; in all other respects he was less independent. Perhaps this very defectiveness the better fitted him for the sovereignty of the world. The Greek, when in circumstances which forbade the maintenance of his sentiments and habits entire, seemed to resign the former along with the latter, and

adopted a lower nationality. The Roman was acquisitive, and necessarily so; his civilization was not thus part of himself, so that he could put it off or on without mutilating the substance of his character; *that* could be destroyed only by the annihilation of the race itself, or its purity. He availed himself of alien customs and discoveries in the art of life with contemptuous condescension: in Gaul he would borrow the vices of the Gaul, and exaggerate them; transferred to Syria, the Roman governor adopted without reluctance the contradictory follies of the subtle and effeminate Asiatic Greek. He did not interfuse the structure of society at home with any peculiar nationality; the structure of it had not been raised by him; but he had, as it were, called together all the nations of the world, to create a society with all the forms of luxury, and adapted for the consumption of the riches which others amassed for him; and then he entered in and inhabited it. There was an air of supremacy in Rome, and that was all the distinctiveness and nationality which the capital possessed. The fibres and delicate ligaments of Athenian intellectuality and *morale* pervaded and bound together the whole of Attic society. A kind of perfume of national sentiments penetrates every line of Aristophanes, each glowing period of Demosthenes. Terence and Plautus took the whole when they copied a picture of Greek life; they had the *tasté* to perceive that it was vain endeavouring to paraphrase and adapt. On the other hand, the difference between the difficulty of paraphrasing Horace and Juvenal is one of degree, not of kind, for Horace still described the unoriginal Roman life and manners. The picture he draws is perfect; but yet it is only the picture of a race, with no especial social type, living in luxury and refinement. The difficulty of imitating him is merely the difficulty of discriminating, and catching the exact shades and hues of his genius. It is comparatively easy to translate the later satirist, only because his canvass is larger, and the colours employed fewer and more elevating.

Everywhere we find an undertone of regret for the old guilelessness of Romans, and for the not yet perished sternness of will and energy, which formed the basis, and almost supplied the place of details in the Roman disposition. Otherwise, the scene is an overwealthy metropolis, the residence of a court and a powerful aristocracy, given up to the extremes of riches and poverty, pride and servility. These form an antithesis, the strength and suddenness of which can only be explained properly by the recollections of the assumed simplicity at one time of the race, and the equality of all orders as equally conquerors; but, in their outward phases, they are alike features of society in all large cities. It may be that this very super-

ficial resemblance, founded on the common artificial and conventional air with which opulence conceals the picturesque peculiarities of national genius, has perhaps been a partial agent in creating that opinion of the gulf between the Empire and the Republic, which we have so often alluded to as proving prejudicial to the diligent study of the later highly interesting period. London, especially in the last century, with the abrupt chasms separating the different ranks, and the demeanour of defiance habitually assumed by a portion of the nobility towards the monarch, afforded a sufficiently obvious general parallel. Not to make any invidious distinction between our own and neighbouring capitals, or between the wrongs respectively of husbands and wives, we read in the novelists and dramatists of that, and, in truth, of our own era, sufficient complaints of ladies' pride of ancestry to match Cornelia, *numerals in dote triumphos*, of the blind idolatry of French fashions, as, on the Palatine of Greek, and Parisian French combined with perfect guilelessness in the art of Murray. The hardships of a lady's-maid were here, as at Rome, become proverbial; and Charles Lamb's inimitable description of the cold looks hurled at bachelor friends are true to nature, as well as to Roman feeling. Husbands are said to have been from of old persecuted by mothers-in-law, as were Roman spouses; and, not only at home, but abroad, have matrons been found equal to masculine toils, even to the passionate excitement of the duel and the nice questions of the point of honour, if we may believe Miss Edgeworth. In the same delightful authoress abundant instances may be found of as mad a fondness for useless trinkets, servants and equipages, as can be alleged by the Italian satirist. The extravagant love of music and musicians, to the neglect of domestic duties; the pre-eminence of a lap-dog in their affections over a husband; the erection of a separate establishment in the same house with their lords; a love of fortune-telling, and hatred of step-children; gossiping and scandal—are common terms in Richardson, Burney, and Sheridan, and, later, Hook. Even female politicians were known at so early a date; and the prodigy of *blue-stockings* was not indigenous in May-fair. Virgil and Horace were hated as cordially by husbands, as writers of forty years ago tell us were Richardson and Johnson; and the *dilemma* or the *enthymeme* was whirled about the palaces of Rome by fair logicians with an energy unequalled by moderns. When Johnson imitated, as when Juvenal composed, the aristocracy had its flatterers and parasites ever ready to swell the throng at the morning audience, in hope of a smile the faint earnest of a tide-waitership, or of an invitation to play the buffoon, or carve at the side-table. It had its silly fashion,

Walpole tells us, and one not obsolete in the time of Moore, of making indifferent French and foreign manners the badge of exclusiveness and the travelled gentleman. The poor in their fustian were despised by men, who, in the tinsel of masquerade dresses and the coteries of a German court, or Gallican modes, had forgotten that they were all brother-Englishmen; and literature was debased by the curb of a humiliating patronage. The foot-passenger feared, on the one hand, the *patulæ pelves* freely emptied from the garret-window; on the other, abuse and hustling by Templars and noblemen, in the guise of Mohocks or burglars, tired of worrying watchmen. A Tory or Old Whig country squire of the De Coverley school, we may well conceive might have read a paraphrase of the Roman, and deemed it excellent good sense, and a sound lesson to the radical city of London in its Wilkite days.

The fault of satire of this sort is, that it is too general to have any particular or local purport. It does not give a picture of the springs of society, but of its results, without furnishing us with data whence we might learn whether these were the sum of the results of that condition of society, or only exceptional, the culling, as it were, of the police reports of the capital. We cannot tell what proportion these terrible *femmes savantes*, female duellists, and prize-fighters, or what the noble garotters bore to the population, or such affairs to every-day life. It is certain from the satirist's references to professional men, rhetoricians, schoolmasters, lawyers, and authors, the class with which he sympathized as industrious, and perforce temperate from want of the means of luxury, in short, his own; and to a section, represented by his friend Umbricius, of men of slender but independent resources, that a numerous middle class existed at Rome (let alone the tradesmen who were mostly freedmen), interested in preserving order, and who would themselves set an example of orderly conduct. Satire has nothing to do with the conduct of such a class; they are only introduced to furnish by their poverty proof of the universal misery of Rome, as though it were a peculiarity of Rome to reward talent ill, and a crime to refuse to remunerate every poetaster as though he were a Virgil. An ineradicable element of suspicion in our view of society through the medium of these poems, exists in the shape of a doubt whether the author have not forgotten that it is the tendency of vice to increase in proportion to the population; that a city of a million must at least exhibit ten times as many instances of flagitiousness (the rate is of course always higher) as a city of a hundred thousand. He seems to imagine that there is something portentous in the fact that a district, when the number of inhabitants augments, finds

a larger police necessary; that, in short, it is the property of men in great masses to be more virtuous than in small! At all events, he seriously contrasts the happy condition of the city, as needing but one prison, under Tullius, with the spectacle of new jails built for the occasions of myriads of new residents.

But, with all the vagueness and generality of his satires, we do learn positive truths from them as to the real condition of his nation. If the follies and extravagance of Roman dames but recall those of the fair masqueraders of the Pantheon, and the gay haunTERS of Ranelagh of the last century, at least they rebuff the parallel so popularly supposed to hold between imperial Rome and the framework of Asiatic society. The mere name of *emperor* has had much to do with the growth of this common superstition. The modern associations with that title, as borne by arbitrary monarchs, while they conjure up the idea of a contrast between the period when it became a sovereign's name, and the Commonwealth, direct the attention to the contemporaneous scene of the despotisms of Parthia and Armenia. The only governments in these ages conducted by a single man were unadulterated despotisms; the conception of a constitutional monarchy was unknown. The final immersion of the Roman in the Constantinopolitan empire, has perhaps had more to do with the rise of the fallacy. From the links at one end of the chain, the composition of those at the other has been presumed. One same definition has been deemed capable of including and explaining that vast compass of events and systems through all their various developments; while the fancy loses itself in the few years intervening from the death of Pompey to the accession of Tiberius, as though an infinite abyss yawned between. The seraglios of the East have been transferred in thought to the reign of Claudius; and Turkish apathy and stupid indifference to all but native doctrines and customs, have been believed to find their prototype in the sagacious and profound stoicism of the jurisprudence of the Cæsars' era. The genius and the style of the great historian of the 'Decline and Fall,' have promoted and confirmed the fancy. Who can read in the grand solemn march of his periods the records of the caprices and profligacy of Elagabalus, without involuntarily associating the fact of his Orientalism with all who bore or revered the title of Emperor? Yet a fallacy it is. The Roman, though he borrowed the manners of the East, was only externally Oriental. His strong individuality, his perception of the beauty of fixed law, and his literature were European to the core. The instances of female liberty and independence of control in the Satires,

would, by themselves, demonstrate the distinction between the Roman and the Asiatic. In an Arabian or even an Athenian story, women could not have been represented on an equal footing with men as to the publicity of their viciousness.

Many of the erroneous impressions respecting the Orientalism of imperial Rome, might be corrected by a recurrence to the descendants of the Romans, however degenerate. It is curious to remark how completely we ignore the Italianism of old Rome. We seem to change our feelings and habits of thought, as well as our canons of criticism, when we turn from ancient to modern history. The difference of course is great between any nation in two ages, but still the points of resemblance also are many and important. Modern Italy, itself enslaved and crushed, still has points of contact in the habits of society with imperial Rome. Naples, with its *lazzaroni* ever calling for *panem et Circenses*, and ever ready to pillage the city at the command of the 'kings of the *lazzaroni*, who supply their necessities; Florence, with its academies of all the arts and sciences, and devotion to everything beautiful and unpractical; Rome, with its recitations and *conversazioni*, and all the bustle of literary patronage; all Italy, with its towns where the citizen thinks himself a being of a superior order, a laborious peasantry though freer now than then, and the separation between town and country as marked as was the line between the *civis Romanus* and the serf who tilled the *campagna*; in short, innumerable lesser social traits and phenomena remind us of the City of the satires. The past is recalled yet more vividly by Middle-age Rome, with its perpetual latent rivalry between the papal civil supremacy and the claims of the great houses, with their boasts of old genealogies, which never united but to defy the government from their intrenched palace-camps; its crowds of bravos within the walls, and without, the subtilty of its canonists forming so strange a contrast to the non-feudal rudeness of the far-descended baron; with its want of reverence for sacred things, though to Europe a very focus of veneration, forming as startling an antithesis as the tales of half-licensed disorder in the old city, whence issued secular law and order for wild Germany and Euphrates; its crowds of strangers come to wait at court for the gift of venal offices in their own lands, mingling with the native population which cherished a most sincere contempt for the *barbarians*, as though its own descent were of untainted purity; and lastly, with its power of imbuing foreigners with its own peculiar spirit, till the whole of European society contained an Italian element; how forcibly does all this bring back the memory of the imperial city, with its centralization achieved spite of, and even by an anarchical capital, the

proud isolation of its nobles, with their fierceness and effeminacy, their contempt of all nations but the Greeks as barbarians, and their escape from any reciprocity of essential influence from without, while they copied, in usages and vices, every nation under the sun.

The series of analogies is curious, though perhaps more curious than convincing, except so far as they help to show that we ought not to forget the Italian is the Roman. A parallel better founded in some respects, may be traced between the Empire and France under Louis Quatorze and Louis Quinze. The same contrast existed in those reigns between town and country; the peasantry were treated as existing only for the sake of the nobles. The kindly bond between lord and vassal, established by common residence upon the land, had been severed by the policy of the monarchs, for many successive generations, who found their monarchy degraded by it into a suzerainty. The labourer became a serf; the farmer, from the burden of oppressive and humiliating taxes, little better. The noble himself felt debased by the positive supremacy of the crown now confirmed, and by his positive subjection to personages he had been in the habit of looking upon as not much more than the first gentlemen in their dominions. To compensate for the loss of local grandeur, his privileges, relatively to the rest of the nation, were greatly enlarged. The *noblesse* became a caste, between whom and the people no community of feeling could exist, and for whom the nation appeared to toil. New imposts were levied to supply salaries for new offices to be conferred upon them, while the perfect concentration of all dignity and official power round the court created a regular and hereditary bureaucracy. To compensate themselves for their consciousness of degradation, even though they gained in wealth by it, the nobility ran riot in all the most eccentric forms of vice and prodigality, from a passion for snuff-boxes and buhl, to converting the thoroughfares beneath their palace windows into a *battue*. Left destitute of the beneficial burden of duties, by the gradual destruction of their feudal independence, they had neither the satisfaction of feeling their tenantry looking up to them for justice and kindness, nor the opportunities their petty principalities had afforded them for the acquisition of glory. They could at least make themselves conspicuous for their profligacy and insolence, and so satisfy a morbid longing for excitement. The policy of the court in elevating a race of new men, hereditary judges and the oligarchs of wealth, in the shape of *parvenu* army contractors and bankers, added a fresh incentive to this unhealthy taste for eccentricity; they would outshine those men's recent splendour

by something novel in the way of haughty contempt for public opinion. Besides this strong resemblance between the divisions of society at Paris and at Rome, and the similar career of the aristocracy in both cities, proceeding from similar causes, the less extravagant phases of society in its literary and philosophical tendencies contain the same sort of analogy. Literary *réunions*, clubs, and rehearsals, and fashionable scepticism, coincident with much show of devoutness, characterise both epochs; but a large residuum of difference remains. The essence of the peculiarity of society at Rome consisted of the actual independence of the emperor asserted by many of the Old Houses, and which was a latent sentiment in almost all. In France this spirit had been successfully combated and eradicated, so that noble and courtier had become convertible terms; whereas at Rome, notwithstanding that the double character was very generally maintained, the two aspects were left distinct. This idiosyncrasy issued partly from that stubbornness of will and habit of acting for themselves, which was as evident a feature of the national character under the twelve Cæsars, as under the Commonwealth. Partly it was the offspring of that respect for the public opinion, not of mankind but the Metropolis, which the elevation of a single city to be lord paramount of so many nations naturally produced. Public opinion was dead at Paris; it was strong enough in imperial Rome to force the ruler to pay deference to the heirs of consular and prætorian houses, and to force them, in their turn, to remember that they were once their sovereign's peers.

This it is which gives so special an interest to the portraiture of society drawn by Juvenal, and which infuses into his glowing delineations a significance which supplies the place of variety. Indeed, if we remember the connexion between the Republic and the Empire, and how society in the one period was the natural development of the condition of society in the other, Rome under the Cæsars forms the most magnificent spectacle or historical pageant which the world has ever witnessed. From any other point of view it is a mere repetition of the glories of Xerxes or of Antiochus. We see a city full of palaces, and those inhabited each by a lord, equal still, though less heroic than when the old Epirot was moved by the sight, to any monarch: we see, not the bustle of trade showing the machinery by which the wealth was amassed, but riches flowing in imperceptibly by a myriad quiet streams from the subject world; nobles, king-like but with a Roman self-dependence, spending their riches in the face of the nations, with their levees, their clients, and their *sportula*, not like the aristocrats of a Greek state withdrawing from the rough criticisms of a dominant *demus*, nor, like Louis Quatorze's courtiers,

mere accessories of the sovereign's pomp. Each was by himself fitted to be a centre for a city-state, with his lines of ancestral *imagines* and chains of old associations suggesting opposition to any arrogations of superiority over himself, and whose family traditions were the sum of history for his dependents; so mighty, in fine, that Tiberius could only maintain his dignity by withdrawing from the competition of splendour. We see the old forms yet lingering, and linking Rome the conqueror and a city of warriors, with Rome the legislator and spendthrift; we feel an air, even in the latter period, of empire as grounded on conquest, breathing from the despatches ever flowing in from generals who have anew subjected rebellious provinces, and from satraps returning from their governments in distant regions to resume gladly the rank of Roman citizens. A complete and real subjection of all these dependencies to the capital is discernible, so that, in fact, *Urbs Roma* seems the empire itself. The very vices of the time recal the past; nobles court notice and applause with republican emulation, make an ostentatious exhibition of profligacy, and contend with wild beasts and gladiators in the public circus, with the same zeal and the same object, glory, or at least publicity, as they besiege the prince they hate, and the favourite they scorn, for the empty titles of the consulate or the prætorship. The emperor himself is beheld not affecting to be of a different race, and with different antecedents, but proud as his nobles of his consular and triumphal *imagines*, sometimes vying with his courtiers in luxury and ambitious viciousness, sometimes crushing them, but all under the guise of law and the name of the public good, by the charge of *majestas*, high treason that is, against the state, not against the emperor. Then there is the state religion openly disbelieved, and seemingly answering no end or purpose, but kept up in all outward observances with jealous superstition, because a public institution, and the religion of the kings and nobles of the old times. By its side we observe a haughty philosophy, the only substitute for piety, a scheme which delighted in the obligations of active life, and which, with its inflexibility and proud indifference to casualties, was the proper religion of a race or city of rulers, who could only hope to govern the nations by stern undeviating principles. Over all the aspects of society is spread a strange but genuine want of curiosity about, or contempt for, alien opinions and doctrines, and a cold carelessness concerning their differences, a habit of looking at all events and countries with reference only to the effect upon the fortunes of the one city, proceeding from the belief that Rome was all in all, and an implicit faith in its sovereign destiny amounting to a deification of the Roman name.

This, or something like it, is the picture which may be constructed out of the smouldering embers of the fire kindled in his own soul by the indignation of the conservative satirist at the abnegation of all their duties by his countrymen. His denunciations are partly well founded, partly at the same time too wide and too special; too wide, if criticised with reference to their due and proportionate representation of facts; too special, as being a collection of vicious acts rather than a picture of the state of society of which they were products. He implies that the ancient Romans were perfectly virtuous, the men just and public spirited, the women modest and devoted to home. He ignores the tribunician contests and the licentious tyranny of the decemvirate, and the mania which seized upon Roman matrons, about the time of the Punic wars, for poisoning their husbands. He forgets that Nævius was persecuted for finding in the beloved simplicity of republican Rome as ample material for satire as he himself could under a luxurious despot; so much for

‘*Illa priorum*

*Scribendi quodcumque animo flagrante liberet
Simplicitas, cujus non audeo dicere nomen!*’

He mixes the vices of his own epoch, when the nobles were humbled by seeing many of the greatest Houses annihilated, and when a military despotism was growing up, with those of the preceding generation, when at least the government was a Civil one, and the very anarchy and disorders indicated a species of rude liberty in some class or other.

But exaggeration, though not the essence, is certainly the atmosphere of satire. If it be proportionate, we ought not to complain of it; and certainly in Juvenal it had at least this redeeming quality. If he reviles his contemporaries too cynically, he praises the past with such a glow of enthusiasm, that the prejudice for or against can easily be detected, and censure and panegyric rub down each other's angles and excrescences of excess. With much that is bombastic, there is an air of sincerity spread over the whole which enforces belief in the author's good faith. We can watch the process, as he lashes himself into fury at the scenes around him, and conjures up impossible visions of the innocence of old times. The attention is rapt by his fierce declamation, and equally fierce derision; and, if there be no repose, this is a defect inseparable from the full rush and flood of his satire. Even in those wonderful pieces of humour, the description of the Cabinet Council convened by Domitian to sit upon the question, how and where to boil the monster turbot, and the scenes from a great man's banquet, contrasting the humiliation of the poor proud guest with the old civic equality,

when all ranked together as Romans; there is something terrific in the mirth: it never condescends to wit; even a sneer is too nice and fine for it; it sometimes wears the tone of a snarl; it most willingly admits of a frown. Pathos there is in it, because there is humour; but, while far from being melodramatic, it is far from tenderness and melancholy. With the lamentation always mingles the undertone of a prophecy of vengeance. Indeed, the outbursts of fury are so continuous; and there is so much method in his anger, that we are sometimes inclined to regard it all as a mere stilted rhetorical exercise. The mind is overwrought by the intensity and sustained depth of his cynicisms; we are hurried along by his rage; and, when we turn away, have so far to drop to regain the ordinary level of feeling, that we cannot measure the frankness of the poet's passion; and so we compensate ourselves for the exhaustion of our emotions, by setting it down for rhetoric and declamation. But he had no fancied wrongs common to the whole human race to dilate upon. Rome, in truth, could not run a middle course; and the sloth and profligacy of the bearers of the old names, seemed to one who acknowledged no natural line of division between the Romans of the age of the Republic and the Empire, to be a wilful abandonment of the grandest destiny to which ever nation was heir. His gaze only took in Rome; no flight of anger seemed forced or unnatural for such a theme; no topics too wide or vague, when the one city was to him the human race. All foreign influences appeared to him to have but one end, the treacherous sapping of the commanding spirit, and the filching away of the talisman of Rome, that energy which did without fear what prudence advised. The hero Greek of Thermopylæ and Leuctra was in his eyes nothing but the countryman of the *Græculus esuriens*, the pest of Rome; all alike came under *Græcia mendax*. His verse rages alike against the foul mysteries of Isis and the pure faith of Judaism, as though

‘Nil præter nubes et cœli numen adorant,’

(for the broad distinctions between Judaism and Christianity he had no eye); and then, as being perfectly unconscious of the nullity of its religion, he soars into a noble appeal to Heaven against the degradation of his infidel country! Sometimes again he babbles of green fields, and cottage hearths, and violets, and the simple comforts of a country house, as prettily as Horace could himself have done. But, whether it be the *Numen aquæ*, the venerable fountain of the primæval goddess Egeria, or the innocent gaiety and festivity of the rural feast, or a song of thankfulness for the escape of a friend from the dangers of

shipwreck, the calm is merely that of a river before a fall. Whatever the immediate subject, the spirit of satire never is still; there is a moral and a sarcasm on imperial Rome, even in

‘Di, majorum umbris tenuem et sine pondere terram
Spirantesque crocos, et in urnâ perpetuum ver,
Qui præceptorem sancti voluere parentis
Esse loco.’

The age of satire is past with us; no nation should wish to see it revived; for, whatever the exaggeration, some dreadful basis of rottenness, in society or politics, is sure to underlie the apparent declamation. We need not fear it will, at least at present, take in England the tone it assumed at Rome. The structure of society is corrupt enough here, no doubt; we have hundreds of social problems as yet unexplained; but the influence of the middle classes denies both to crime and to satire the tragic majesty which was not alien to the rampant individuality of imperial and aristocratic Rome. We have ‘Punch,’ and the adventures of ‘Brown, Jones, and Robinson,’ in the place of Juvenal and Persius. But let us not neglect therefore, or lose the power of appreciating the Roman.

ART. III.—*History of Civilisation in England.* By HENRY THOMAS BUCKLE. J. W. Parker and Son. 1857. Vol. I.

VARYING almost more widely than the languages spoken by man are the characteristics assumed by every nation as the certain signs of civilisation. Habit reconciles us to much; custom consecrates many things about which a doubt might arise were they brought into practice now for the first time. Who shall construct a formula wide enough to exclude nothing deserving of the name, yet so rigidly close to the truth as to include nothing that will not stand the test of impartial investigation? Is one not tempted to admire, almost to envy, the comprehensive exclusiveness of the reply of the Italian waiter, in a 'respectable hotel,' who being asked by his English guest for a dish of the local chestnut meal, answered in indignation and disgust, 'Qui siamo civilizzati, qui non mangiamo polenta?'

The book which we have named above is an exceedingly important addition to the existing stock of information on the subject. No higher praise can be given to any man than that he is the master of his matter; and Mr. Buckle is certainly worthy, both by ability and by attainments, to fulfil the task he has undertaken to perform. And if the great amount of reading he has gone through, the wide fields of knowledge he has traversed and surveyed, have apparently left certain traces on the mind of the author, it is no more than might reasonably be expected from the results of so gigantic a toil, so bewildering an investigation. The traveller from regions unmapped, scarcely known before, returns perhaps maimed for life, or with a constitution permanently touched by malaria. Is it surprising if a man who has explored empires of thought of immense extent comes back grim and battered, with his personal peculiarities stiffened and exaggerated into enduring and repulsive permanence by the long continuance of labour? By dint of repeatedly reiterating the same sentiments, Mr. Buckle appears to have convinced himself that they are true. Throughout he is pertinaciously dogmatic: throughout very intolerant to anything that opposes his views, and generally wanting in respect to institutions venerable for their origin and their antiquity, especially to religious belief. Yet it is a book equally note-worthy for power and research, for unwearied industry, and for forcible

combination. And if, in the course of the remarks we have made, we have felt ourselves constrained to differ from the opinion expressed by the author, we have dissented with the deference due to so rare a union of powers.

The volume before us is only the first of the contemplated history. Moreover, it only contains a portion of the introduction to that work. As this colossal fragment, however, consists of more than 850 pages, it is clearly impossible to give our readers any idea of the contents by extracts alone; we must, therefore, beg them to follow us through a slight summary of the method laid down as employed in the investigation.

Mr. Buckle begins by stating that of all the branches of human knowledge, history is the one on which most has been written—the position held by it in popular estimation being best evidenced by the share occupied by that study in all plans of education. For the compilation the records of past time have been ransacked—the tombs of the long dead pillaged—deserted ruins explored—inscriptions studied—coins marshalled and compared; and the information thus gained stored in many goodly volumes, embellished with every vigour of language. Religions, laws, sciences, arts, inventions, manners, climates, food,—everything that concerns human creatures has been the subject of diligent inquiry. But the results have not been adequate to the labour bestowed. History has hardly been attempted as a unity. Materials have been collected—the land has been repeatedly surveyed; but the guides who have attempted to lead men across the ‘forgotten fields’ of past ages, have rather sought to direct their followers to the particular points of view they thought most interesting, or to tell their own histories, like Childe Harold lying beside a column or a castle, than to guide men to a real comprehension of the relics of long ago. Though the study of the subject has received great attention in recent times, no generalization has been attempted; and history as a science is almost unknown. In every other branch of knowledge the mists in which a science was first enveloped have been found to become less dense as the students have toiled along the upward road. Regularity has been found to exist where everything seemed at first most irregular. Order where everything seemed given over to confusion. The question arises, Shall we, or shall we not, find the same in history? Are the events of man’s existence guided by an overruling and therefore inscrutable Providence, or are they linked together in one interminable chain of cause and effect? Mr. Buckle, as a disciple of M. Comte, decides for the latter, after weighing and rejecting the only other alternative, that chance rules all things; because he considers that the asser-

tion of a providential government of mankind is gratuitous, and, by its nature, incapable of proof. Wandering tribes of savages, however, would, it is Mr. Buckle's opinion, be likely to consider all things as the results of chance as long as they remained in the nomadic state; and that they would be likely to change this opinion when they had so far advanced in civilisation as to embark in agricultural pursuits,—being led to connect the phenomena of harvest with some hidden, beneficent, supernatural influence. From this foundation Mr. Buckle proceeds to evolve a theory, which certainly possesses the merit of originality—it is this: That from the circumstances of life above stated, those living in that state in which every event is referred to chance might originate in their minds the doctrine of Free Will; while those whose maintenance was secured by the more settled tenure, might, on their part, be mentally impelled towards the opposite doctrine of Predestination. The student, at this stage of the inquiry, after balancing, perplexed, between a vision of a native Australian pondering, boomerang in hand, over the body of a slaughtered kangaroo, on the subtleties of Arminius; and the natural antipodes a red man who has just cultivated his maize patch on one of the small islands in Lake St. Laurence, musing over his pipe on the grim dogmas of Calvin, is only too happy to find, a little further on, both these doctrines set aside as non-essential to the main object of the work. In their place, the following series of propositions is laid down:—That every action is the result of some motive; and that every motive is the result of some antecedent. That, therefore, if we knew every antecedent, we could infer every result. Further, that, as every antecedent is mental or external, all the vicissitudes of the human race must arise from the double action of external phenomena on the mind, or of mental phenomena on external things—man modifying nature, and nature modifying man. We are thus brought into the presence of the first problem, to ascertain the method of discovering the laws of this double modification. To do this the more readily, we must decide which element is the more powerful. For this purpose certain preliminary investigations are required.

‘ But before entering into this examination, it will be convenient to state some of the most decisive proofs we now possess, of the regularity with which mental phenomena succeed each other. By this means the preceding views will be strengthened; and we shall at the same time be able to see what those resources are which have been already employed in elucidating this great subject. That the results actually effected are extremely valuable, is evident not only from the wide surface which the generalizations cover, but also from the extraordinary precautions with which they have been made. The most comprehensive inferences

respecting the actions of men, which are admitted by all parties as incontestable truths, are derived from this, or from analogous sources.'

Proofs also are produced of the uniformity with which certain phenomena succeed each other under certain circumstances. Mr. Buckle's object being to show that the actions of men are governed by the state of society in which they live—every action of every human creature being reducible to one of the two classes, the virtuous or the vicious: if, therefore, we can discover that there exists a regular law in the recurrence of virtuous deeds, we may infer that a similar law exists among vices; the one set of actions being as it were supplementary to the other. Now no government, unfortunately for the purpose, has ever yet thought it worth while to obtain statistics as to the number of the virtuous actions of its subjects. The good deeds of men being thus writ in water, the chasm which would otherwise be hopeless is bridged over by the mournful records of crime. Authorities are cited to show that crimes recur with a most remarkable regularity even in details. It is possible, painful as the idea may be, to anticipate within moderate limits of error, not only what number of criminals will be brought to justice in the succeeding year, but even to prognosticate what proportion of them will be charged with various offences; for instance, how many cases of stabbing with intent to murder will in all probability occur. In other circumstances which have been tabulated, the same tendency towards systematic recurrence appears. A regularity is detected in the number of letters which annually perplex the Post-office authorities by being committed to their care, without directions. The same facts appear among the marriages contracted in the United Kingdom; which are shown not to depend on the good will of the parties concerned, but on the state of the wages of the father and paymaster of the future family—the number increasing in prosperous, diminishing in hard times. While this cause regulates the number of alliances formed, the proportions of the different ages at which the contract is reciprocally entered into, recur with an identical regularity; little as it may enter into the heads of the individuals themselves as they kneel before the altar, that they are playing necessary parts in the great social drama.

These variations, resting on large and general causes, appear to work out their consequences without regard to the wills or temperaments of the individuals concerned. Hence Mr. Buckle deduces the 'great social law that the moral actions of men are the product, not of their volition but of their antecedents;' and goes on to look forward to the time when the undeviating regu-

larity of the moral world will be as little matter for doubt as the regularity of the material.

‘ For since history deals with the actions of men, and since their actions are merely the product of a collision between internal and external phenomena, it becomes necessary to examine the relative importance of those phenomena; to inquire into the extent to which their laws are known; and to ascertain the resources for future discovery possessed by these two great classes, the students of the mind and the students of nature. This task I shall endeavour to accomplish in the next two chapters; and if I do so with anything approaching to success, the present work will at least have the merit of contributing something towards filling up that wide and dreary chasm, which, to the hindrance of our knowledge, separates subjects that are intimately related, and should never be disunited.’

And here we must pause for a moment to take breath. Events may perfectly follow each other in a complete system of regularity, and yet be governed, not by surrounding circumstances merely, but by a providential permission of these very circumstances, ordered thus for the training, for the trial, for the ultimate perfection of man. But we think, that, apart from this, the very circumstances which have been alluded to, may be shown to be so far within the power and under the direction of individuals as to cause them to be only to a very limited extent, motive influences at all. The array of statistics marshalled by Mr. Buckle is very formidable; and we are fully aware that the instances cited are but, so to speak, the heads of columns which might have been brought to bear on the point disputed. We will not stop for a moment to discuss the weight to be assigned to the disturbing causes to which he alludes; for the fact which he glances at a little further on, at p. 139, that the average duration of life has become, in England, decidedly longer within a comparatively recent period, might, we think, have given cause to modify the confidence with which the general assertion is made. The branch of statistical research which deals with this subject has been cultivated even with greater care than that connected with criminal jurisprudence. About a hundred years have elapsed since Dr. Price framed the celebrated Northampton Tables, from observations made on the rate of mortality in that town. These tables were for many years almost universally used by the assurance offices; we believe that they are still continually referred to; and it is barely possible to estimate the number or the money value of the contracts which have been entered into on the faith of their correctness. Nor is there any reason to doubt that they coincided almost exactly with the truth, when originally framed. But what is the case now? They give, at the present time, decidedly too large a rate of mortality. And this difference is referred by the most competent authorities, not to

errors of observation, but to the real improvement of life which has taken place, from the introduction of vaccination, more temperate habits of society, better medical assistance, cheaper clothing, and greater cleanliness in towns. There is also much reason to believe that the present average duration of life is considerably below the rate which might be attained under more favourable sanitary conditions, with better and more abundant food, and with more judicious modes of living. Nor is this any mere dream of a visionary enthusiast. It is recorded in the returns of the Registrar-General, published last October, for the Quarter then completed, 'that if the mortality in the towns had been at the same rate as the mortality in the other districts, the deaths, instead of amounting to 55,733, would have only amounted to 38,080. Thus, in ninety-two days, 17,653 persons perished untimely in England. What was the cause of this great destruction of life? Evidently the violation of the natural laws of life.' The very interesting paper read by Dr. Southwood Smith at the Birmingham meeting of the National Association for the promoting of Social Science, alludes to the same fact even in stronger terms, being based on observations spreading over a longer period than has elapsed since the date of Dr. Price's labours, and shows, that in 1790 the expectation of life was increased by fully one-fourth, as compared with its duration in the year 1690; that is to say, that if in 1690 a person aged thirty could reasonably expect to live thirty years, in 1790 a person of the same age could reasonably expect to live thirty-seven years. Now, is it not notorious that the greatest difficulty prevails in persuading the multitude of the people to adopt the precautions necessary even to their own personal health and comfort? Has not all the progress that has been made, imperfect as it is, resulted from the zealous labours of a few? If, therefore, a scattered handful has been able to leaven the mass thus in material matters, may it not be possible for as small a band to exert an equal influence in moral matters as well? Indeed, the very evidence of statistics looks forward with strong hope to a future of this kind. At the same meeting held recently, under Lord Brougham's auspices, at Birmingham, from the papers read before which we just now quoted, it was clearly demonstrated that the great centres of population in England were likewise the strongholds of immorality and crime. This state of things was referred, in very great measure, to the overcrowding too generally practised among the dwellings of the poor: an overcrowding likely to exist to an unusual extent in neighbourhoods where a rapid extension of the population has been caused by some new and extraordinary demand for labour; and, in consequence, the workmen have been even

worse housed than usual. A decided opinion was also expressed, that an improvement in domestic proprieties would be speedily followed by an improvement in social condition. If, therefore, social improvements may be looked upon as the certain precursors of moral and material progress—if also the ameliorations lie so close to the surface of things, that they may be reached by the machinery of a district rate, what weight are we to allow to this law of the dependence of man on circumstances which surround him, when those very circumstances are liable to fluctuations so considerable. Surely this law, capable of being modified thus widely, sinks into a mere secondary rank. And without taking into consideration those brighter lights, those men to whom, like Luther or Wesley, it has been granted to leave the mark of their powerful intellect stamped on the conduct of many succeeding generations, of many who have neither seen the faces nor even sometimes spoken the language of those by whom they have nevertheless been greatly led,—how many names will occur, even in the narrowest neighbourhood, of those who

‘have broken the bonds of circumstance,
And made by force their merits known;’

who have risen, in the vigour of their might, or by the integrity of their lives, far above the apparently hopeless level of ‘surrounding circumstances?’

Meanwhile, Mr. Buckle has placed himself in this dilemma. Further on in his volume, p. 204, he maintains that religious persecution and war, the ‘two oldest, greatest, most inveterate and most widely-spread evils which have ever been known, are ‘constantly, though on the whole slowly, diminishing,’ and that their diminution has been effected ‘solely by the activity of the human intellect, and by the inventions and discoveries which in a long course of successive ages, man has been able to make. ‘Since, then, in the two most important phenomena which the progress of society presents, the moral laws have been steadily and invariably subordinate to the intellectual laws, there arises ‘a strong presumption that in inferior matters the same process ‘has been followed.’ Either, therefore, if crimes do recur with the complete regularity presupposed, society cannot be advancing, which Mr. Buckle considers that it does; or if society does advance, how can the register of crimes remain stationary, while in the most important phenomena the signs of amelioration are so evident? We cannot consider that in this chapter Mr. Buckle has in the least maintained his ground: throughout it, there appears to us a decided tendency on his part to confuse the completely separate ideas of general sequence, and necessary connexion.

In tracing the infant fortunes of a nation, we are further informed—

‘That of all the great social improvements, the accumulation of wealth must be the first, because without it there can be neither taste nor leisure for that acquisition of knowledge on which, as I shall hereafter prove, the progress of civilisation depends. Now it is evident that among an entirely ignorant people, the rapidity with which wealth is created will be solely regulated by the physical peculiarities of their country. At a later period, and when the wealth has been capitalized, other causes come into play; but until this occurs, the progress can only depend on two circumstances: first, on the energy and regularity with which labour is conducted; and secondly, on the returns made to that labour by the bounty of nature. And these two causes are themselves the result of physical antecedents. The returns made to labour are governed by the fertility of the soil, which is itself regulated partly by the admixture of its chemical components, partly by the extent to which, from rivers or from other natural causes, the soil is irrigated, and partly by the heat and humidity of the atmosphere. On the other hand, the energy and regularity with which labour is conducted, will be entirely dependent on the influence of climate. This will display itself in two different ways. The first, which is a very obvious consideration, is, that if the heat is intense, men will be indisposed, and in some degree unfitted, for that active industry which in a milder climate they might willingly have exerted. The other consideration, which has been less noticed, but is equally important, is, that climate influences labour, not only by enervating the labourer or by invigorating him, but also by the effect it produces on the regularity of his habits.’

It might, perhaps, be open to inquiry, how the process of accumulating wealth would proceed among an ‘entirely ignorant people,’ if such a people ever existed. Instead, however, of laying too much weight on such trifles, one is rather inclined to rejoice in the possession of so sweeping a law as this, which appears ready at once to adapt itself to the narrowest or the widest circumstances, to explain by an easy method why a Whitby cobleman differs from a Neapolitan fisherman, or the whole English nation from the Chinese. But, a few sentences further on, the whole philosophic fabric of this clause, elaborated with so much care, is sapped in its vitals by the statement that

‘There are, no doubt, other circumstances which operate with considerable force, and which, in a more advanced state of society, possess an equal, and sometimes a superior, influence.’

No doubt, indeed, there are; or else how could it happen that where a race of men has remained unchanged, with climate and soil unaltered, perhaps even improved, the position of the people as a nation has shifted so greatly? How, for example, to go no further for an instance, could Spain have dwindled into the mere wreck of the past she is, if ‘physical antecedents’ were invariably followed by the same results? No doubt ‘other circumstances’ have great weight; yet does not this

admission, though inevitable, almost completely invalidate the force of the previous position?

Returning, however, to the twofold series of causes under which the author has distributed all powers operative over man, the next chapter is devoted to an examination of the influence exercised by physical laws over the organization of society, and the character of individuals. The physical agents by which the human race is most powerfully affected, may be briefly classed under four heads—climate, food, soil, and the general aspect of nature; the last having produced its main results chiefly by exciting the imagination, and disposing the mind to receive various superstitions. The close connexion, the immense influence of the first three points, the force they have brought to bear on the numbers, manners, and wealth of a people, will be recognised at a glance. While discussing these matters, Mr. Buckle makes some remarks on the severity of the climate in Norway and Sweden, which, by rendering continued agricultural industry impracticable, is alleged to induce a certain fickleness and instability of character, hitherto considered only to pertain to the denizens of the South. We cannot but think the fair fame of our Northern friends harshly impugned on somewhat insufficient grounds. Certainly popular opinion holds a different doctrine. The development of the Mongols, Tartars, and Arabs, when transplanted from arid to fertile soils and climates, is also noticed, and an acute comparison drawn between a son of the desert in his tent, and his more accomplished progeny at Cordova :—

‘ *La Terra molle e lieta e diletta
Simili a se gli abitator produce.*’

In Europe, climate,—in Asia and Africa, soil,—have most powerfully affected the condition of the people. Climatic influence appears to be more favourable to a continued advance in knowledge than the influence of soil: and for this reason, that the maximum powers of soil appear to have been soonest reached. The argument proceeds as follows; and we must say that Mr. Buckle proves these elementary points with that plethora of knowledge and quotation which rather fatigues than edifies the reader. Wages are regulated by the proportion existing between the fund whence labour is paid, and the number of labourers among whom that fund is to be divided; the number of labourers is influenced in the long run by the plenty or scarcity of food. Food is required by man for two purposes—to maintain that animal heat without which the functions of life would cease; and to supply the waste continually taking place in the tissues, that is, in the mechanism of the frame. In hot climates less of both descriptions of food is requisite.

Hence population has a tendency to increase faster in hot than in cold climates. In these latter, nourishment is not only less accessible, but more of it is required; and more also in proportion of the heat-giving description, which, being principally animal food, is at the same time the more costly. Hence, in uncivilised cold countries, more courage—and in all cold countries, more effort—is needed to obtain food than in hot. And hence also the tendency of wages in cold regions is to be high; in warmer lands to be low. Civilisation arose in Asia, Africa, and Central America, under the circumstances induced by hot climates; but in Europe mainly under the influences exerted by cold. As an inquiry into these matters will indicate the intimate connexion between the physical and moral world, and the reasons why so many ancient civilisations fell away after reaching an early maturity, Mr. Buckle proceeds to examine the subject more in detail. Earliest on the roll stands Hindostan. Skin-deep as the effects have been, ‘*Primus in Indis*,’ might probably be inscribed on the banner of civilisation, as well as on the colours so bravely borne on those shores. In those torrid lands, the main nourishment of the people has always been of the character pointed out as prevailing in hot climates—farinaceous food, and principally rice. And even this easily-raised and cheaply-produced grain is supplanted by one cheaper still in the south of India. Singularly enough, this facility of procuring food is accompanied, almost invariably, by great social inequalities among the people.

‘In India, slavery—abject, eternal slavery—was the natural state of the great body of the people; it was the state to which they were doomed by physical laws utterly impossible to resist. The energy of those laws is, in truth, so invincible, that wherever they have come into play, they have kept the productive classes in perpetual subjection. There is no instance on record of any tropical country, in which wealth having been extensively accumulated, the people have escaped their fate; no instance in which the heat of the climate has not caused an unequal distribution, first of wealth, and then of political and social power.’

The wealth of any country can only be allotted into four great divisions: Rent, Wages, Profit, and Interest. Interest being the measure of profit, if interest and rent be high, wages must be low. Now, in India rent is very high. In England and Scotland rent has been roughly estimated at one-fourth of the gross produce; in France, at one-third; in America, as is well known, far less; but in India it is usually estimated at one-half, and sometimes rises even to more. The rate of interest being also very high, it follows that wages must be very low indeed; and the very fertility of the soil and geniality of the climate have greatly assisted in this result; since the one,

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by producing abundant supplies—the other, by reducing the wants of man to the minimum possible, have stimulated population to such an extent, that the competition for employment among their numbers tends to keep them all at the lowest point on the scale. Hence, in India the condition of a large portion of the people has been always nearly allied to that of slaves. The history of Egypt, where dates and dhourra take the place of rice, coincides with that of Hindostan in most respects. The magnificent structures, the monuments of past despotic dynasties in both countries, are the evidences, not of an advanced civilisation, but of a reckless disregard of human suffering.

‘In Egypt as in India, everything tended to favour the upper ranks of society, and to depress the lower. Between the two was an immense and impassable gap. If a member of the industrious classes changed his usual employment, or was known to pay attention to political matters, he was severely punished; and under no circumstances was the possession of land allowed to an agricultural labourer, to a mechanic, or indeed to any one except the king, the clergy, and the army. The people at large were little better than beasts of burden; and all that was expected from them was an unremitting and unrequited labour. If they neglected their work they were flogged; and the same punishment was frequently inflicted upon domestic servants, and even upon women. These and similar regulations were well conceived; they were admirably suited to that vast social system, which, because it was based on despotism, could only be upheld by cruelty.’

If we cross the Atlantic, we find the leading features reproduced, with startling fidelity, under the same climatic influences. Mexico and Peru were the most highly civilised districts of the New World at the epoch when Columbus landed there. In Mexico, maize and bananas—in Peru, these vegetables, conjointly with potatoes—take the place of the rice and dhourra of the Eastern World. In both countries the inhabitants were divided into two sections, the lower of which paid all the taxes, and was likewise controlled in the most minute actions of life. Here, too, we are confronted with the reappearance of one of the most singular institutions of Egypt and Hindostan. Castes were recognised, though not legally binding, in Mexico; in Peru they were rigidly enforced. Both countries possess immense ruins of buildings of a similar character to those of Egypt and India, consecrated like them by the accumulated sufferings of thousands. Mr. Buckle then proceeds to investigate, in a few brilliant pages, the natural causes which have occasioned Brazil to lag behind always in the race of progress. The vapours borne along by the trade-winds, pent up against the giant wall of the Andes, cause an excess of moisture, which, accompanied by the tropical heat, develops from the fertile soil

a vegetation unequalled in any quarter of the globe. The rank exuberance of these tangled forests swarms with reptiles, insects, wild cattle, and ferocious animals in countless profusion. The extent of the country is immense. Which of us, in thinking of the Empire of Brazil, is aware that its territory exceeds that of the United States in size; or that a line drawn from its northern to its southern boundary, would more than reach from Liverpool to the shore of Nova Scotia? But amid the prodigality of Nature, man is dwarfed into insignificance. Barely the fiftieth part of this fertile region is cultivated; and the habits of the majority of the spare population are as barbarous as ever. These instances enable us to understand why it has been that the slowly-acquired civilisation of temperate climates has been more permanent in results than the swiftly blooming, swifter fading flowers of the tropical zone.

After climatic influences, the workings of the aspects of Nature are considered. These are more powerful in tropical countries, which are the most frequently devastated by tornadoes, pestilences, and earthquakes—the last the only natural phenomenon the terror inspired by which is not deadened but increased by familiarity. By these visitations the activity of the imagination is roused; resting mainly on the fact of the weakness of man in the presence of these mighty powers. Mr. Buckle gives a powerful description of—

‘The works of nature, which in India are of startling magnitude In the great centre of Asiatic civilisation, the energies of the human race are confined, and as it were intimidated by the surrounding phenomena. Besides the dangers incidental to tropical climates, there are those noble mountains, which seem to touch the sky, and from whose sides are discharged mighty rivers, which no art can divert from their course, and which no bridge has been able to span. There too are impassable forests, whole countries lined with interminable jungle, and beyond them, again, dreary and boundless deserts; all teaching man his own feebleness, and his inability to cope with natural forces. Without, and on either side, there are great seas, ravaged by tempests far more destructive than any known in Europe, and of such sudden violence, that it is impossible to guard against their effects. And as if in those regions everything combined to cramp the activity of man, the whole line of coast, from the mouth of the Ganges to the extreme south of the Peninsula, does not contain a single safe and capacious harbour, not one port that affords a refuge, which is perhaps more necessary there than in any other part of the world.’

The cases of Italy and Spain, where a somewhat similar analogy may be traced, are cited:—

‘Earthquakes and volcanic eruptions are more frequent and more destructive in Italy, and in the Spanish and Portuguese peninsula, than in any other of the great countries; and it is precisely there that superstition is most rife, and the superstitious classes most powerful. Those were the countries where the Clergy first established their authority, where the worst cor-

ruptions of Christianity took place, and where superstition has during the longest period retained the firmest hold. To this may be added another circumstance, indicative of the connexion between these physical phenomena and the predominance of the imagination. Speaking generally, the fine arts are addressed more to the imagination; the sciences, to the intellect. Now it is remarkable, that all the greatest painters, and nearly all the greatest sculptors, modern Europe has possessed, have been produced by the Italian and Spanish peninsulas.'

Here, apparently, Mr. Buckle's theory has forced him to assume that art was strongly developed in Spain and Portugal; the fact being, on the contrary, that the art of these countries was entirely due to foreign influence; and, during the last hundred years at least, it would not be difficult, we think, to show as great names among sculptors in the lands north of the Alps and Pyrenees as in the sunnier climes beyond them.

In Europe generally, however, the aspects of Nature have been exhibited in a milder form; and the reasoning powers of man there less depressed in consequence. In India, where Nature, though usually smiling, can frown at times, the literature of the country is found to be highly imaginative. By the side of this, the writings of Greece, more exempt from these influences, appear cold and tame in comparison with those monstrous stretches of fancy. But there is a deeper stain on the annals of India even than the foulness of parts of that degraded literature. There, as in Mexico and Peru, the religion, more openly based on terror than any other form of idolatry, claimed probably the largest offerings of human life of any system of theology, and founded the temple on the debasement of the worshipper.

The next chapter commences with specially noting the fact, that beyond the boundaries of Europe, the aspects of Nature have been more powerful than in Europe. The victories gained by man over matter are named; and Mr. Buckle takes the opportunity of proving, to his own satisfaction, that famine is now an impossibility.

'In other instances, where the products of the external world have been refractory, man has succeeded in destroying what he could hardly hope to subjugate. The most cruel diseases, such as the plague, properly so called, and the leprosy of the Middle Ages, have entirely disappeared from the civilised parts of Europe, and it is scarcely possible that they should ever again be seen there. Wild beasts and birds of prey have been extirpated, and are no longer allowed to infest the haunts of civilised men. Those frightful famines, by which Europe used to be ravaged several times in every century, have ceased; and so successfully have we grappled with them, that there is not the slightest fear of their ever returning with anything like their former severity. Indeed, our resources are now so great, that we could, at worst, only suffer from a slight and temporary scarcity; since in the present state of knowledge, the evil would be met at the outset by remedies which chemical science could easily suggest.'

The Irish famine, being too fresh in the minds of his readers to be passed over, is stated as an 'exception;' but the reasons given for this do not seem to us by any means to place it in the category of the exceptions that are commonly said to prove the rule. And the ravages of the oidion on the Continent, the vines rooted out from Madeira, and the failure of the silk crop last year, may serve to remind us that such an event is still within the limits of possibility. Yet the industry of successive generations has effected much; and Holland is justly quoted as an instance of the manner in which man has modified Nature. Might not that land, made and maintained by unceasing effort, defended as much by the spade as by the sword, be equally quoted for an instance of the extent to which Nature, however much subdued, has modified the habits and the mind of man? Or, again, looking at the nobler side of the Dutch character, might we not truly decide that not to greater intellectual powers, but to a stronger moral nature, must be ascribed the noble career of that little commonwealth?

After all deductions, however, there remains a sufficient residuum of facts to enable us to assent to Mr. Buckle's proposition—that since, in Europe, civilisation is marked by a diminishing influence of physical laws, and an increasing influence of mental laws, the latter are those to which our attention should chiefly be devoted. The question then arises—How are these mental laws to be discovered? Is the method adopted by the metaphysical inquirer to study the operations of his own mind, to be employed, or not? Clearly not, in Mr. Buckle's opinion; since whichever of the great divisions of metaphysical thinkers is followed, that which studies sensations, or that which studies ideas, in either case, the material and the instrument being the same, it becomes impossible to include all the phenomena. Hence Mr. Buckle, rejecting this method, elects to generalize the laws of mind from a comprehensive survey of the history of man; and immense indeed is the landscape exhibited to the gaze of the inquirer. Immense as it is, it parts itself at once into two great natural divisions, distinctly separated from each other as the two sections of the view which bursts on the traveller who descends the steep southern slope of the Alps. On the one side the massy, spotless, eternal hills; on the other, the wide, genial, cultivated plain, rich with the labours, decorated with the successes of man. Thus, all mental actions are either moral or intellectual: the first relating to our duties, the second to our knowledge. It is necessary to discover which element is the more important. Mr. Buckle divides the one part from the other in a broad, sweeping way, passing over the numerous instances in which the two elements are intertwined

into an inseparable whole—the parts of the view, so to say, where the spurs of the mountains run deep into the rich soil of the meadows; where the living streams bear the memory of the distant rocks, far among the dust of the scorching fields. He goes on to argue, that it is impossible to prognosticate whether the faculties of mind are likely to be greater in a child born in Europe than in one born in the most barbarous country (passing over, to lay down this conclusion, Dr. Pritchard's opinion, that the present inhabitants of Britain have, 'from some cause or other, more capacious brain-cases than their forefathers,' and the apparently equally well-ascertained fact, that the European has from twenty to thirty cubic inches more brain than the Papuan of New Guinea—which might seem to justify a contrary belief); that hence nothing is owing to natural ability, but everything to circumstances; and that the moral and intellectual conduct of man will be regulated by the state of the moral and intellectual atmosphere which surrounds him. For our own part, however, we must prefer the faith of the pagan poet,

'Fortes creantur fortibus et bonis,'

to the dogma of the modern philosopher,

'The child born in a civilised land, is not likely, as such, to be superior to one born among barbarians; and the difference which ensues between the acts of the two children will be caused, so far as we know, solely by the pressure of external circumstances; by which I mean the surrounding opinions, knowledge, associations, in a word, the entire mental atmosphere in which the two children are respectively nurtured.'

Now, this standard, as we have seen, continually fluctuates—whence it follows that the conditions on which this standard depends must fluctuate as well. And it is to them that our attention is directed as the moving powers that govern mankind. Mr. Buckle, however, has hardly made it clear whence these moving powers gain their motion. He has disclaimed the idea of any external pressure, and equally of any force being exercised by the individuals composing the mass. Society, according to this theory, hangs balanced like the cloud,

'That heareth not the loud winds when they call,
And moveth altogether, if it move at all.'

Moral truths, according to Mr. Buckle, have exerted little influence on mankind; since in very early ages they were as well understood as in these latter times, and have made no further advance. But it is to the progressive aspect of intellectual successes that we are to turn. For, since civilisation is the product of moral and intellectual causes combined; since this product continually changes, it cannot be regulated by the

stationary agent, but by the progressive one. Moral causes, he says, 'counteract each other; the good deeds of the virtuous and pure-minded fade away with their personal influence; the ravages of the vicious and inhuman are soon effaced: systems evaporate: creeds fail: only the discoveries of the intellectually great survive, and stand pillars and beacons for ever and ever.' This, however, is stated far too broadly. We must refer Mr. Buckle to the eloquent pages where Lord Bacon, deploring the continual loss of man's intellectual discoveries, compares time to a river, which carries down light and worthless substances, but leaves treasures sunk far behind in its course. Knowledge is under the same law of Time the destroyer, as virtue. The great example of the 'heroes before Agamemnon' is not more lost than the mathematical theorems of Archytas.

Now it appears to us, with all deference to one who has studied the subject much, quite impossible to set aside the influence of the moral qualities in this off-hand way. It is, besides, quite arbitrary to assert, that moral truths have been in all ages equally grasped by mankind; we doubt the truth of the assertion, even as regards individuals. With reference to bodies of men, we hold it certain, that the most elementary principles of right and wrong have only by degrees asserted their due superiority.

Having enthroned and crowned intellect, Mr. Buckle proceeds to decorate the walls of her palace with the trophies of successes won. The gradual diminution of religious persecution and war is quoted. But even here the supercilious tone which mars so many passages of the volume breaks out afresh, and Mr. Buckle diverges from his path to record the trite and ill-natured assertion that the weaker members of families are selected to grace the pulpit and the mess-room; an assertion which we should barely have noticed, but that it illustrates the manner in which a mere ebullition of spleen can sway one who aspires to the high position of a philosophic judge of all truth. The well-meant motives of religious persecutors are then remarked on, and the assertion made of the 'utter inability of 'moral feelings to diminish religious persecution'' 'It is to the diffusion of knowledge, and that alone, that we owe 'the comparative cessation of what is, unquestionably, the 'greatest evil men have ever inflicted on their species.' Of war too, it is said, 'that this barbarous pursuit is, in the 'progress of society, steadily declining, must be evident, 'even to the most hasty reader of European history.' We wish we could join in Mr. Buckle's paeans on this subject; but the present time, when we are engaged in suppressing

what is, probably, the most extensive military insurrection that ever ravaged the face of the earth; and an insurrection too, in rousing which, the fear of intellectual progress seems to have had some strange influence; a time in which we have just concluded a war with one of the greatest powers of Europe, and are still waging one with the largest empire of Asia, does seem hardly suited for rejoicings in the fact, that 'in our country a love of war is, as a national taste, utterly extinct.' Long may it be before another cannon-shot is fired in earnest in Europe again; but who can look out, and say that the horizon is absolutely clear? The synchronising of the last long peace in Europe with the life-time of that generation which was personally acquainted with the miseries of the last war, may have had as much to do with the cessation of hostilities as any progress of intellectual power. Much also is, undoubtedly, due to the repose necessitated by exhaustion; to the pressure of heavy debts; to mutual inter-dependence occasioned by commercial intercourse; and to the mingled web of common interest which already holds so many nations entangled in its meshes. But who can say whether jealousy may not at any time triumph over prudence, and in one hour of fury destroy the result of years of caution and care?

——— 'Incedis per ignes,
Suppositos cineri doloso.'

Our national experiences since the dedication of the Hyde Park temple of peace are scarcely encouraging.

From the inquiry of which we have here attempted a slight sketch, Mr. Buckle proceeds to generalize three axioms—

That the changes in every civilised country are dependent on the knowledge possessed by the ablest men;

On the direction which that knowledge takes;

And the extent to which it is diffused.

We are now in possession of Mr. Buckle's method. Before proceeding further, he considers the effect which, in his belief, religion, literature and government have produced on European civilisation. These, contrary to the generally-received opinion, he ranks very low indeed; reckoning them in no case the causes, but the consequences of civilisation. The argument proceeds: 'there are many instances of nations changing their religion, but there is no instance of a progressive country voluntarily adopting a retrogressive religion; neither is there any example of a declining country ameliorating its religion' the truth is, that the religious opinions which prevail 'at any period are among the symptoms by which that period is marked.' That the pressure of the intellectual activity of

any period may influence the form which the opinions then prevalent may take, is so obvious, as to amount to a truism. But we can discern no opinions prevailing among the Egyptians which should have evolved the system which Moses was commissioned to impart; nor more at the time when One greater than Moses came. Again, referring to the uniformity maintained as existent between the progress of a nation and its religion—was it when the inhabitants of Judæa were a powerful nation, or an oppressed province, that they purged themselves from that idolatry which was for so many centuries their bane?—and was Christianity received by Rome during the prosperity or the decline of the Empire?—and after the throne of the Cæsars itself had succumbed to the shocks of successive irruptions of barbarian tribes, and those hordes had settled down into something like a fixed government, to what, except to Christianity, are we to ascribe that in the least-learned century of those middle ages which Mr. Buckle so unjustly depreciates, there existed a truer perception of the rights of the lower classes, and of the moral equality of man, than during the most palmy period of the Pagan empire? While serfdom existed in Western Europe, the Church was the only, though often the almost powerless, protector of the feeble. Though her might could not alone abolish the iniquity, yet in the words of Guizot, ‘On ne peut pas douter que l’Église n’employât son influence à la restreindre. Il y en a une preuve irrécusable: la plupart des formules d’affranchissement, à diverses époques, se fondent sur un motif religieux; c’est au nom des idées religieuses, des espérances de l’avenir, de l’égalité religieuse des hommes, que l’affranchissement est presque toujours prononcé.’ To pass at once to later times, was not the abolition of slavery in the British dominions, looking at the subject in its broadest aspect, far more a religious than an intellectual movement? To reduce this to what we suppose would be Mr. Buckle’s intellectual equivalent, ‘enlightened self-interest,’ is a statement fit rather for the *Univers* than for the philosophical historian. It is easy to construct a very perfect theory when a man resolutely resolves to see nothing that does not coincide with his preconceived opinions: and Mr. Buckle appears to us in this place to have been ensnared by his talent for systematizing, a seduction which has led astray many powerful minds. The influence of literature is then summarily disposed of: literature being merely the storehouse in which it is convenient to hoard knowledge, frequently left to rust unheeded. This again is so palpably overstated, that we need not spend many words on its discussion. Men of genius, poets and philosophers, are as much the parents of their age as its children.

The same verdict is passed on the influence of governments; the creatures, not the creators of their age,—the power they exercise being only due, after all, to popular sufferance and public opinion. In some sense this is, of course, true; but the immense influence which governments possess in forcing opinions into particular channels is strikingly illustrated by Mr. Buckle himself a few pages further on, to which we shall have occasion shortly to refer.

Since the method proposed is that of an historical inquiry, it is proportionately unsatisfactory to be informed that the manner in which Mr. Buckle has found history generally written, deprives it of any adaptability to his purpose. Stories about kings and courts, battles, sieges, campaigns, form the staple of the material the inquirer, seeking for the germ of civilisation, discovers with disapprobation. Mr. Buckle says,—

‘The consequence is, that whoever now attempts to generalize historical phenomena, must collect the facts, as well as conduct the generalization. He finds nothing ready to his hand. He must be the mason as well as the architect; he must not only scheme the edifice, but likewise excavate the quarry. The necessity of performing this double labour, entails upon the philosopher such enormous drudgery, that the limits of an entire life are unequal to the task; on account of these things, I have long since abandoned my original scheme; and I have reluctantly determined to write the history, not of general civilisation, but of the civilisation of a single people.’

England is the land Mr. Buckle has chosen, not, as he is anxious to inform us, from any of ‘those motives which are dignified with the name of patriotism,’ but because it has been the one country of Europe the least exposed to foreign influence, where progress has been most truly a maturing from within: because, in fact,—

‘It is the land that freemen till,
That sober-suited Freedom chose—
The land, where, girt with friends or foes,
A man may speak the thing he will—

‘A land of settled government—
A land of just and old renown,
Where Freedom slowly broadens down
From precedent to precedent.’

Other countries are to be cited only as collateral examples; Germany, for the manner in which the immense accumulation of knowledge in the hands of a few has occasioned a wider gap between the modes of thought of the upper and lower classes than in any other country; America, for the opposite phenomenon; the total amount of knowledge there being comparatively slight, but held in solution amongst all ranks, so making a far

greater show, and influencing all far more; France, for the operation of what Mr. Buckle calls the protective spirit, that is to say, the interference of government with everybody and everything: and Spain, for the same reason, and the laws of ecclesiastical development. The different modes of investigation followed by various countries in their intellectual progress will be likewise illustrated, and the inductive method pursued in America and England contrasted with the deductive method employed in Germany and Scotland; examples being given of the effect produced by these causes on the abler writers in these countries respectively. The main body of the work, however, will be devoted to England. It is impossible not to acquiesce in Mr. Buckle's reasons for this selection; but this restriction of his horizon renders it all the more improbable that his labours will be crowned with success. Were there any trace, however slight, of the laws of human thought which it is desired to discover, an investigation of one section of mankind governed by those known laws might be attended with very brilliant results. But since the laws of human action must be considered to pervade all human creatures collectively, it will be found hardly possible to discover the laws of the science of civilisation from the experiences to be gained among the history of one people. Foreign modes of thought; foreign habits of life, are likely to be underrated when cited only as collateral examples.

The materials for all early history being found impracticable, Mr. Buckle passes onwards, and lands in England in the sixteenth century. After the remarks on the comparative non-influence of governments, it is rather striking to find at the commencement of the chapter the fact that the failure of the Reformation in Spain was due to the influence of the Church and the Inquisition, incidentally referred to. It is rather strange, too, that in this chapter, in which many inferior writers are named and quoted, Bacon is only slightly mentioned. We shall not do Mr. Buckle the injustice of supposing that this is owing to the whole spirit of the Baconian system being opposed to the method which he advocates; but it is rather remarkable. The rise of scepticism, the spirit of inquiry is traced; and the development of opinion in Hooker's works compared with those of Jewel, and Chillingworth's compared with those of Hooker. A little further on, the strength of the current of national thought is again gauged, by the difference manifested between the earlier and later works of Sir Thomas Browne. By scepticism we may understand, as Sir J. Stephen has said, the suspension of the judgment on each successive subject of inquiry, and 'that freedom of mind which, in the result of any

‘such inquiry, can lay aside the most cherished preconceptions; and embrace truth, even if she at length presents herself in a form the most unexpected and unwelcome.’ As the eighteenth century is approached, the movement becomes stronger; and after the establishment of the Royal Society in the time of Charles II., one feels one’s self as it were in the presence of the lineal ancestors of our own chiefs of science. It was long, however, before the movement spread; and the eighteenth century was almost on the wane before there was such an institution in London as a circulating library; or such a thing, almost, as a printing-press out of the metropolis. We cannot here, in the narrow limits to which a review is necessarily confined, do more than merely advert to the striking picture which Mr. Buckle has drawn of the reign of George III. What is very remarkable, however, is the apparent forgetfulness of the principles laid down so shortly before. After the sweeping declaration of the small influence of kings and governments, we find, in speaking of Charles II., that the vast legislative reforms for which that reign is distinguished among other things, ‘though the result of the intellectual march of the age . . . so far from being made in spite of the vices of the sovereign, were actually aided by them. . . . Thus the character of the king was eminently favourable to the growth of national liberty.’

‘If we look only at the characters of the rulers, and at their foreign policy, we must pronounce the reign of Charles II. to be the worst that has ever been seen in England. If, on the other hand, we confine our observations to the laws which were passed, and the principles that were established, we shall be obliged to confess that this same reign forms one of the brightest epochs in our national annals. Politically and morally, there were to be found in the Government all the elements of confusion, of weakness, and of crime. . . . The weight of taxation was increased, while the security of the kingdom was diminished. By the forced surrender of the charters of the towns, our municipal rights were endangered. By shutting the exchequer, our national credit was destroyed. Though immense sums were spent in maintaining our naval and military power, we were left so defenceless, that when a war broke out, which had long been preparing, we seemed suddenly to be taken by surprise. Such was the miserable incapacity of the government, that the fleets of Holland were able, not only to ride triumphant round our coasts, but to sail up the Thames, attack our arsenals, burn our ships, and insult the metropolis of England. Yet, notwithstanding all these things, it is an undoubted fact, that in this same reign of Charles II. more steps were taken in the right direction than had been taken, in any period of equal length, during the twelve centuries we had occupied the soil of Britain.’

At a later period, when speaking of Burke and the dis-favour in which he was held by the court till his declining years, we find the very noticeable admission that, ‘in addition

‘to the intrinsic interest of the subject, it illustrates the feelings of George III. towards great men; and it shows what the opinions were which in his reign it was thought necessary to hold. In the sequel of this work I shall trace the effect of such opinions upon the interests of the country, considered as a whole; but for the object of the present introduction, it will be sufficient to point out the connexion in one or two more of those prominent instances, the character of which is too notorious to admit of discussion. Of these leading and conspicuous events, the American war was the earliest; and for several years it almost entirely absorbed the attention of English politicians.’ A little further on, in speaking of the war with France at the period of the French Revolution, a contest the effect of which is even greater than that of the struggle with America, we find it ascribed in great measure to the same cause, the personal influence of the king.

The same fact meets the view at the very commencement of the next chapter, which is devoted to the ‘History of the French Intellect, from the middle of the Sixteenth Century to the accession to power of Louis XIV.’ France, we are told, is described after England, because, ‘to understand the way in which the diseases of the first country were aggravated by the quackery of ignorant rulers, it was necessary to understand the way in which the health of the second country was preserved, by being subjected to smaller interference.’

We do not know how far he may be indebted to French writers; but it strikes us that Mr. Buckle has executed the sketch of this period with uncommon ability.

Ecclesiastical authority, at this epoch, was far more influential in France than in England; where the successive reversals of policy pursued by Henry VIII., Edward VI., Mary, and Elizabeth, had done much to weaken that power. It was not till the close of the sixteenth century that the Edict of Nantes, the first act of toleration in France, was promulgated; while the year 1611 was the last when any one suffered death in England for holding heretical opinions. Some twenty years previously, Montaigne had published his celebrated Essays. Mr. Buckle regards this writer as the real leader of French scepticism, not Rabelais, whose attacks on the personal vices of the Clergy, not against the system of which they were members, place him in a position somewhat similar, perhaps, to that of Chaucer. But graver occupations than literature soon occupied the French nation; a strong development of opposed religious feelings had created two great conflicting factions in the state. The great ability of Richelieu succeeded in detaching the Protestant leaders from their party. The fable of the contest between the Sun and the

Wind for the Cloak of the Traveller, was never perhaps so thoroughly realised as on this occasion.

While ill-treated by the Government, the Protestant nobility had, not unnaturally, clung to their party; when permitted to approach the Court, they desired the more completely to bask in the rays of favour. This circumstance threw the government of the main body of Protestants into the hands of their Clergy; men usually of narrower views, and animated on this occasion by a truly sectarian zeal. Forgetful that they were living under the first French government that had ever tolerated them, they desired to repress the Roman Catholics in the exercise of their religion; and 'declaring that it would be a crime to permit the idolatry of the mass,' they confiscated the property of the Roman Catholic Clergy. With the Government itself they interfered, both with the appointments that were made, and even in graver matters. Meanwhile, though claiming the right of private judgment, they vigorously controlled all freedom of action among their own people, even in almost incredibly minute details. The faithful were not to be allowed to let their hair grow long; they were to have no tassels to their dress; the fashion of their gloves was prescribed; they were to beware of wide sleeves. Two Christian names were allowed, though one only was better: names formerly used by pagans were not permitted. Yet, with all these littlenesses, these were the same people who held Rochelle against the united power of almost all France, and endured incredible hardships in the struggle. As soon as peace returned, Richelieu pursued the same policy as before, and granted terms to the vanquished as favourable as those he had offered when the tide had hardly yet turned in his favour. Nor did his wise and tolerant policy cease with his life; for twenty years longer, under Mazarin, it was the guiding spirit of the land. This period is brightened with the great name of Descartes, whose works alike indicated and inspired the tendencies of the progressive intellect of France. The fascination of his great ability, and great power of systematizing, appears to us to have drawn Mr. Buckle into a warmer admiration for Descartes than has usually been expressed by others who have had occasion to study him. The inference, too, which he draws from the well-known proposition of the proof of the existence of God from the evidence contained in the mind of man, seems to us also to differ in like manner. Mr. Buckle says that the ultimate proof of the existence of our Creator is our idea of it. 'This, then, is the order and pre-
'dence of things. The thought of each man is sufficient to
'prove His existence, and it is the only proof we can ever
'possess. Such, therefore, is the dignity and supremacy of the

'human intellect, that even this, the highest of all matters, flows from it, as from its sole source.' Compare this passage with Mr. Hallam's summary of the same argument, 'Descartes found within himself the idea of a perfect Intelligence, eternal, infinite, necessary. This could not come from himself, nor from external things, because both were imperfect, and there could be no more in the effect than in the cause.' Surely it is not on the perfection, but on the imperfection; not on the 'supremacy,' but on the subjection of the human mind, that the subtle reasoning in question is founded. Surely this is Descartes' own meaning when he says that 'de cela seul que Dieu m'a créé, il est fort croyable qu'il m'a en quelque façon produit à son image et semblance, et que je conçois cette ressemblance dans laquelle l'idée de Dieu se trouve contenue, par la même faculté par laquelle je me conçois moi-même; c'est-à-dire que, lorsque je fais réflexion sur moi, non seulement je connais que je suis une chose imparfaite, incomplète, et dépendante d'autrui, qui tend et qui aspire sans cesse à quelque chose de meilleur et de plus grand que je ne suis; mais je connais aussi en même temps que celui duquel je dépends possède en soi toutes ces grandes choses auxquelles j'aspire, et dont je trouve en moi les idées non pas indéfiniment et seulement en puissance, mais qu'il en jouit en effet, actuellement et indéfiniment; et ainsi qu'il est Dieu.' We differ from Mr. Buckle at all times with much hesitation; but the above, we submit, is the real version of the argument.

At this point, Mr. Buckle feels it desirable to describe the operation of what he calls the protective spirit of the Government in France. The manifestations of it with which an Englishman is most familiar are the requirements of the passport system. But this is only one point. The law of bequests, trials, the sale of food, education, the number who shall exercise a trade, are all controlled by the Government; which, in order to maintain the requisite *surveillance*, throws on the taxpayer the maintenance of an army of officials, reckoned at close on 800,000 persons. This system of perpetual repression is undoubtedly one of the main reasons why that people, when in the possession of power, have never known how to use it; why their free Governments have never been stable, their stable Governments never free.

'In France, everything is referred to one common centre, in which all civil functions are absorbed. All improvements of any importance, all schemes for bettering even the material condition of the people, must receive the sanction of Government; the local authorities not being considered equal to such arduous tasks. In order that inferior magistrates may not abuse their power, no power is conferred upon them. The

exercise of independent jurisdiction is almost unknown. Everything that is done must be done at head-quarters. The government is believed to see everything, know everything, and provide for everything.'

Mr. Buckle turns far back into history to trace the origin of this 'spirit of protection;' and he finds the germ of it in the immense power of the great vassals of the Crown from the earliest periods of the monarchy. This he compares with the comparative weakness of the English nobles; from which weakness, and its consequent effects, he states, 'it naturally results 'that the people imbibed that tone of independence, and that 'lofty bearing, of which our civil and political institutions are 'the consequence rather than the cause. It is to this, and not 'to any fanciful peculiarity of race, that we owe the sturdy 'and enterprising spirit for which the inhabitants of this island 'have so long been remarkable.' Expressions so strong as these excite some interest in the primary cause of that 'weakness of the English aristocracy,' which is thus marked by Mr. Buckle as the hinge on which all the destinies of England have turned; and after his remarks on the comparatively slight influence of rulers, one is really surprised to find that he ascribes it to the personal character of William the Conqueror. It is suggestive of much thought to trace the slight hold which municipal and parliamentary institutions have had in France, as compared with England. This too, doubtless, had much weight in the formation of the 'protective spirit;' to the influence of which Mr. Buckle proceeds to ascribe the failure of the Fronde, the great rebellion in France. Like the analogous movement in England, this was an aspiration for increased liberty; unlike it, a war of factions, not of classes, it did not stir society to the roots, and failed. Strangely the earnestness of feeling in England contrasts with the trifles which actuated the leaders of the Fronde, among whom questions of etiquette and precedence were invested with an importance which marked such points as almost their highest objects in war, and in life. Shortly after the suppression of the Fronde, Louis XIV. took the government directly into his own hands. The most brilliant chapter, perhaps, in the whole of Mr. Buckle's work is the one in which he describes this event; the manner in which the Grand Monarque carried the protective spirit into every department within the reach of his sceptre; and the decrepitude which overclouded every institution in his kingdom before the close of his long and chequered reign. It has long been the custom to reckon this period as the Augustan age of France; Mr. Buckle, however, shows the utter fallacy of this opinion. A long array of dates and authorities proves that the great thinkers and investigators of natural laws, whose names adorn this epoch,

were for the most part dead before the King assumed the government in reality; many before he had even grown up. The wreath of artistic excellence likewise exhibits many of its flowers blighted by the same breath of court favour. 'The poets, dramatists, painters, musicians, sculptors, architects, were, with hardly an exception, not only born but educated under the freer policy which existed before.' Nothing can be more forlorn than the picture of the close of the reign which, though touched externally with a shadowy film of glory, yet within was rank with the elements of corruption; a reign during which it has been characteristically observed, that the word *honnête* exchanged its primitive for its actual meaning. We trust that this chapter at least will be allowed to cross the Channel by the 'protective spirit.'

'Both in the civil service and in the military service, everything had fallen into disorder. At home there was nothing but confusion; abroad there was nothing but disaster. The spirit of France succumbed, and was laid prostrate. The men of letters, pensioned and decorated by the court, had degenerated into a fawning and hypocritical race, who, to meet the wishes of their masters, opposed all improvement, and exerted themselves in support of every old abuse. The end of all this was, a corruption, a servility, and a loss of power, more complete than has ever been witnessed in any of the great countries of Europe. There was no popular liberty; there were no great men; there was no science; there was no literature; there were no arts. Within, there was a discontented people, a rapacious government, and a beggared exchequer. Without, there were foreign armies, which pressed upon all the frontiers, and which nothing but their mutual jealousies, and a change in the English Cabinet, prevented from dismembering the monarchy of France. Such was the forlorn position of that noble country, towards the close of the reign of Louis XIV.'

His death was the signal for a reaction not less decided than the repression preceding. While the majority endeavoured to indemnify themselves for a forced hypocrisy by the wildest excesses, the thinking few who sought to devote their country to the enjoyment of freedom, now lost, turned their eyes to England, the only land where freedom was to be found. During the reign of the Grand Monarque all affected to despise English literature; but of the two generations which intervened between his death and the French Revolution, there was scarcely a man of note who did not visit England, or learn the language. Here, we may observe, Mr. Buckle's wealth of information comes into full play; and he gives a colossal list of the examples on which he has inductively framed an opinion which a less able writer would have enunciated without proof. Many English books were translated; and questions of politics and religion discussed with the utmost freedom. The Government, however, not having participated in these views, a collision became

inevitable; and if a list were made of the men of letters who lived at this epoch, it would be found that not one out of ten escaped fines or imprisonment. Thus, Voltaire was incarcerated in the Bastille for twelve months on account of a libel which, after all, he had not written; he was afterwards arrested for having adopted some of the views of Locke, and was not suffered to publish a translation of the works of Newton. So little did the Government understand the temper of the times, that in 1764 a decree was issued prohibiting any book in which questions of Government were discussed: in 1767 it was made a capital offence to write a book tending to excite the public mind, or to attack religion, or to inquire into matters of finance; and at last in 1780 it was seriously proposed to annihilate all publishers, and to suffer nothing but emanations from a Government press to appear. The extreme vigilance with which the ruling powers repressed all attempts to criticise their shortcomings turned the current of literature with more virulence against the Church; and here their poisoned shafts worked the speedier destruction from the diseased state into which that body had fallen. During the reign of Louis XIV. the *personnel* of the priesthood was respectable; in his successor's time it participated unfortunately in the prevailing vices of the day. The inherent loyalty of the French nation long repelled the assaults made on their devotion to the Crown. The glory of the people seemed bound up with the greatness of their King; and no other system than a monarchy appeared possible. At last the growing taste for political economy showed how injurious the interference of Government was in matters of trade. Hence an opinion rose and spread, that in other matters as well the same interference might be injurious. The sympathy with American independence, the triumphant return of the officers and men who had ventured their lives in that great struggle, fanned the spark into a flame. Then arose that fierce and ever-memorable contest between the spirit of the past and the spirit of the present. In vain concessions were made to popular fury; in vain the States-General convoked; in vain Necker recalled to power;—the moment when the evils might yet have been averted had passed, and passed for ever!

‘ If Louis XIV. had not interfered with the natural progress, France, like England, would have continued to advance. After his death, it was, indeed, too late to save the Clergy, against whom all the intellect of the nation was soon arrayed. But the force of the storm might still have been broken, if the government of Louis XV. had conciliated what it was impossible to resist; and, instead of madly attempting to restrain opinions by laws, had altered the laws to suit the opinions. If the rulers of France, instead of exerting themselves to silence the national literature, had yielded to its suggestions, and had receded before the pressure of ad-

vancing knowledge, the fatal collision would have been avoided; because the passions which caused the collision would have been appeased. In such case, the Church would have fallen somewhat earlier; but the state itself would have been saved. In such case, France would, in all probability, have secured her liberties, without increasing her crimes; and that great country, which, from her position and resources, ought to be the pattern of European civilisation, might have escaped the ordeal of those terrible atrocities through which she was compelled to pass, and from the effects of which she has not yet recovered.'

It is now scarcely possible to discover whether any skill in government could have averted the French Revolution; but whether this is so or not, Mr. Buckle's views on the line of conduct on the part of the French sovereigns, which in his opinion might have averted that catastrophe, form an interesting commentary on his own statement of the small influence exerted by the ruling powers.

One might have thought that to have set forth this panacea for the troubles which distracted Europe at the close of the last century would have been sufficient for the self-confidence of any man. But further, while furnishing the clue to the policy which would have enabled Louis XVI. to thread the mazes of difficulty which environed his reign,—which would have secured to the descendants of Hugh Capet the throne of yet unrevolutionised France,—Mr. Buckle has leisure to read the clergy, not only of that but of all lands, a lecture on their true position. At a previous page he has informed them of the subjects on which they had better not preach; he now proceeds to intimate what they may or may not do. Without doubt they will be extremely pleased to learn that so long as they conduct themselves in such a way as not to offend against Mr. Buckle's regulations, he is prepared to tolerate, and even, under certain conditions, actually to encourage them.

'So long as our Clergy confine themselves to the beneficent duties of their calling, to the alleviation of pain and distress, either bodily or mental, so long will we respect them as the ministers of peace and of charity.'

Mild medicines and milder advice may be dispensed; but let them beware of imagining themselves entitled, by virtue of their success in either capacity, to attempt any further influence.

'If they should ever again entrench on the rights of the laity,—if they should ever again interfere with an authoritative voice in the government of the state,—it will then be for the people to inquire, whether the time has not come to effect a revision of the ecclesiastical constitution of the country.'

Having thus shown that he can pickle a rod as prettily as

any one, Mr. Buckle has even a kind word for those over whom he has, in imagination, been holding the scourge:—

‘We look on the clergy as a body of men who, notwithstanding their disposition to intolerance, and notwithstanding a certain narrowness incidental to their profession, do undoubtedly form part of a vast and noble institution, by which the manners of men have been softened, their sufferings assuaged, their distresses relieved.’

We should scarcely have noticed this digression of Mr. Buckle's, but that it furnishes a curious, though by no means singular, instance of the manner in which he allows himself to dogmatize at all seasons and on all subjects.

Want of space, to our great regret, compels us to do no more than advert to the last two chapters of the volume, which contain an inquiry into the ‘State of Historical Literature in France, from the end of the Sixteenth to the end of the Eighteenth Century,’ and the ‘Proximate causes of the French Revolution after the middle of the Eighteenth Century.’ Yet this is better than to attempt a summary which, however full, could not do justice to the width of information and indefatigable research which has presented so brilliant a picture of an age, which is one of the most remarkable the world has ever seen.

It would be far more pleasant if the praise justly due to so much learning and so great ability had not to be qualified by any words of censure; and we have refrained from making remarks of the sort while engaged in examining the literary merits of the volume, because the faults lie so completely on the surface of the work that they need hardly detract from its usefulness to any reader. Stripped of its adjuncts, the doctrine enunciated appears to us scarcely more than a morbid form of predestination; according to which our Divine Maker has little or no real influence in the government of His creatures, whose guidance is under the control, not of Providence, but of the self-made circumstances that environ them. Whenever Mr. Buckle approaches religious subjects, his tone becomes either more vague or more captious than usual; and it is difficult to reconcile the expressions used either with each other or with what one has been accustomed to consider the standards of opinion on these topics. Thus, for instance, in one place we are informed that ‘in our country the truths of religion are rarely attacked except by superficial thinkers.’ Is Mr. Buckle content to be considered a ‘superficial thinker,’ or are the contempt which he is, unfortunately, never weary of expressing towards the Old Testament, and the depreciatory remarks which he makes on the New, consistent with a genuine respect for the

truths of religion? Yet Mr. Buckle himself is capable of a deep, we may truly say, of a reverent frame of mind at times. The interesting passage towards the close of the volume fully shows this: the same feeling which induced him to record the memories of perplexities which he could not unravel, and doubts by which he was overcome, might have led him to perceive that a captious tone is not the height of philosophic grandeur; and that to point a sneer at institutions which the wise have generally agreed to speak of with respect, is not to accelerate the march of true civilisation. While penning those profane remarks at p. 344, on the superstition evinced by supposing that the weather may be influenced by the intercession of man, he might at least have remembered the striking words of Descartes, who, while indicating the road which, he considers, will the surest lead to knowledge by the right conduct of the mind, says, '*ce qui néanmoins ne nous empêche pas de croire que les choses qui nous ont été révélées par Dieu sont les plus certaines de toutes nos connaissances.*' The secondary laws which govern the rain may be tabulated by the intelligence of the observer; but need that hinder us from believing that the fertilizing showers have been given, and withheld, at the prayer of 'a man subject to like passions as we are?' The fallacy (for so we must consider it) into which Mr. Buckle appears to have fallen here, seems analogous to a parent's supposing that because, say, one boy in a thousand is annually taken up for stealing, therefore it is useless for him to warn his own son against that crime. But we will not dwell longer on these opinions of Mr. Buckle's. Could he free himself from his reckless habit of dogmatizing on all possible subjects, on many of which his information must be incomplete; could he cease from endeavouring to talk down, as it were, by sheer force of mere words all whose opinions do not exactly coincide with his own; we should not be without hope that the promised continuation of the work would be not only distinguished, as it doubtless will be, by much ability and considerable research, but that it might even rise to the calm tone of sound philosophy. Our remarks on the volume itself have mainly resolved themselves into showing the author's commentary on his own statement of the slight effect produced by governments on the actions of men, and consequently of the value of his assumed law, that the progress of mankind is due to the development of the intellect solely. We have endeavoured to conduct this inquiry with the strictest impartiality; and on the evidence of the book itself, we think most readers will return with us a verdict 'not proven.' The actions of men may be governed, as Mr. Buckle thinks they are, by certain fixed laws; and if so, those laws

may be discovered. But at least no sign of them has ever yet been discerned to exist; and when they are found, it is at least highly improbable that they will be traced by investigating, however closely, the works of the intellect alone. Were all the actions of man the results of the purest intelligence, the law would undoubtedly hold good; but as long as human nature lasts, the intellect will be only one element in the composition of man. This, indeed, is Mr. Buckle's own view: what we think is, that he greatly overrates the prevailing authority not less than the permanent progressiveness of that element. To discover the rules which govern human actions, the passions, the feelings, and everything that can bias a human creature must be studied as well. Nor will it be sufficient, unless the teachings of religion, the results of education, the influences of climate, and the indestructible characteristics of race are included in the inquiry. Nor will the laws be true, unless they are proved to influence every tribe and every nation, from the snows of the North to the luxuriant life of the Tropics.

Mr. Buckle's book presents another peculiarity; it is a scientific treatise without a definition of the subject investigated. Throughout, we gain no idea of what he considers civilisation to consist in. Though he is far from stating his views with clearness, yet we think we are not wrong in gathering from his work that even he would not be satisfied with intellectual progress alone. Nor does he lead us to imagine that he thinks any country, even our own, to have made all the progress possible. However far in the vanward of material movement, how small are the results achieved even among our own people, to what they should be! How many are smitten down by the swift wheels of the car of civilisation, and trodden under foot by the shouting multitudes who follow in the train of the goddess! Can any person pass down but one of our streets, and compare the contrasted groups of magnificence and misery, 'the wasting pleasures, and still more wasting cares,' the want of consideration engendered by overwhelming wealth, the want of feeling engrained in the very spirit by overwhelming poverty, and consider we have reached the highest pinnacle of a real civilisation? Contrasted with the closing half of the last century, the first fifty years of this show, we hope, some improvement; and aspirations after more. More recently still, while stroke has followed stroke with a rapidity perhaps never equalled, has appeared, we think, in times of national as of domestic troubles, an indication of a desire to sink minor differences in the face of larger dangers, and to pass from the feverishness of faction to the loyalty due to the State; and when the gathering gloom is dispelled, and returning confidence gives, as we trust it may, a

fresh impulse to commerce, and furthers industrial art with an impetus unknown before,—may it not be hoped also that the lessons of the past will not be entirely forgotten in the successes of the present, and real progress gain more hold over the mass of our people. Every fresh conquest of mind over matter; every fresh accumulation of prosperity; is a fresh addition to the obligation on the part of those who most fully receive the benefit of those advantages to promote the well-being of the nation at large,—to direct power by right; to discipline intellect by conscience.

ART IV.—*A Personal Narrative of the Siege of Lucknow.* By
L. E. RUUTZ REES. London: Longman & Co. 1858.

THERE are many circumstances connected with the Indian mutiny which wholly distinguish it from any former experiences of the world's history. The horrors committed, the sufferings endured, have been in themselves as shocking and heart-rending as the worst and most savage passions of human nature could, in any age, perpetrate or inflict; but these have been tenfold aggravated by the highly sensitive condition of those whose sad fortune it has been to encounter this great tide of human woe. Nor only have we to observe this special acuteness of their sufferings, but also the unprecedented opportunities they possessed of imparting to the world all the minute details of such mental agony as they endured. A marvellous chapter is thus added to the history and the experience of the human mind on the whole subject of pain and suffering, body and mind. History tells us of sufficient horrors, but in no other case would it be possible to see concentrated upon one set of victims so many aggravating causes. The recent introduction into India of quiet, peace-loving men, occupied with the inventions of physical sciences, such as railroads and telegraphs; the refinement of civilised and Christian life pervading all classes; the home and family character of the resident English; the vast numbers of women and children; all combined to make the wounding knife of savage human passion cut with peculiar sharpness into the very quick of the soul. And we *know* all these things. They are not covered over in the great general tomb of human affliction; which, though ever replenished, ever open-mouthed, is for the most part dumb and silent; though ever absorbing, yet imparts a very small share to the world at large of the inner details connected with the philosophy of pain. The most remarkable and distinguishing feature, indeed, of this whole mutiny, as an historical event, is the full and detailed account we possess, from the sufferers themselves; written during the various stages of their prolonged suspense, their increasing torments, their racking and frightful alarm, closed only by those last scenes of death itself, to describe which is beyond all mortal power. But the inner details comprehend not only the *sufferings* of our fellow-countrymen, and our own intimate acquaintance with their feelings at the time; we also have to witness their extraordinary powers of endurance, and their true heroism in the highest and noblest sense of the word. In the English soldier we expect this as a matter of

course, and from men in civil professions, we should never have anticipated a much lower standard; nor again from English-women should we have foretold any want of courage or dignity. But we can truly say, that no one can have had a right to *expect*, as a matter of course, that high tone of character exhibited as a general rule, by all classes of men and women, during the whole mutiny. We had no right to *expect* it in that sense which would have made their conduct blameable if so high a standard had not been attained. But having witnessed this heroic endurance; having had this opportunity of knowing the courage and virtue of English residents in India, it is the duty, as it must be the patriotic instinct, of us all, to record for the honour of the human race, and as a testimony to the Christian religion, the very great triumph, if so we may express it, with which this ordeal has been crowned. There are features, indeed, which we could gladly have spared; not because we think them reprehensible, or that we feel ourselves in a condition to criticise them; but, because feelings and thoughts of this kind are in themselves injurious, and leave a stain behind them; we mean, of course, the bloodthirsty spirit of vengeance, the recklessness of human life, the intense enjoyment of individual and promiscuous slaughter, and the general encouragement given to the most savage instincts of the heart.

Let us, then, briefly enumerate what appear to be the special aggravations of the pain and mental torture endured by our fellow-countrymen in the mutiny. The long reign of peace in Central India had been the means of bringing together a large quiet, confiding, respectable body of Englishmen and women, taken from the educated industrious middle classes, connected by every association of their minds with the love of peace and the prospect of its enjoyment. No body of Englishmen, in any part of the world, were, at the commencement of this mutiny, so exclusively belonging to the educated classes; and for two very sufficient reasons. All menial and laborious offices were performed by native hands, while the English were only masters and officials; and, again, Indian patronage and promotion, both in the army and the civil service, has been far better managed, regulated far more according to qualifications and merits, than at home. The army in India has been a *profession*, not a fashionable pastime; and civil offices have generally been bestowed on young men, whose very desire to live the best part of their lives in India, is some proof of industry, character and energy. With the utmost confidence in the existing order of things, looking upon the native army as a stout and faithful bulwark to their position, these foreigners from a distant land spread themselves over a vast extent of country, amid a very

dense native population, conscious that, if they belonged to a conquering race, yet also they were benefactors. British India was acknowledged, indeed, to be one of the most singular institutions of the world ; but, if singular, it was a success and also a fact. As such the world took it, and placed confidence in it. Ladies, equal in refinement to any who stayed at home, enjoyed and imparted all the comforts and pleasures of social life, as freely, as quietly, as securely, as in any part of their native country. Thus it happened that 600 English resided in Delhi, among a population of 150,000, with as little care or thought of harm, as if in England. But when this security was discovered to be mistaken—when the army, that great stay of all their positions, suddenly turned against them, were transformed from submissive and faithful servants into wild, infuriated savages—how intensely aggravating to their dangers and alarms, would all the peculiarities of this situation at once become. Their fewness among so great a multitude ; their scattered places of residence ; their dependence, in an uncongenial climate, upon artificial luxuries ; their distance from home, and the consequent impossibility of securing women and children from approaching danger ; all must have added tenfold to the strange mysterious dread which naturally follows the suddenly uprooted confidence of years ; a dread at one time increased rather than calmed, by the facilities of communication around them ; as witnessed by the frightful, indefinite rumours spread far and wide by the electric telegraph. For instance the following :—

‘On the morning of Monday, May 11, the telegraph at Umballah spoke from Delhi :—“The Meerut troops have come over. There is a disturbance in the city. Several officers said to be killed.” A little later it spoke again :—“General massacre of the Christian inhabitants. I can stay no longer. I am off.” And telegraphic communication ceased.’

It would be an undertaking worthy of this fearful outbreak, and also gratifying to our national character, to collect together the whole mass of information, public and private, received from India descriptive of the revolt. Volumes might thus be compiled without inserting anything unworthy of a place. We have consulted chiefly those letters which appeared in the *Times*. Our own *Correspondent* has had but little share in the work. The professional artist in words would have been out of place ; the authentic annals of the Indian mutiny are something different from Mr. Russell’s fancy pictures. One pen could do little when the stage was so wide, and the chief scenes so sudden, so accidental, or so unapproachable. But, happily, there were many correspondents ; and the distinctness, the vividness of their writing, especially of ladies under the most exciting pangs of fear, is no small proof of the

very great literary talent which exists in the educated classes of this country, only waiting an opportunity and sufficient stimulus to bring it out. The material thus acquired is enough for our purpose; indeed, it will be impossible to compress even the salient points of interest into the space now at our disposal, and we are almost puzzled how to begin. Perhaps our best mode of proceeding will be, to consider first what our correspondents tell us of the chief centres of interest, Delhi and Cawnpore. We shall then take a survey of the widely-scattered scenes of mutiny through various parts of Bengal, and conclude with Lucknow; entirely abandoning any attempt at an historical narrative, but confining ourselves strictly to inner details and personal scenes.

The first symptoms of bad feeling on the cartridge question were observed at Barrackpore and Berhampore, in the month of March. In April came the incendiary fires near Umballah, and then, at the beginning of May, the first outbreak at Meerut, a day's journey from Delhi; for which offence eighty-five troopers were sentenced to ten years' imprisonment, with the following self-congratulation on the part of the authorities:—

“‘The court is over,’ wrote the presiding officer on the 9th of May, ‘and those fellows have got ten years a-piece. You will hear of no more mutinies.’”

‘The convicted prisoners were, in the course of the most ordinary routine, made over to the civil gaol.’

On the evening, however, of the next day, May 10, the gaol was broken open, and the whole place was in declared mutiny. Several officers were killed in the scuffle; and then commenced also that dreadful sacrifice of ladies and young children which forms the saddest feature of the whole story. And now trace the spark, from the comparatively small fire, which, when reaching Delhi, produced so sudden, so tremendous a conflagration. We turn to Delhi on that same Sunday evening, the 10th of May:—

‘At Delhi, on that night, the Europeans slumbered peaceably, and the large cantonment, garrisoned exclusively by native troops, was undisturbed; but in the morning came news that some cavalry troopers were crossing the bridge of boats on the Jumna. The number who first arrived was very small. It is said that thirty troopers have revolutionized India. They took possession of the bridge of boats, rushed into the city, and created a riot there. The 54th Native Infantry was ordered down to preserve order, and the Colonel marched at their head in the fullest confidence in his regiment. When they got into the city, a mere handful of troopers—about fifteen, it is said—came galloping up; the Sepoys did not resist them, and the troopers pistolled the European officers, who had, generally, no fire-arms. Confusion followed; the 54th joined the rebels, the scum of the population of the city did the same, and, in brief, from that time Delhi was in possession of the rebels, and all the Christian population within the walls, with the exception of the few who by various chances escaped, were massacred. The chief civil officers fell; the banks, printing-press, and

other non-military establishments (at Delhi the civil station is, in fact, within the city walls) were plundered, the inmates murdered, and the slaughter of inferior Europeans, half-castes, and Christians living in Delhi must have been great. In fact, it may be generally remarked throughout the massacres that, though in so many instances the prominent Europeans, possessed of superior means, have escaped, and little notice has been taken of the fate of the inferiors, the massacre of clerks, half-castes, &c., and their families, has been frightful. These people seem to have seldom escaped.'

And yet, with all this, there seems to be little evidence of any preconcerted conspiracy; in fact, the Sepoy regiments in Delhi joined the mutineers with every appearance of hesitation, as if borne along by some fatal instinct rather than by choice. They remained with their officers the greater part of the day, and 'only gradually and passively went over or refused to act.'

The officers and ladies who had escaped were now collected in one spot, anxiously looking out for assistance from Meerut. Mutineers enough arrived, but no friends:—

'Some thoughtful mutineer—whether in mercy or in triumph we know not—sent up in a cart and deposited before the survivors the bodies of the officers killed in the city. Bitter indeed must have been the feelings of those who remained.'

After this they determined on flight, and encountered a series of adventures about which we shall presently hear from their separate pens. At this point, the writer we are quoting truly says:—

'Fortune had indeed favoured the mutiny. On that Monday morning a company of Europeans at Delhi would probably have put down the riot, and the Meerut affair would have been but an isolated mutiny; as it was, in a few hours the mutiny found itself a strong political power, with a great fortified city, the most ample munitions of war, abundant treasures, and a king bearing a great name.'

Then commenced before the walls of Delhi that long and tedious siege, the daily personal horrors of which may be judged of by the following specimen:—

'Immediately on jumping over, I had the satisfaction of seeing three fellows coming with a rush at me; the first, a great tall fellow, evidently excited almost to delirium by bhang, opium, and churries, raised his sword and made a slashing back-handed cut, which, had it taken full effect, must have rolled my head off. However, my usual good luck came to my help; and instead of cutting at my friend, I had just time to change the cut into a guard. My good cavalry sword stood well, though a deep cut was made in the steel; however, my guard having been hurriedly made, and my opponent a stronger man than myself, my sword was beaten down and my cheek laid open. After the blow I had my turn, and gave my friend one across the head, which did not cut him down to the shoulder, as I had imagined (the skull being a very tough article); at the same moment one of our men bayoneted this fellow, and Daly cut him down too. As I got my cheek cut I felt a cut, just below my hip. The man who did it was instantly bayoneted, and a moment afterwards a third fellow rushed at me—a rather short little scoundrel; he made a vicious cut at my head too,

but, being much taller, I easily guarded it, and, as I stepped a little forward after his blow, I had full time to raise myself, arm, and sword to their full stretch. My sword caught him at the back of the neck and down across the shoulder a fearful gash, and he fell on his face to rise no more, for a dozen bayonets were stuck into him in a moment; at this instant a number of Her Majesty's 60th Rifles came up, and after a little more fighting the enemy were all shot down or bayoneted. After this I fainted from the profuse bleeding of an artery which was cut in my face, and remember no more till I was picked up and carried back to camp. I was at once patched up by the doctors, and was so well next day that I managed with a little difficulty to go out scrimmaging again; on both these days a good number of the enemy were killed, and our loss was somewhat severe too.'

The testimony universally borne to the skill of the mutineers in the use of artillery is important. One writer, well able to judge, says:—

'They are splendid gunners, and pitch their shells with most disagreeable precision. One round shot the other day killed one officer and six men, and wounded two others, I believe mortally, besides a few others who were bruised by the stones it knocked up. I was sitting in the battery the day before yesterday, smoking a pipe, when a shell came bang behind, and burst in the parapet.'

Graphic touches like the following make a scene of this kind stand out with great life and reality:—

'Whenever we are working under fire, a man is stationed on the look-out, who as soon as he sees the smoke of a gun from the city, calls out, "Look-out!" when everybody immediately ducks down behind the nearest cover, and as soon as the shot has gone past, up they get again and go on with their work. The most disagreeable things are the shells, as after the smoke is seen it takes a minute or two before they reach the ground, and, as they come down vertically, it is impossible to get out of their way.'

Well might another writer reflect thus on the past; on 'this picture and on that':—

'I saw some of them quite close, working their firelocks perfectly. Then they were the genuine Sepoy brutes, who a few months before were licking my feet, and with the most exquisite acting expressing all that one could wish to see in those under one.'

But let us now follow the more wandering adventures of those who effected their escape on the first outbreak of the mutiny. The conclusion of the siege we shall return to afterwards. We have before us two very long and most vividly descriptive letters in this second act of the great Delhi drama. One is from a surgeon of a native regiment; the other from a lady. As the great charm of these histories consists in reading the very words of the sufferers, we shall attempt no other method than that of simply laying before our readers such passages as our space will allow. We begin with the surgeon's letter, signed S. H. Batson. As to the propriety of his temporary confession in favour of Mahomet, we shall not provoke a discussion. The religious tone usually adopted in all the letters

before us is genuine and unaffected ; and we shall not stay to consider whether it was the surgeon's absolute duty, as a Christian, to fall a martyr to his religion at a particular stage of his adventures, when an act of dissimulation was able to save his life, and effect the object he had in view, of conveying a letter to Meerut applying for aid :—

‘ Brigadier Graves gave me the letter, and after taking leave of my wife and three daughters in the tower, with the rest of the ladies, I went to my house and assumed the garb of a fuqueer, colouring my face, hands, and feet. I rushed across the parade ground, and was fired at twice by the Sepoys. I got as far as the garden near the canal, when I was seized by some villagers and deprived of every particle of clothes. Before I had proceeded a mile I saw two sowars, who had evidently failed in overtaking their officers. They rode up to me with drawn swords, and exclaimed, “ Ferungee ! hy ! maro, maro ! ” I threw myself in a supplicating position, and, being intimate with the Mahommedan religion, and speaking the Hindostani, I commenced uttering the most profound praises in behalf of their prophet Mahomet, and begged they would spare my life if they believed that Imam Mendhee would come to judge the world. I made every moral appeal to them (after escaping the first cut they made at my throat, which I did by falling down—they, being mounted, could not well reach me), my entreaties were listened to, and they let me go, saying, “ Had you not asked for mercy in the name of the prophet, you should have died like the rest of the Kaffirs.” I was dreadfully excited, and could scarcely stand ; but as I felt that I must proceed, I continued my journey. About a mile further I again met a lot of Mahommedans, who rushed up to me, and said, “ Here is a Ferungee ; kill the Kaffir.” They then said to me, “ You Ferungees want to make us all Christians.” They then dragged me away to a village, about a mile or more from the road, and tied my arms behind me ; after which one of them said, “ Kurreem Bux, go and fetch your sword, and we will cut off the Kaffir's head.” While Kurreem Bux was gone to fetch his sword that was to launch me into eternity, a cry of “ Dhar, dhar,” was made by the villagers, and the Mahommedans who were keeping me, ran off to look after their own interests. I rushed off and ran with all my strength to the road again, and escaped from these unmerciful beings.’

He then fell in with more friendly villagers, and took advantage of his medical knowledge to propitiate their good will. They concealed him for a time, though with a caution that made his sufferings rather to be increased than otherwise.

‘ I was removed at night from the village to a small mango tope, where I was left night and day alone. I was visited at night by some one or other of the villagers, who brought me bread and water in a ghurrah. I am unable to describe my feeling during this trying time ; I was all day in the sun, in the extreme heat, and alone at night, when the jackals, &c. came prowling about and crying. It is only God and myself know what I have endured. After five days and nights in this tope of trees, I was again taken back to the village and concealed in a bhoosa house ; I was here shut in for twenty-four hours ; the heat and suffocation I cannot find language to describe. I did not know which was the greatest misery, the tope of trees in solitude or the bhoosa kotree.’

He pursued his journey under a disguise.

'This Fuqueer dyed all my clothes and gave me necklaces of beads (oodrach), &c. to assume the garb of a Fuqueer myself. After making all preparations to pass as a Fuqueer, I commenced my pilgrimage with him. He took me to several villages and passed me off as a Cashmeeree, "Dadoo Punttee, Fuqueer Jogee." In all the villages that I passed I was cross-questioned; but, understanding their "Jotish" religion and oaths, I met with every kindness, some giving me pice, others food. The Hindoos all expressed the most merciful feelings towards the Ferangees, while the Mahomedans could not disguise their murderous feelings.'

At length, he arrived at head-quarters.

'I had been twenty-five days wandering about in villages, topes, &c., and were it not that I speak the Hindostani language as fluently as I can English, I must have been murdered. I look upon my escape as the most miraculous and providential possible. I am unable to describe what I have endured.'

We now come to the adventures of the lady. So destitute of warning was the alarm at Delhi, that ladies only gradually realized their danger.

'Mrs. Wood, Mrs. Paterson, and myself began to consider that we were in rather a precarious position ourselves, and we were advised to go forthwith to the 38th hospital, and there find protection through the guard stationed there. We all three ladies started in Mrs. Paterson's carriage, taking with us Mrs. Paterson's two little girls, and my dear boy. On our reaching the hospital, we were told that all the ladies had taken refuge in the Flagstaff Tower, and that we had better go likewise. We found the native gunners, who were standing about, most rude; but the Sepoys in general were as respectful as usual.'

After this, they most kindly attended to a wounded officer; and as the day wore on, had dreadful testimony to the events that were taking place.

'About five P.M. a cart, drawn by bullocks, arrived at the Flagstaff Tower, and I heard it whispered that it contained the unfortunate officers and eight sergeants, who had been so brutally killed in the city. The cart was covered over with one or two ladies' dresses, to screen the dead from view; but one of their arms was distinctly noticed by myself, as it was hanging over the side of the cart. . . . Alas! one or two of these ladies were then widows, although they knew it not.'

Then came the start itself, made strangely real to our minds by the association of horses and carriages with scenes of such wild and tragic interest.

'Night was fast closing in, and the bugle was at last sounded for the retreat to Kurnaul. Here a fearful scene presented itself; carriages of every description were in waiting. . . . Everybody, with the exception of one or two ladies and gentlemen, were by this time fairly off on their way to Kurnaul and Meerut. One gentleman, seeing me standing by, offered me a seat in his carriage, and, as I had my little boy, I placed him in with him, thinking to follow him with Mrs. Wood. Major Paterson's coachman made off with his carriage and horses immediately we quitted it, and she was left, like Mrs. Wood and myself, to depend on friends. Fortunately two empty buggies were close by, and Mrs. Wood and I took one,

but Mrs. Paterson and her children were in another. Mrs. Paterson, I am happy to say, got away with the others; and after Mrs. Wood and I had proceeded a short distance, we met her husband, who was being carried on a bed, he unfortunately having been shot in the face by, it is supposed, his own regiment, the 38th.

A dismal journey, indeed, for two 'unprotected females;' yet up to this time there was a strange hesitation and chance about the behaviour of the Sepoys.

'When we left the parade ground, it was about half-past six P.M., and we were the last ladies to leave the station. We had only proceeded a short distance on the Kurnaul road, when some men came to us and begged of us not to proceed any farther on the road, as the whole of the officers and ladies who had gone before us had been murdered, and that we should meet the same fate if we persisted on our journey.'

A fearful suspicion now overtakes the fugitives.

'We had only walked our horses a short distance, when the thought struck me, that the men who were surrounding us, were nothing less than robbers themselves. This thought was very soon confirmed, by the men coming up to us and asking for rupees. I had a few rupees in my jewel-box, but was afraid to open it, lest they should see what it contained, and therefore told them to go to our house, and take anything they took a fancy to.'

Suspicion is succeeded by the commencement of violence.

'Mrs. Wood had a black velvet head-dress on, and as it had some bugles about it, it glittered a good deal in the moonlight; and when they saw this, they lost no time in tearing it from her head, and at the same time struck her rather heavily with one of their sticks. We had by this again reached the Grand Trunk road.'

They meet some gunners, and have a gleam of hope.

'I called out to the trooper, fearless at the time of being murdered, to assist us, by directing us our safest road. The answer I received was, "Go that way," pointing to Kurnaul, "you will get murdered. Come this," pointing to Delhi, "and you will meet the same fate."'

After this they find a very brief refuge.

'The gardeners then locked us inside; but we had scarcely been shut up, when another band of robbers, about fifty in number, made a rush at the door. We kept quite still, thinking they might leave us, but we heard them determine on breaking the lock, which was soon effected, and into the hut they rushed. I went up to one of them and implored him to save us. He asked for what we had.'

Their carriage and horses were now taken from them, also their bonnets and cloaks, and they knew not where to go. At length, with the sick doctor, they reached a village at three o'clock on the morning of the 12th, where they obtained shelter and some milk, though sleep was out of the question.

'We were in the open air till daybreak, when the head man of the village, a Hindoo, advised our going into a cow-shed, the cattle having been

taken out for our reception. . . . Fortunate, indeed, it was, that the good old man took these precautions, for soon after daylight one of the women ran to the shed and begged of us to remain quite quiet, as some Sepoys were just entering their village. I at first thought she wished to frighten us, and the first thing I did was to look over the mats which formed the door, and sure enough there stood a Sepoy; and had he been standing with his face towards the shed in which we were secreted he must have seen me.'

This alarm, however, passed off, and they received much kindness in the village, the women bringing them food and water; and at six o'clock P.M. they were accompanied for a short distance by a young man, who took them to the high road.

'Here he parted from us, and five or six horrible-looking ruffians approached us. We told them that we had lost everything, and that we were then on our way to Kurnaul. They asked several questions, and each question was replied to most civilly by me. When they found, from making a search on our persons themselves, that we had really nothing to be robbed of, one of the men inquired of one who had a tulwar (or sword) when he would take our lives. This I heard most distinctly, and, seeing him who had made the above-mentioned remark turn back with all but this one man, who, by the way, assured his friend that he would murder us, to use his own words, "a little farther on the road," I went boldly up to the man and told him to spare me, as I had one little boy who had gone ahead, whither I knew not, and that I had left my husband on the parade-ground at Delhi the night before, and had not heard of him since; and as I wanted to hurry on in search of my child, I begged of him to spare my life. He appeared rather undecided, and I thought of my wedding-ring, which I still possessed, and at once took it off my finger and gave it to him. He took it, bade us good night, and went in the same direction as ourselves, in advance.'

At four o'clock next morning they encountered others. There must have been a strong power and energy about this lady thus boldly to face and thus often to escape danger.

'The men who here attacked us were very powerful-looking fellows. One of them I noticed as having an officer's sword, of which he appeared proud, for he drew it from its scabbard, and told us that the King of Delhi had ordered every European, either man, woman, or child, to be murdered. The doctor, who was very weak and exhausted, was then prostrate on the ground, and I fell on my knees with the drawn sword over my head, and begged of him to save us. They insisted, before they allowed us to depart, on my giving up my dress. This I did; but after I had given it up to them I begged they would again return it to me, and, most astonishing to say, they did so.'

What a strange vacillation of purpose does this imply, when viewed in combination with subsequent atrocities! Their next adventures were of much the same kind. After various wanderings and alarms, they had lain themselves down, utterly fatigued, under some trees near the road.

'It was about one o'clock in the morning when I heard the distinct sound of horses' feet, and apparently a great number of people all talking at once. They were at so great a distance, that I could not, on first hearing

them, make out which way they were going. I, however, listened most attentively, and assured myself that they were on the road to Delhi. I then awoke Mrs. Wood, and told her to listen to the tramp and clatter of horses' feet; and as the horsemen were then very near to where we were lying, we drew an old dirty sheet over us to prevent them from seeing our white, or rather, black petticoats. I should say that there were at least one hundred horses and ponies, and as part of them had already passed us, I began to hope that the rest would pass on without observing us. Scarcely had I so hoped, when one of the men shouted out, "Who are you lying down there?" I immediately went forward to him. By this time the horsemen were at a stand-still. I approached the man, not uttering a word, when he exclaimed, "Why, it's a maine Sahib," or in English, "a lady." Finding that he spoke very kindly, I felt new life, as it were, in me, and told him that we were refugees from Delhi, and as we had a wounded man, we could only travel at the rate of about four, or at most, five miles during the night, and that we were taking a little rest by the road side.'

Again they started forth, and that day received great kindness in a Hindoo village; but, from fear of the Sepoys, this could not last. At their earnest persuasion, however, a Brahmin concealed them in a dark room.

'We had only been inside the room about half an hour, when about 150 Mussulmans came to the door with sticks, tulwars, and other rude weapons, and commenced fighting among themselves. Their evident wish was to murder us, for the Brahmin, whom I before mentioned, begged of us to leave the village, there and then; and in so great a hurry were they to get quit of us, that they would not allow us time to fill our water vessel. Although we had been from Delhi some five days, yet we were not more than about ten miles on our journey.'

Their next shelter was in a stable.

'We remained in quiet, save that hundreds came and went away again, till one sly fellow, with a most horrible tulwar, became most impertinent to us; and, knowing that we could not harm him, he took advantage of us, by drawing his tulwar from its sheath and running his finger along the edge of it; at last he became unbearable, and Dr. Wood, who is a Roman Catholic, took his gold cross from his breast. The brute, seeing it, at once threatened our lives, if we did not at once make it over to him.'

At length the writer came across a welcome companion indeed, who had been through similar adventures.

'I heard that another very thin gentleman had reached the village, and that he had heard that his wife was marching along the road; and that he was in search of her. This gentleman proved to be my husband. When he came to us he was greatly altered, having been blistered from head to foot by the heat of the sun. He had of course lost everything, like ourselves, and, strange to say, in the same garden, and nearly at the same time. The robbers took everything off him, with the exception of a banyan and a pair of socks.'

The ultimate fate of this lady we know not. Surely we may recognise her, among others, in the following extract from an officer's letter:—

'I think I never told you how splendidly the ladies behaved at Meerut. You should have seen them to appreciate the whole thing,—how cheerfully

they took every mishap. Though they were all packed within a smallish square place, surrounded by high brick walls, none of them ever grumbled or apparently became frightened. On the contrary, they used to be dancing about the place (we were at work fortifying it), offering us tea and all sorts of refreshment.'

Meanwhile, what was going on around Delhi? Its siege continued with the same ferocity shown at the beginning; and an officer thus writes in August:—

'Our men are mad for revenge, and there is not a soul who does not feel the same thirst for the blood of these ruffians. Three months ago I could not have looked on and seen fifteen men tied up and shot down in cold blood, without sickening; but now I see my men do this in a most brutal way, without a qualm. At a village near the Kurnaul road, a poor little child's feet were found; they had its little shoes and socks on, and some devil in human form had cut them off with a tulwar. What death can be too cruel for such wretches?'

The continual mention of young children is one most sad portion of all these letters. No one can now tell the multitudes of these poor innocents slaughtered at all times and places, or perishing from want and exposure. An occasional rescue is a most grateful relief. For three months had the following little family party been hidden by villagers:—

'I cantered on, and overtook a country cart, escorted by some villagers, one of whom carried a poor little boy, about four years old, on his shoulder. In the cart I found a nice-looking young woman with a little infant. The poor creature seemed overjoyed to see a European face.'

The siege goes on, week after week, and the eye could hardly imagine a wilder or more picturesque scene than the following description of the camp, written August 11th:—

'What a sight our camp would have been to those who visited Sebastopol! The long lines of tents, the thatched hovels of the native servants, the rows of horses, the parks of artillery, the English soldier in his grey linen coat and trousers (he has fought as bravely as ever without pipe-clay), the Sikhs with their red and blue turbans, the Affghans with their red and blue turbans, their wild air, and their gay head-dresses and coloured saddle-cloths, and the little Ghoorkas, dressed up to the ugliness of demons in black worsted Kilmarnock hats and woollen coats—the truest, bravest soldiers in our pay. There are scarcely any Porbeas (Hindoos) left in our ranks, but of native servants many a score. In the rear are the booths of the native bazaars, and farther out on the plain the thousands of camels, bullocks, and horses that carry our baggage. The soldiers are loitering through the lines or in the bazaars. Suddenly the alarm is sounded. Every one rushes to his tent. The infantry soldier seizes his musket and slings on his pouch, the artilleryman gets his guns harnessed, the Affghan rides out to explore; in a few minutes everybody is in his place.'

As each letter follows another, in the order of time, so does its deep, revengeful tone seem to increase in power.

'On my honour, I do not exaggerate. I have seen my brother officers cruelly murdered and mangled, and as an Englishman I must thirst for the

punishment of such animals; which, as God exists, will come to pass. Heavy will be the retribution. It is a work of extermination which has been going on now for months. And thus have we punished them. One entire regiment have been killed by the rope, the sword, the cannon, or starvation. Thousands have been blown away, and thousands have been hanged.'

It must indeed be remembered, that if the guilt was on the one side, yet the suffering was not so.

'I cannot recognise Delhi; it is a mass of ruins. Not a door, not a piece of wood, not a sign of the enormous wealth of the place—men without arms and legs—dead men—men dying of fever—men like ghosts. Our men have been night and day for months under a fearful sun and torrents of rain, and we shall have to fight for months to come. This will then be a reconquered country and the people ruled. I always sleep dressed, and have not done otherwise since the 11th of May. There go the twenty-four pounders—bang! bang!

We said before, that, in this warfare, there seems to have been a strange revival of those old hand-to-hand struggles, which, it was hoped, were almost forgotten in the use of fire-arms. We are carried back to the heroes of the Iliad, and indeed to bloodthirsty savage fighting, in its worst and most revolting features. We have long imagined that a soldier's work in battle was to shoulder his musket and fire in a line, unconscious of effects, or very occasionally to make one dashing charge, the general excitement of which would supersede anything like individual animosity, and preclude any definite recollection of actual slaughter committed. But now read the following cool and collected narrative, and remember that its writer was an English gentleman, with all that regard for human life which is the result of education and mental refinement. The scene was before Delhi, towards the end of August:—

'I gave him such a swinging back-hander, that he fell dead. I then went at another fellow rushing by my left, and sent my sword through him, like butter, and bagged him. I then looked round, and saw a sword come crash on the shoulders of a poor little boy; oh, such a cut, and up went the sword again, and the next moment the boy would have been in eternity, but I ran forward and covered him with my sword and saved him. During this, it was over with seven men. Ward had shot one with his revolver, and the other four were cut down at once. Hugh, I found, was all right, only a slight cut just above the wrist. Having polished off these fellows, we held an impromptu court-martial on those we had taken, and shot them all—murderers, every one, who were justly rewarded for their deeds.

'I put my spurs into Cavalier's sides, and quickly overtook the rearmost man, and equally quickly polished him off. I then went after the other, and caught him up, when he had the impertinence to try and frighten me by presenting his matchlock at me; but this was too good, seeing that he had just fired it at me. I rode at him and gave him a cut on the neck, which he did not like at all, and he struck me over the shoulders with his matchlock barrel, which I returned by a second cut, which dropped my

fine fellow from his saddle; but he was not done for yet, and I turned my horse and rode at him; he came at me in a furious rage, and made a terrific cut at my leg, which I guarded, and as cool as a cucumber, and in the most scientific manner, returned "point one." And now can you fancy the trick he played me? He actually seized my sword in his hand, and before I could get it out, cut me over the head; but, as that was ensconced in a basket helmet enveloped in a most voluminous Guide pugree (turban), the blow did not take effect. I was not going to give him another chance, and drove my horse right at him, and sent my sword into him, as far as I could; the consequence was, he had not room for a cut at me, but hit and wounded my gallant little horse on the cheek. One of the guides then came up, and he was soon disposed of, but fighting to the last.'

The taking itself of Delhi is beyond our object to describe. The scene at the Cashmere Gate is well known. There is, however, a passage from the letter of an eye-witness, that we feel unwilling to pass over. There is a touching reality about it, that helps very much to bring the scene to our minds. The writer had been laid up with a bad sprain for some days, and could not be actively engaged in the attack.

'Of course, stopping in bed was out of the question, and as my charger was *hors de combat*, I had no choice but to mount my little pony, Donald. I had my doubts about my new charger, a very pretty little beast, and perfect in every respect except courage, being one of the most determined shyers that I have ever seen. However, I had no choice for it; so I mounted, and in due course of time I found myself at Cashmere Gate. Our columns had entered, and one had even penetrated as far as the Bank; but being unable to withstand the murderous fire, was compelled to retreat. It was with the greatest difficulty that I could keep my seat, for on reaching the branch roads outside the Cashmere Gate, the bullets and shots of all descriptions were flying about like hail, and one which struck close to the hoofs of my pony frightened him so that he became quite unmanageable. However, I got him through the gate, and a fearful sight it was that met my eyes. A portion of our troops had escalated the bastion walls, close to the gate; others had scrambled up two large breaches in the walls and bastion near the Treasury. The remainder had entered at the gate itself, which had been blown open by one of our officers.'

The writer thus describes the gallant manner in which this feat was achieved, and continues:—

'Seeing the port-fire well alight, the whole party jumped into the ditch, and the enemy, little dreaming of what had been done, continued firing till the explosion took place, so you may fancy what effect it took. Twenty of the mutineers strewed the road inside the gate, not one of whom it would have been possible to recognise, and this was the first sight that met my eyes at the gate. Little wonder that Donald refused to move; however, finally he did, and got as far as the centre of the main guard, beyond which nothing would urge him. It was perfect agony keeping my seat, and I would have given worlds to dismount—but walking was out of the question; it was anything but an agreeable fix to be in. I felt how perfectly useless I was; and being the only mounted man there in the open space, fully accounted for the number of bullets whistling past my ears. There was no help for it, so I had to make my way back to camp as I best could, fully convinced of my own folly.'

Luckily, perhaps, for both sides, the escape of nearly all the inhabitants prevented that scene of vengeance which had long been dwelt on. There were, however, some victims left; and from their fate, we may test the sincerity of previous intentions:—

‘ Thus at last, with the help of the Almighty, we have taken this black-guard place, where so many fearful deeds were committed. The King has been caught, and his two sons slain; also his grandson, Aboo Bukkur. Their bodies, naked and full of bullet-holes, were cast in the Chandni Chouk (the swell Regent-street of Delhi) before the police-station, and were visited by hundreds, myself included. We daily find hidden in the houses Sepoys who were unable to escape from sickness or wounds; they are all put to death on the spot. . . . Our vengeance cannot be appeased, for we found several of our men who had been merely wounded on the 14th in the assault, and overlooked by us, lying dead, *minus* their heads, and fearfully gashed with sabre cuts; and so we spare no one. Every Sepoy we catch, “Shoot him” is the word.’

The following pictures of the person and the palace of the King of Delhi must conclude our notice of this place:—

‘ On the 21st I rode down to see the Palace; the wall and entrance are the finest part. The interior is dirty, filthy, and in great disorder, Pandys having revelled in its cool archways. The hall of justice and the king’s throne are entirely built of white marble; the latter is inlaid with stones and mosaics. I went over all the state apartments and the harem. The latter is a curious place, and had a remarkable appearance; its floor covered with guitars, bangles, &c., and redolent of sandal wood. The fair daughters of Cashmere had their swing in the centre of the room. They had left in a great hurry; dresses, silks, slippers, were lying on all sides.

‘ On leaving the Palace I met a doolie, surrounded by some cavalry and a few natives on foot. Its inmate was a thin-faced, anxious-looking old man. This was the new King of Hindostan, the descendant of the Great Moguls, entering his Palace in the hands of his enemies. He was captured some distance from the city. Being eighty-five years of age, his life is to be spared. He will be kept a close prisoner for life.’

And now we come to the great Cawnpore massacre. This may be called the wildest terror of the whole mutiny, the great and lasting type of a whole year’s ferocity, the one dreadful fact that will stand out, so long as the world continues, not only as the crowning barbarity of this particular year, but an everlasting witness of heathen cruelty and Oriental perfidy.

Everything has a beginning, middle, and end; and this great Cawnpore drama has its three acts, which, when viewed in their true succession, cannot fail to leave upon the mind an extraordinary sense of completeness in the study of human cruelty and human suffering. The first act represented on this too real stage, is that of suspense, of expectation. We see before us educated, refined, affectionate, and religious women looking forward to approaching horrors, talking about them, writing

about them ; we see wives and husbands, mothers and children, spending days and nights, anticipating every hour some dreadful catastrophe to arrive, that would rend all ties asunder, with every painful circumstance which the gloomiest imagination could forebode. After this act of long-strained suspense, comes a moment of imagined relief, forthwith succeeded by the overwhelming climax of perfidy, in the murderous attack upon those whose surrender had been accepted under the most binding promise of personal safety. At this stage of the affair are action, violence, and fearful excitement ; also courage and presence of mind in the face of present danger, as before there had been suspense and depressing uncertainty. But what is the third and last act ? We may call this the passive scene. We know less about this than about the others ; not indeed about the mere facts, but about the inner details of mind, the secret workings of thought. And why do we know less ? The reason is soon told. With regard to the former scenes, we have the words themselves of the sufferers to tell us what passed ; but of this last act no such memorials exist, for they who suffered died, then passed away from this cruel world to another, from which no mortal words, no written description can ever pass. Those tongues that would have told, those hands that would have written, were no longer the instruments of a living spirit, when the time came that the Cawnpore massacre could be described as a thing of the past. We need hardly remind our readers that the scenery of these three acts, is, first, the interior of a besieged city, after that a river with its banks, and lastly the low Eastern building used as a prison-house, with that dreadful well so fatally near at hand.

And now we propose, as briefly as possible, to illustrate these several acts in their natural order. First, the period of suspense and of fear. We shall illustrate these by passages from Mr. Ewart's letters, written at the end of May and beginning of June :—

‘ Until the 21st we thought everything was quiet here, but on that day rumours of an unpleasant nature regarding the mutinous spirit of the regiments here, especially of the 2nd Cavalry, were prevalent. A rise was expected on that night. Thinking it might reassure the men if they showed confidence in them, John, who commands the first, and Major Hillersdon, who commands the 53d, determined to go and sleep at the quarter-guards of their respective corps.’

And while these officers were at their posts, what were their wives to do ?

‘ It was not safe to remain in our house unprotected, and with no gentleman to direct in case of need ; so, as agreed to beforehand, we took our poor little babes out of their beds and drove over to the barracks of the European depôt, about a mile from this. No need to dwell upon the

sickening dread and agony of suspense we went through on that night, you will imagine it all from the recital of facts.'

Night and day had equal trials.

'Friday the same uncomfortable reports came pouring in, news of fresh defections of corps at other places, threatening words uttered by men of the 1st, and at nightfall I took leave of my husband, fully prepared never to see him alive again. As he has since told me, he quite expected himself to have received his death-stroke on that night. We heard his voice early in the morning outside our tent, and I could scarcely believe he was still unharmed.'

The presence of children and the apprehension of harm to them, was a care and torture of mind, that kept the keen edge of suffering ever unblunted.

'I know not how our poor little ones could go through the trial. Sunday passed off, so did Monday, without open disturbance; Tuesday the same, but sad reports and intelligence from other stations.'

Here is a moment of calm reflection about past, present, and future :—

'We can scarcely believe in the change which has so suddenly suspended all the pleasant repose and enjoyment of life. Here we are almost in a state of siege, with dangers all around us—some seen, some hidden. We can only put our trust in God, and try to maintain an even and tranquil spirit to go through all our trials and perform all our duties as long as God sees fit to assign us any. Major Hillersdon joins us daily at our four o'clock dinner, and we stay together till half-past seven, when we go to our melancholy night-quarters, behind guns and entrenchments. My husband betakes himself to his couch in the midst of his Sepoys; and you can fancy the sort of nights we have to pass. These are real trials, but we have not experienced much actual physical suffering yet.'

Troubles seem to close in.

'The barrack is fearfully crowded, so we should be no better off there. You will scarcely be able to realize the fearful state we are in; we can scarcely do so ourselves. No one can say how or where the trouble is to end. Mrs. H—— is a sweet companion in affliction; we shall stick close to each other as long as it pleases God to spare us. Last night, after much fatigue, mental torture and several nights of imperfect rest, I fell quite into a state of stupefaction. Body and mind alike refused to be longer active; it was necessary—just nature asserting her rights to restore the exhausted powers. And there was my child, so restless! and Mrs. H—— took her and walked about with her, and soothed the little thing, that I might not be disturbed.'

A crisis is even looming.

'Every note and every message comes pregnant with events and alarms. Another fortnight, we expect, will decide our fate; and, whatever it may be, I trust we shall be enabled to bear it.'

Occasionally there is a more cheerful tone for a brief interval.

'We are more cheerful, in spite of the great anxiety and suspense; our family party is really a charming one; we feel better able to meet difficulties

and dangers for being thus associated. Dear Mrs. Hillersdon is so quiet, and gentle, and calm—never giving way to hysterical movements, nor, on the other hand, showing any want of sensibility.'

But quickly followed by the gloomiest reaction.

'The crisis is apparently near, and all we can do is to pray for courage and strength to meet it. The troops have mutinied at Lucknow; several officers have been killed and some wounded. This happened last night. . . . Dear A—, I am so grieved to have such sad news to send you, but it is useless to shut our eyes to the dreadful probabilities. We must meet them, and implore our Father in heaven to enable us to keep up a firm and tranquil spirit. . . . At any rate, dearest A—, we cannot hope to weather the storm without disaster; so let us be prepared.'

We cannot omit the conclusion of this letter.

'If these are my last words to you, my dearest sister, be assured that we think of you with most grateful and affectionate feelings, and that we consign to your charge our dear boy, with the utmost confidence that you will ever be a mother to him, and do your very best for him. My sweet one here will share whatever is my fate, most likely; and that I trust to our Almighty Father, without venturing to look forward beyond the present hour.'

Another letter, descriptive of the same period, tells the same tale.

'We are living in awful realities, and we cannot see the end of them. . . . For ourselves I need only say, that even should our position be strong enough to hold out, there is the dreadful exposure to the heat of May and June, together with the privations and confinement of besieged sufferers, to render it very unlikely that we can survive the disasters which may fall upon us any day, any hour. . . . Oh! I cannot dwell upon the harrowing thoughts, I must pass on to events. News came in of the 9th Native Infantry having turned. Now we believed our crisis had arrived. . . . The next day (Friday) was one full of agony and dread; and the night was more than poor human nature, unassisted, could endure. When my husband left me that night to go to his post, I never expected to see him alive again, for some of his men had been overheard wildly talking of mutiny and murder, and had made a proposal to destroy their officers!'

The same transient calm as before mentioned.

'After that miserable night, the Saturday following seemed like heaven, for we went to our house and spent the day quietly there; at least with such quietness as was possible with the most terrible rumours coming in throughout the day, and reviving all our saddest apprehensions.'

Strange confusion of events does the following describe.

'On Monday morning our minds were somewhat reassured, by all the Mussulmans of the 1st Regiment coming in a body, according to custom, to salaam to Colonel E— after their prayers, and they expressed their intentions of fidelity, &c., all of which are very well, but not to be depended on now-a-days. We returned to those melancholy night-quarters; oh! such a scene. Men, officers, women, and, children; beds, and chairs, all mingled together inside and outside the barrack; some talking or even laughing, some very frightened, some defiant, others despairing. Three

guns in front of our position, and three behind, and a trench in course of formation all round. Such sickening sights these for peaceful women.'

Again, the agonising thoughts of maternal fears.

'My dear little child is looking very delicate; my prayer is, that she may be spared much suffering. The bitterness of death has been tasted by us, many, many times during the last fortnight, and should the reality come, I hope we may find strength to meet it with a truly Christian courage. It is not hard to die oneself, but to see a dear child suffer and perish, that is the hard, the bitter trial, and the cup which I must drink, should God not deem it fit that it should pass from me. My companion, Mrs. H——, is delightful; poor young thing, she has such a gentle spirit, so uncomplaining, so desirous to meet the trial rightly, so unselfish and sweet in every way.'

We close this first act with a sad and too literal foreboding of the trials that were waiting.

'We must not give way to despondency, for at the worst we know that we are in God's hands, and He does not for an instant forsake us. He will be with us in the *valley of the shadow of death* also, and we need fear no evil. God bless you!'

We think indeed of the fatal well, at these last words.

The second act is that of violence and excitement. For about three weeks after the above letters were written, the suspense still continued; but at length the long-feared crisis came, made tenfold worse by a deceptive herald of release and present safety. No longer able to hold out, they agreed to surrender; and about seven o'clock on the morning of the 27th of June, the memorable procession of boats started under the most solemn promises of security. The account of what followed is written by one of the party, one of the few who escaped; and brings the whole scene before us with the same reality as if only describing a common water-party, such as every one could recall.

'Two guns that had been hidden, were run out and opened on us immediately, while Sepoys came from all directions, and kept up a fire. The men jumped out of the boats, and instead of trying to get the boats loose from their moorings, swam to the first boat they saw loose. Only three boats got safe over to the opposite side of the river, but were met there by two field-pieces, guarded by a number of cavalry and infantry. Before these boats had got a mile down the stream, half our small party were either killed or wounded, and two of our boats had been swamped. We had now only one boat, crowded with wounded, and having on board more than she could carry. The two guns followed us the whole of the day, the infantry firing on us the whole of that night.'

The chief wonder is, that the whole party were not at once killed. But prolongation and suspense meet us in every stage of the affair.

'On the second day a gun was seen on the Cawnpore side, and opened on us at Nuzuffghur, the infantry still following us on both sides. On the morning of the third day the boat was no longer serviceable. We were aground on a sandbank, and had not strength sufficient to move her.

Directly any of us got into the water, we were fired upon by thirty or forty men at a time. There was nothing left but to charge and drive them away. So fourteen of us were told to go and do what we could. Directly we got on shore, the insurgents retired; but having followed them up too far, we were cut off from the river, and had to retire ourselves, as we were being surrounded. We could not make for the river, but had to go down parallel, and came at the river again a mile lower down, where we saw a large force of men right in front waiting for us, and another lot on the other bank, should we attempt to cross the river. On the bank of the river, just by the force in front, was a temple. We fired a volley, and made for the temple, in which we took shelter, one man being killed and one wounded. From the door of the temple we fired on every insurgent who showed himself.

It was indeed a strange and fierce scene which succeeded this.

‘Finding that they could do nothing against us while we remained inside, they heaped wood all round and set it on fire. When we could no longer remain inside on account of the smoke and heat, we threw off the clothes we had, and each taking a musket charged through the fire. Seven out of twelve of us got into the water, but before we had gone far two poor fellows were shot. There were only five left now, and we had to swim, while the insurgents followed us along both banks, wading and firing as fast as they could. After we had gone about three miles down the stream, one of our party, an artilleryman, to rest himself, began swimming on his back, and not knowing in what direction he was swimming, got on shore and was killed. When we had gone down about six miles, firing on both sides ceased, and soon after we were hailed by some natives on the Oude side, who asked us to come on shore, and said they would take us to their Rajah, who was friendly to the English.’

And thus, wonderful to relate, there were some few survivors even from all these perils.

Whilst, however, this strange hunt far down the river was going on, another and more bloody scene was being enacted upon those who were taken prisoners out of the boats. The first object was to destroy the officers and men, reserving the ladies, whose suspense we have already witnessed, for a still longer endurance of their trials. The beginning of these final trials was that they themselves should witness the murder of their husbands; this scene, worthy of the wildest tragedy, is thus recorded by a native spy.

‘Then said one of the maine-Sahibs,—the doctor’s wife she was; I don’t know his name, but he was either superintending-surgeon or medical store-keeper,—“I will not leave my husband; if he must die I will die with him.” She then ran and sat down behind her husband, clasping him round the waist. Directly she said this the other maine-Sahibs said, “We will also die with our husbands;” and they all went and set down beside their husbands. Then their husbands said, “Go back,” but they would not. Whereupon the Nena ordered his soldiers, and they going in forcibly pulled them away, seizing them by the arm; but they could not pull away the doctor’s wife, who there remained. Then, just as the Sepoys were going to fire, the padre (chaplain) called out to the Nena and requested leave to read prayers before they died. The Nena granted it. The padre’s

bonds were unloosed so far as to enable him to take a small book out of his pocket, from which he read; but all this time one of the Sahib-logs, who was shot in the arm and the leg, kept crying out to the Sepoys, "If you mean to kill us, why don't you set about it quickly and get the work done? Why delay?" After the padre had read a few prayers he shut the book, and the Sahib-log shook hands all round. Then the Sepoys fired. One Sahib rolled one way, one another, as they sat; but they were not dead, only wounded; so they went in and finished them off with swords. After this the whole of the women and children (that is, including those taken out of other boats), to the number of 122, were taken away to the yellow house, which was your hospital.'

His version of the tragic fate of Miss Wheeler we are glad to record.

'As they were taking the maine-Sahibs out of the boat, a sowar (cavalry man) took her away with him to his house. She went quietly; but at night she rose and got hold of the sowar's sword. He was asleep; his wife, his son, and his mother-in-law were sleeping in the house with him. She killed them all with the sword, and then she went and threw herself down the well behind the house. In the morning, when the people came and found the dead in the house, the cry was, "Who has done this?" Then a neighbour said that in the night he had seen some one go and throw himself into the well. They went and looked, and there was Missee Baba, dead and swollen.'

And now, if all this can be surpassed, we come to the final act of all, the dread scene of that concluding massacre, which must for ever remain one of the gloomiest events in the history of the British Empire.

The most touching and concise account of this awful calamity is that given by Mr. Shepherd. He omits some disgusting details mentioned by the 'Special Correspondent;' but as these additional horrors are for the most part only repeated from rumours, and do not occur in the letters of eye-witnesses, we feel bound to give the relatives of these suffering victims the benefit of any doubt, and also to spare our readers a list of such passages as the following. A well-known letter in the *Times*, professing to be the result of actual and minute inquiries on the spot, discredits all, or nearly all, these tales of outrage.

'Children have been compelled to eat the quivering flesh of their murdered parents, after which they were literally *torn asunder* by the laughing fiends who surrounded them. Men in many instances have been mutilated, and, before being absolutely killed, have had to gaze upon the last dishonour of their wives and daughters previous to being put to death.'

Mr. Shepherd's account is as follows:—

'The poor ladies were ordered to come out, but neither threats nor persuasions could induce them to do so. They laid hold of each other by dozens, and clung so close that it was impossible to separate or drag them out of the building. The troopers therefore brought muskets, and after firing a great many shots from the doors, windows, &c., rushed in with swords and bayonets. Some of the helpless creatures in their agony fell

down at the feet of their murderers, clasped their legs, and begged in the most pitiful manner to spare their lives, but to no purpose. The fearful deed was done most deliberately and completely, in the midst of the most dreadful shrieks and cries of the victims. There were between 140 and 150 souls, including children, and from a little before sunset till candle-light was occupied in completing the dreadful deed. The doors of the buildings were then locked for the night, and the murderers went to their homes. Next morning it was found on opening the doors that some ten or fifteen women with a few of the children, had managed to escape from death by falling and hiding under the murdered bodies of their fellow-prisoners. A fresh order was therefore sent to murder them also; but the survivors; not being able to bear the idea of being cut down, rushed out into the compound, and, seeing a well there, threw themselves into it without hesitation, thus putting a period to lives which it was impossible for them to save. The dead bodies of those murdered on the preceding evening were then ordered to be thrown into the same well, and 'jullads' were employed to drag them away like dogs.'

We have no letters from these ten or fifteen women, recounting their sensations during that night of nights. A diary was found containing but one kind of event: the deaths of a whole family, all but one. Of his *own* death, no one can write. There is but little to be said of a scene like this; each account is like the other; and it is a remarkable fact in writing, that any final climax is more generally described by the use of common-place expressions, than a far less misfortune. Neither language nor imagination, the parent of words, seem ever to be quite at home in these last extremities of all. The fancy hardly knows where to go, and runs aground high and dry. The 'Special Correspondent' remarks of this scene that 'it beggars description.' There are, however, some very natural and graphic accounts of what appeared after this deed was over.

'I have been to see the place where the poor women and children were imprisoned and afterwards butchered. It is a small bungalow close to the road. There were all sorts of articles of women's and children's clothing. Ladies' hair, evidently cut off with a sword, back combs, &c. There were also parts of religious books. Where the massacre took place it is covered with blood, like a butcher's slaughter-house. One would fancy nothing could be worse than this, but in the well at the back of the house are the bodies and limbs of the poor things. I looked down and saw such a sight as I hope never to see again. The whole of the bodies were naked, and the limbs had been separated. I thought of the two Mrs. — and the three poor girls, and felt very sad. By all accounts the women were so ill-treated that death, even such a death, must have been welcome to them. I will not enter into more details. I have told you enough to cause you to make allowance if I write savagely. I have looked upon death in every form, but I could not look down that well again.'

One more in the same strain:—

'I have seen the fearful slaughter-house, and also saw one of the 1st Native Infantry men, according to order, wash up part of the blood which stains the floor before hanging. The quantities of dresses, clogged thickly with blood, children's frocks, frills, and ladies' under-clothing of all kinds,

also boys' trousers, leaves of Bibles, and of one book in particular, which seems to be strewed over the whole place, called "Preparation for Death," also broken daguerreotype cases only, lots of them, and hair, some nearly a yard long; bonnets all bloody, and one or two shoes. I picked up a bit of paper with, on it, "Ned's hair, with love," and opened and found a little bit tied up with riband. The first fellows that went in, I believe, saw the bodies with their arms and legs sticking out through the ground. They had all been thrown in a heap in the well.'

General Neill describes the part he adopted on arriving at the scene:—

'The chief rebels or ringleaders I made first clean up a certain portion of the pool of blood, still two inches deep, in the shed where the fearful murder and mutilation of women and children took place. To touch blood is most abhorrent to the high-caste natives; they think by doing so they doom their souls to perdition. Let them think so. My object is to inflict a fearful punishment for a revolting, cowardly, barbarous deed, and to strike terror into these rebels. The first I caught was a subahdar, or native officer, a high-caste Brahmin, who tried to resist my order to clean up the very blood he had helped to shed; but I made the provost-marshal do his duty, and a few lashes soon made the miscreant accomplish his task. When done, he was taken out and immediately hanged, and after death buried in a ditch at the road-side. No one who has witnessed these scenes of murder, mutilation, and massacre can ever listen to the word "mercy," as applied to these fiends. The well of mutilated bodies—alas! containing upwards of two hundred women and children—I have had decently covered in and built up as one large grave.'

The number of victims in this massacre is thus computed:—

'Eighty-eight officers, one hundred and ninety men, of Her Majesty's 84th Foot, seventy ladies, one hundred and twenty women and children, of Her Majesty's 32d Foot, and the whole European and Christian population of the place, including civilians, merchants, shopkeepers, engineers, pensioners, and their families, to the number of about four hundred persons, were the victims of this Satanic deed.'

We conclude this story with the bitter lamentation of Mr. Shepherd:—

'Oh! when I think of it, how my heart breaks. I get beside myself, and wish I had not been spared to hear of such dreadful accounts. Oh! my poor dear Polly! how must they have killed you. So sweet a child never existed. How will I ever forget you! The faces of all I have lost are ever before me. Oh! how dreadful is my state of mind. God Almighty have mercy on me! Oh, God, help Thou me, whom Thou hast spared. My infant was shot in the head by a spent musket-ball on the 12th of June, while we were in the entrenchments, and died in great agony, after forty-eight hours.'

The various acts of this drama were now over. Suspense had been followed by violent activity, and then by passive submission. Those whose words of fear and apprehension we have read, at length found rest; rest and peace 'in the valley of the shadow of death,' in the well of Cawnpore.

If, leaving these great centres, Delhi and Cawnpore, we now cast our eyes upon some few scattered scenes of mutiny through

the whole of Bengal, we shall find the same thing going on in all its several stages of alarm, and flight, and perpetrated horrors. The escapes are as wonderful as the attacks. Many descriptions are before us of the first outbreaks. They are uniformly most creditable to our officers, and are conspicuous for three most valuable qualities of the human heart—presence of mind, domestic affection, and a strong sense of duty. The following is descriptive of an outbreak in the Punjaub; it is written by a lady:—

‘The next morning, when it was the time for taking the pickets off, C—— observed a body of troopers going towards our lines, and thinking it suspicious, and our men getting unsteady, he collected them and marched to the parade; but as they came near it, they fairly left C—— and rushed down to their lines. C—— galloped up to our house and entered into my room, saying quietly, “Get up and dress, for I think there is something wrong going on in the lines, but don’t be frightened; I will order the buggy; you go direct to the fort.” He then went and gave the alarm to our neighbours. By this time I had hurried out and met him in the verandah. I shall never forget those fearful moments. Suffice it, that in spite of all I could say, I could not shake him in his determination of going to the lines to reason those wretches back to a sense of their duty, and as my buggy left by the one gate, he galloped out by the other. The fort was distant two miles, and Maharaj Missur (a Sepoy), who had taken charge of me, conducted me by a by-road. On the other two roads the troopers were chasing and killing all they overtook. There were only four or five in the fort, one of them the poor Brigadier, wounded and dying; before an hour it was full of fugitives. My dear ——, you cannot imagine the horrors of that fearful day. No one could tell me how it fared with C——. On my arrival, I let the Sepoy go to C—— to take care of him, and it was he that sent the dobee to tell me that C—— was safe.’

Again, it is a lady who writes from Agra:—

‘On Sunday, the 14th of June, just as we were going to bed, about half-past nine, our servants rushed in, and said the Sepoys had risen. We dressed as quickly as we could, and then walked to an officer’s bungalow, to learn what we could do to escape. We found the family in a state of great alarm; as we were talking to Mrs. ——, her husband’s horse rushed by, and they said he had just been shot. We then went and hid in the garden under some trees for about three hours; the shot was flying round us in all directions, and the houses were burning. The servants then hid us, that is, my husband, Mrs. ——, and myself, in one of their houses. Here we lay hid some time, expecting every moment to be discovered and dragged out. The Sepoys came in once or twice, but did not see us; at last, about five o’clock in the morning, they found us. They were afraid to come in at the door, so they pulled the roof off, and fired in upon us; we then went to the door, and begged them not to kill us. When my husband went to the door, they fired twice at him. There were about twenty of these horrid-looking men, and quite drunk. He was not wounded, and rushed on, they pursuing him, and fired at him as he ran. I then rushed forward too, and at first they fired at me as well, but then they dragged me away. I never saw —— after this; but I have since heard that he was killed, two or three compounds farther on. I got an officer here, who escaped, to make all the inquiries he could. It is not known if the bodies

were buried or not, but it is believed they were all thrown into the river. I can scarcely write or think, so fearful is it all.'

She continues:—

'After, I suppose, they had killed —, the Sepoys came back to us; they pushed all the ladies into a little hut that was near, and then they all crowded in and mocked at us, and threatened us with death, worse than death. They then took us to the lines. After keeping us there some time, they said they would not kill us, as we were only women, and they had killed our husbands, and so they crammed about six ladies into a carriage and sent us away. I cannot tell you the misery of the five days it took us to reach Agra. Our lives were in danger the whole time, both from villagers and from parties of Sepoys we fell in with. They held loaded pistols and naked swords over us again and again. Our party altogether consisted of eight ladies, besides four sergeants' wives and a number of children. We had nothing but grain to eat and water to drink.'

The mutiny here was very fierce; and, judging from the following letter, was not unavenged on the spot:—

'I've already fairly killed, with my sword, between twenty-five and thirty of them, besides having cut down a good many more. My only wound of consequence is a sword-cut in the left arm, which I received when storming a village on foot. The fellow fought well, but I at length killed him with a blow which nearly cut his head in two. This was on the 1st instant, just before our regiment mutinied. I was very savage that day. Just as I had done with the chap I wounded, I had a turn up with four more. They knocked over the only sowar who was with me, with a sort of battle-axe. I had one pistol with me, with which I blew the head of one of them to pieces, and then turned and ran; but my foot slipped, and down I came. Luckily, I was up again before they could polish me off; but I felt too done to run any more, so turned on them, and wounded two in a moment. To my intense delight they ran off, but were met by some sowars hunting for me, and all killed.'

From Murree, in the Punjaub, a noble-hearted girl of nineteen thus describes her first experience of the mutiny, and her spirited self-possession:—

'I was in my own room, in the large house, about half-past seven o'clock in the morning. I was saying my prayers, and the ayah was getting my bath ready, when I heard her say, "Oh, I wish you would make haste—I would you had done!" When I had finished, I got up and asked her what she meant. She said that my aunt had sent word for me to dress as quickly as possible, and that the Sepoys were on guard all round the compound. When aunt L—— and I went out into the verandah, these men were loading their muskets and sharpening their bayonets, and looking not a little pleased at the prospect of a "row." Aunt said to one, "If these mutineers come up to this house, shall you let any of them escape?" The man smiled grimly and said, "Not one." I did not feel at all frightened, I am glad to say, though it was enough to make one fear when one knows how they cut the ladies at Delhi into pieces before each other's eyes; and as for the poor children, they set them in the burning sun with nothing on their heads, and gave them no water, till they went mad! It makes me so ferocious to think of it, I long to go and fight the wretches myself.'

A letter from an officer at Mynpore represents an exciting picture:—

'As we approached, they faced towards us and halted; and when we had cantered up to within about fifty yards of them, one or two of the native officers rode out to meet us, and said in a low voice, "Fly, Sahibs, fly." Upon this poor Hayes said to me, as we wheeled round our horses, "Well, we must now fly for our lives," and away we went with the two troops after us like demons, yelling and sending the bullets from their carbines flying all round us. Thank God, neither I nor my horse was hit. Hayes was riding on the side nearest the troopers, and before we had gone many yards I saw a native officer go up alongside of him, and with one blow cut him from his saddle. It was the work of an instant, and took much less time than I have to relate it. On they all came shouting after me, and every now and then "ping" came a ball near me. Indeed, I thought my moments were numbered, but as I neared the road at the end of the maidan, a ditch presented itself. It was but a moment I thought, dug my spurs hard in, and the mare flew over it, though she nearly fell on the other side; fortunately, I recovered her, and in another moment I was leaving all behind but two Sowars, who followed me and poor Hayes's horse tearing on after me.'

Two more scenes, connected with the first outbreak of the mutiny, we must record. The first is specially sudden and desperate:—

'The next moment some half-dozen of their muskets were staring me in the face, and a whole tempest of bullets came whizzing into me. Two passed through my forage cap and set my hair on fire, three passed through my trousers, one just grazing my right thigh, but none properly hit me. I rushed headlong at one of the fellows whom I had noticed more especially aiming at me, but had scarcely advanced three paces when a second volley of bullets saluted me. One of these (and I assure you their name was legion) entered my right shoulder about one-sixth of an inch to the outside of the arm-pit, and passing diagonally through the shoulder, came out in my back. This was the "severe" wound. It brought me to the ground for about fifteen seconds, and in the course of that short time I had the pleasure of seeing every one of the Sikhs dash across the parade-ground and charge the Europeans. Knowing full well that in a few seconds they would be repulsed by the latter, and sent helter-skelter back towards where I lay, I made what haste I could along the parade-ground towards my bungalow.'

His perils were not yet over:—

'When one fellow charged towards me with his sword in the air, I was most mercifully preserved. I threw my sword at him with my left arm; but just as the weapon left my hand I fainted from the pain produced in my wound, and fell quite unconscious.'

From Jubbulpore we have a letter representing a new and melancholy feature in these tragedies, and one which, we rejoice to add, was not frequent:—

'At Futteghur the wife and child of Mr. Tucker, being about to fall into the hands of another rebellious set, she called to her husband to shoot her at once. He did so, his child also, and then himself. A Major Robertson has also shot his wife and children and himself, under similar circumstances.'

The many narratives of wonderful escapes are specially interesting and romantic. There was, indeed, great stimulus to escape, when we remember from *what* they escaped. We are told this in very touching words:—

'Nine poor little ensigns doing duty with the regiment were bayoneted to death in the mess-room, and three of the officers who escaped heard their cries as they passed! Poor boys, who had never given offence to any native, nor caused dissatisfaction to the Sepoys.'

We will give extracts from three of these flights; the first from Arrah:—

'I shall never forget that night as long as I live. We held a consultation, and determined to retreat, as the enemy was at least 3,000 or 4,000 strong, and had, besides, several cannon. Directly morning dawned we formed order, and began our retreat. The whole distance, sixteen miles, we walked under a most tremendous fire; the ditches, the jungles, the houses, and, in fact, every place of cover along the road was lined with Sepoys. We kept up a fire as we went along, but what could we do? We could see no enemy, only puffs of smoke. We tried to charge, but there was nobody to charge; on all sides they fired into us, and were scattered all over the country in groups of tens and twenties. Dozens of poor fellows were knocked over within a yard of me on my right and left, but, thank God, I escaped in a most wonderful way. The last five miles of the road I carried a poor wounded fellow, who begged me not to leave him; and though we had had nothing to eat for more than twenty-four hours, and I had had no sleep for two nights, I never felt so strong in my life, and I stepped out with the man as if he had been a feather, though he was as big as myself. Poor fellow! the men, most of them more or less wounded, were leaving him behind, and the cowardly Sepoys, who never came within two hundred yards of us, were running up to murder him. I got the poor fellow safe over the nullah; I swam out and got a boat, put him in, and went over with a lot of others. The poor fellow thanked me with tears in his eyes. At the crossing of the nullah we lost a great many men; they threw away their muskets to pull the boats and to swim over, and were shot down like sheep.

'I never before knew the horrors of war, and what I have gone through I hope will make a lasting impression on my mind, and make me think more of God and His great goodness to me. I am sure God spared me because He knew I was not fit to die; and I pray God that He will prepare me, for we can truly say that we know not what a day may bring forth.'

The next is from Fyzabad, and represents a very vivid scene of disturbed repose:—

'We began our flight towards Goruckpore on foot, with only the clothes we had on. Our ayah (woman servant) and kidmutgar (table attendant) accompanied us; we stopped often under trees and at wells, and had proceeded about six miles, it being now ten o'clock, when we halted at a village, and having got a draught of milk, prepared to rest during the heat of the day. We were, however, soon disturbed, for a horseman advanced over the country, armed to the teeth, having a huge horse pistol in his hand, which he cocked, and levelling it at my head, desired me to follow him to the camp of the 17th Native Infantry, and make no delay, for he was to get a reward of 500rs. for each of our heads!'

From Futteghur we have an admirably sustained narrative of an escape by water, similar in some respects to the Cawnpore river, but with its peculiar features of interest. The enemy having brought their guns to bear upon the house where the

ladies and children were assembled, their position became desperate:—

‘ We began to look to the boats as our only mode of escape, the river having risen considerably by the rains. After due consideration it was determined to evacuate the fort. No time was lost in getting everything ready for a start. The ladies and children were divided into three parties. At midnight they were got safely into their respective boats. We started in very good order; but no sooner did we pass the fort walls than showers of bullets were sent after us, and a cry raised that the Feringhees were running away. The Sepoys followed us for about a mile, firing all along, but doing no harm, for we were a long way out of range.’

One boat had to be abandoned, as too large and heavy:—

‘ A little delay was thus caused, which the Sepoys took advantage of to bring a gun to bear upon the boats; the distance, however, was too great; every ball fell short. As soon as the ladies and children were all safely on board we started, and got down as far as Singheerampore without accident, although fired upon by the villagers. Here we stopped a few minutes to repair the rudder of Colonel Smith’s boat, and one out of two boatmen we had was killed by a matchlock ball. The rudder repaired, we started again, Colonel Smith’s boat taking the lead.’

Sufficiently irritating at all times is the following common mishap in boating parties. But *what* at this juncture?

‘ We had not gone beyond a few yards when our boat grounded on a soft muddy sand-bank; the other boat passed on; all hands got into the water to push her, but, notwithstanding all our efforts, we could not manage to move her. We had not been in this unhappy position half-an-hour when two boats, apparently empty, were seen coming down the stream.’

And now came the crisis, which for wildness and misery equals anything in the whole affair:—

‘ They came within twenty yards of us, when we discovered that they carried Sepoys, who opened a heavy fire, killing and wounding several. Mr. Churcher, sen., was shot through the chest; Mr. Fisher, who was just behind me, was wounded in the thigh. Hearing him call out, I had scarcely time to turn round, when I felt a smart blow on my right shoulder; a bullet had grazed the skin and taken off a little flesh. Major Robertson was wounded in the face. The boats were now alongside of us. Some of the Sepoys had already got into our boat. Major Robertson, seeing no hope, begged the ladies to come into the water, rather than to fall into their hands. While the ladies were throwing themselves into the water, I jumped into the boat, took up a loaded musket, and going astern, shot a Sepoy. I loaded again, but finding no cap, was obliged to retreat, as the enemy were now coming in in great numbers. Lieutenant and Mrs. Fitzgerald were at this time sitting in a corner of the boat, with their child. Lieutenant Fitzgerald had a loaded musket, with the bayonet fixed, in his hand. Mr. Churcher, sen., still lay weltering in his blood. The others had all got out of the boat into the water, Major and Mrs. Robertson, with their child and Miss Thompson, were standing close to each other beside the boat; Lieutenant Simpson and Mr. Churcher, jun., were near them also; I all this time lost sight of Major Phillot, Ensign Eckford, and a few others: I suppose they were killed. Mr. and Mrs. Fisher were about twenty yards from the boat; he had his child in his arms, apparently lifeless. Mrs. Fisher could not stand against the current; her dress, which acted like a sail, knocked her down when she was helped up

by Mr. Fisher. I now resolved to make an escape, if possible, to the leading boat, which I knew could not have proceeded far, so at once I struck out into the stream. Mr. and Mrs. Fisher continued in a distressing position when I passed them unable to render any assistance. I saw Mr. Fisher again, alone, floating on his back, but soon lost sight of him, as it was getting dark. I continued swimming for about an hour or more, when at some distance I saw the other boat. . . . We repaired the rudder, which had been damaged, and continued our voyage with heavy hearts all that night. Early the next morning a voice hailed us from the shore, which we recognised as Mr. Fisher's. He came on board and informed us that his poor wife and child had been drowned in his arms; his wound was very painful, the ball having passed through the middle of the left thigh. We continued our voyage the whole of that day.'

In the description of another water-party we are told:—

'All the ladies got ready to throw their children into the river, and jump after them.'

Incidental notices, occurring in various letters, bring vivid scenes and ideas to the mind's eye; darting from one thing to another, from one place and group, one kind of misfortune to another, with an endless variety that is the surest proof of the depth and vastness of this whole calamity. Here, for instance, is a scene of conjugal fidelity:—

'As a number of ladies and children have left the station, I have been repeatedly urged by folks at Kamptee to send Mrs. — and the little ones there; but the wife has determined to remain to the last. Once I said she must go; but when I found she was more likely to die if she went than if she stayed, I changed my mind, and now, from the state of affairs at Kamptee, I really think we are as safe here as we should be there.'

Again there is an awful scene of father and daughter:—

'Your doctor—Graham—on hearing the disturbance, flew with his daughter to their buggy, and unfortunately they took the public road to the fort. The cavalry met them, and shot him dead. She was brought to the fort, and her anguish on that awful day is past an attempt, even at description.'

We have also an especially touching instance of that chivalrous devotion which an English soldier is always so capable of feeling:—

'A European private was the other day bearing a wounded ensign, a mere boy, from the field, or rather the suburb before Delhi. A mutineer fired from the upper windows of a house. Deliberately the soldier placed his senseless officer under shelter, walked to the house, tramped upstairs, dashed in the door, and shot the man. Two other mutineers were with him; and before they came to their wits, two rapid thrusts of the bayonet had finished their course. The soldier then walked coolly back, and resumed his burden.'

Amidst all the tokens of misery and all the causes of affliction, it affords a curious study of the elasticity of the human mind to be suddenly introduced within the precincts of domestic cheerfulness and almost festive scenes:—

'We muster about fifty at dinner, ten of whom are ladies, and we have fifteen children in the house. Our numbers are nearly a hundred, includ-

ing the uncovenanted. We have included some spacious outhouses in our intrenchments, which gives them accommodation. We are lucky in having a small room to ourselves. In one room three ladies and a child sleep in one bed. If you could look in upon us, you would not think we were a very lugubrious set, but rather that we were met on some festive occasion. At this moment I hear the piano and singing. We are a queer lot, we Britons; day after day we hear of atrocities too horrid to write about, and of the murder of friends and relatives, and never seem to think of our own fate. Laughing, talking, eating, drinking, music, singing—all seems to go on much as usual.

This is quite *cheering*; but meanwhile let us look to another sense in which this word is used:—

‘Here is what I call a cheering incident; I relate it as it is from an eyewitness, and it may not appear in the newspapers. A party left Benares in search of rebels; they soon came upon them; there were about 700 of them drawn up in a mass. The first two shells from our guns fell in the midst of them, and killed fifty-five of their number.’

One fatal element against any lasting reconciliation between the English and our native Indian subjects, is the ever-recurring perfidy of the Oriental mind. There is a total absence of truth and honour, which, we fear, forbids any trust. The English mind is very sensitive on this point; and if once thoroughly deceived, loses all confidence, acquiring in its place a deep and lasting aversion. The following is an instance of so dastardly a violation of the laws of honourable warfare, that we have no difficulty in accounting for the subsequent refusal of all quarter:—

‘Abbott joined the charge, and, his horse being fresh, he managed to get up with one of the mutinous officers, who, seeing no chance of escape, put his sword between his teeth, dropped his reins, and held up his hands in token of submission, and as a sign for quarter. Abbott lowered his sword, and the brute, as he passed him, drew his pistol and fired it straight at his face. A motion of the horse saved him, and he drew his pistol and fired two shots at the ruffian, but missed him. He was caught later in the day, and hanged next morning before all the troops.’

The frequent mention of hanging is a painful feature of this peculiar warfare. Cold-blooded, but necessary, judicial executions are not of the routine of honourable war. Death in its most revolting form seldom presents itself to the soldier's eye. But in India the provost marshal's place was no sinecure. Our enemies were all rebels, and murderers. Yet, just and necessary as were the frequent executions, their effect on common minds cannot fail to have been injurious.

‘The gibbet is, I must acknowledge, a standing institution among us at present. There it stands, immediately in front of the flagstaff, with three ropes always attached to it, so that three may be executed at one time. Two additional gibbets were erected, with three ropes to each, but they have been taken down. Scarcely a day passes without some poor wretches being hurled into eternity. It is horrible, very horrible! To think of it is enough to make one's blood run cold; but such is the state of things here that even fine delicate ladies may be heard expressing their joy at the

vigour with which the miscreants are dealt with. The swiftness with which crime is followed by the severest punishment strikes the people with astonishment.'

A curious instance of this rapidity is in one place related:—

'What a wonderful mercy the telegraph communication has been kept up in the Punjab; here is a use it was put to:—A letter was intercepted at Pindee, which said, "Three natives of high rank (giving names) sit in council to-morrow to decide what to do against the English." Telegraph said, "Let a spy attend and report." This was done; and in a few minutes after, the outlines of the plot were before Lawrence. Telegraph again, "Hang them all three." In fifteen minutes more they were hanged. Short work.'

One letter, dated Ahmedabad, October 26, describes an execution with a terrible degree of reality. It is too long to extract, though singularly graphic and vivid. The writer was eye-witness to the execution of eighteen men, condemned by court-martial after full inquiry. They suffered at early dawn, ten by hanging, three by the musket, and five at the cannon's mouth, the most awful mode of all. He saw the gallows and their victims white and shadowy against the pale sky. He then saw the firing party advance to the distance of but twelve paces from the *three*, who knelt down, with their eyes bandaged and their hands tied.

'Meanwhile the doomed five had been marched to the five fatal guns. They were bound by the arms to the wheels, but their legs were free, and the end man—the only one whom I could entirely see from my place on the flank—leaned his back against the muzzle, as loungers lean against a mantelpiece.'

And now for the effects of one short moment of time:—

'I fixed my eyes intently on that man, not fifty yards away, and in a moment the signal was given. There was a roar, and the whizzing of a bullet, far away from the firing party; a bank of white smoke, and a jet and shower of black fragments, sharp and clear, which leaped and bounded in the air; this and a fearful sound from the spectators, as if the reality so far exceeded all previous fancy that it was intolerable; then a dead stillness. I walked straight to the scattered and smoking floor before the guns. I came first to an arm, torn off above the elbow, the fist clinched, the bone projecting several inches, bare. Then the ground sown with red grisly fragments, then a black-haired head and the other arm still held together. This was the man I had watched.'

Further details of this ghastly scene we must forbear quoting. With a stern love of truth, the writer describes every object that met his eye; every portion of frail humanity in its lowliest dust. After thus carefully surveying the ground, he once more looks up.

'And only now—there was so much more terrible—did I look up to the ten white figures slowly swinging and revolving over this scene of blood. I hope they died quickly, but the ropes were very short. The troops immediately marched off, and I rode home at speed; and when I dismounted, the dogs came and licked my feet.'

With reference to the reported mutilations and excessive barbarities, it is necessary to make some further allusion. Bad as things were, there was doubtless much exaggeration in the early accounts of the mutiny. We have before us many letters on the subject, describing the horrors which have been committed in *other places*, but there is little direct testimony from eye-witnesses. The most fearful details are from a clergyman at Bangalore, describing violence and mutilations on ladies and children; but he says,—‘we ourselves have been mercifully ‘kept from alarm or danger.’ A staff officer from Benares is equally explicit in his details; and no doubt there was enough foundation for the widely-spread tales of horror; but it must still be remembered, that even in the letters we have quoted, descriptive as they are of bloodthirsty violence, there are wonderful instances of escape, and the absence of personal atrocities even where every opportunity existed. The more, indeed, we examine the state of mind which the mutiny develops, the more does it appear in the light of a wild, irresistible, dreamy influence, the promptings of fatalism and superstitious fanaticism, far more than individual selfishness or hatred. There is less appearance of personal enmity towards the English as individuals, than of a general indefinite impulse to shake off English power in the abstract. With this object religiously in their minds, the mutineers stopped at nothing which might promote it; and once embarked on a course of violence, all their wildness and ferocity of nature was aroused; but brutal sensuality, so far as the more trusty letters before us are able to reveal, does not seem to have been the characteristic of this revolt. The same degree of recklessness, the same desperate acts of murder, the same wildness of excitement, would, in the natural constitution of the European mind, have been accompanied, we think, by a greater amount of mere animal sensuality and riot, among the lower elements of such an insurrection, than is here found. The student of history can recall incidents in Welsh and French rebellions and outbreaks, which are exact parallels of the worst accounts from India. The conviction that such is the case in popular insurrections, is one source, perhaps, of the many rumours which were scattered about, and which appear in letters as well-authenticated facts. The crime of murder—determined, exterminating slaughter—springs up in the Oriental mind in very natural harmony with their fearfully dark notions of Providence and Divine guidance. Their instincts of caste, their habits of associating the ways of men with a gloomy, revengeful mythology, impart to them a disregard for individual human life which, being felt equally for themselves and for their enemies, in great measure explains the fearful suddenness

with which murders and assassinations are committed. Their acts are more demoniacal, than sensual or self-willed. Cruelty and a disposition to inflict torture, an idea from which every feeling we possess in Europe recoils as abhorrent to our minds, comes very naturally to the Oriental. He inflicts torture on himself, in submission to some avenging deity whose favour he thereby hopes to propitiate; and therefore it is not wonderful that he should inflict the same on others. With regard, however, to the facts of the late mutiny, we have very positive denials, from good quarters, of the fearful tortures that were reported.

We take the following from the *Guardian*, guaranteed by that paper to come from a most trustworthy source, though we cannot but think that the denial is too wholesale:—

‘I am quite astonished to find M—— not only believing, but bent on believing, whether with or without reason, all those vile accounts of atrocities committed by the Sepoys and others which were published in the English papers. I thought no one put faith in a newspaper, but M—— clearly does; and I feel doubtful how far the poison may have infected you and my father, &c. But you will be more reasonable than he is, for he actually wants me to disprove the stories, and resolves to believe all until they are disproved! One at least I was able to disprove—that account of the tortures and massacres said to have occurred at Allahabad, and reported by an eye-witness. I was able to disprove it by adducing the fact, well known to us all here, that not a European woman at Allahabad was injured or hurt in any way, although the Sepoys had it all their own way for the whole night. The women said to have been tortured and cut to pieces were in reality protected all night, and arrived in Calcutta perfectly well and uninjured. The actual fact is, that the stories you have seen in the papers are, in many cases, mere hearsay and exaggerated in the repetition, or are malicious inventions made up to rouse the feeling of the English people, just as they published here, and circulated carefully to all the new regiments, a picture of the massacre of the women and children at Cawnpore, which was, of course, entirely supposititious. Now *we* know, from the numberless accounts we have had in all ways from the various places, that no one of the horrible stories, beyond the murder indiscriminately of men, women, and children (which is sufficiently horrible), has ever been authenticated in any way, by any person who is deserving of credit. When men commit atrocities in such an outbreak, we naturally conceive that they are capable of perpetrating other crimes and other cruelties. And I do not wish to deny that the Sepoys and natives are quite capable of doing the worst things which have been ascribed to them. But we have to do with facts; and there is no reason why the unhappy friends of the murdered should be harassed in addition by the thought of women subjected to torture and outrage before they were put to death, when such has really not occurred. There is no reason to believe, because the evidence of all witnesses goes to show the contrary, that even the ladies, &c., at Cawnpore, who were ultimately massacred, were in any way tortured or subjected to ill-treatment beforehand. They were locked up and starved, and deprived of everything, so that their days must have been spent in prolonged misery; but there is no real foundation for the stories of women stripped naked and flogged with bamboos, and all the *et ceteras*, beyond the imagination of one or more of the writers or repeaters.’

Lady Inglis, writing from Lucknow, in the immediate pre-

sence of the Cawnpore horrors, speaks only of ten massacres. This is no small consolation, if we can credit it, to the feelings of those at home, who had relatives and friends in the midst of these scenes, and whose last hours must for ever be veiled from human knowledge. It is no use making things worse than they are; and it must also be remembered that, as far as suffering goes, the mutineers may almost be said to have had their share. Their slaughter and their loss, from many causes, is untold. They have perished by uncounted thousands; and if the proportion, both of the resident English, and of the mutineers (the *dramatis personæ* at the beginning of the mutiny) who have perished or been driven from the country, could at all be estimated, we believe that the resident survivors would be found surprisingly few. The governing or the protecting force of British India will, in fact, have changed hands. One year will have swept off a whole generation, and both official and military life in India must now start afresh; never, we hope, again to encounter so disastrous an issue.

Another scene of the mutiny still remains for our notice. We have said nothing as yet of Lucknow, the place which has absorbed more universal interest than any other. We take this last, because, however full of exciting and heroic memoirs Lucknow must ever be, it affords less material for our present subject than many places of far less general interest. In the first place, it remained for months in so close a state of siege that no communications were carried on with its inhabitants. Full as the newspapers were of letters from other parts, there were none from Lucknow, simply because none could come. Again, Lucknow, from the very fact that it maintained its siege so nobly, does not afford those agonising scenes of a personal kind between Europeans and Sepoys, which it has been our object to record. Europeans were shut up to themselves, and the Sepoys in vain attempted to repeat upon them the massacre of Cawnpore. We are happy therefore to say, that as Lucknow was not delivered over into the hands of the Sepoys, we have not to record their doings; still, there are many interesting details connected with that prolonged and frightful suspense in which our imprisoned countrymen for so long were kept. A personal narrative of the siege, by L. E. Ruutz Rees, a Calcutta merchant, who was there on his travels when the mutiny began, has just been published; and also a very interesting letter appeared in the *Guardian*, which concentrates into very short space a remarkably vivid account of the sufferings endured within this ill-fated city.

We give some extracts from this last-mentioned letter :—

‘ From the 6th June, which was the day the Sepoys mutinied at Cawn-

pore, we were totally cut off from all communication with the outer world. I never shall forget that fearful month; the suspense was almost worse than anything we went through afterwards. Every day came fresh news of murders and massacres which had taken place in the district; and fugitives, flying for their lives from the outlying stations, arriving perfectly destitute in Lucknow. On the morning of the 30th June that most fatal action at Chinhut took place which brought things to a crisis, and the enemy down upon us sooner than was anticipated. Our devoted troops encountered an overwhelming force, were surrounded, taken at a disadvantage, cut to pieces, and the survivors obliged to retreat with the loss of five officers, 200 men, and several guns. The remnant who returned were no sooner within the Bailey Guard than the gates were closed, and half an hour afterwards we were closely invested, and the siege, which was destined to last so many weary months, had commenced.'

Three days after this, Sir H. Lawrence was mortally wounded; and the writer was in attendance at his bed-side. She thus records his noble end:—

'His sufferings were most painful to witness; his Christian resignation and humility could not be surpassed. You may imagine what an affecting scene it was to witness such a deathbed; the whole time he was dying the house seemed to be the mark for the enemy's most deadly fire. The heavy cannonading and volleys of musketry never ceased for an instant.'

From June to September was a long time for this suspense to continue. The scene, however, of Havelock's first attempt at rescue is one that will ever be memorable in the history of sieges. It affords a splendid subject for a grand historical picture.

'The evening of the 25th September, they succeeded, after tremendous fighting and a terrible loss of life, in making their way to the Residency; and the scene of their arrival baffles all description. I am sure it will never be forgotten by any of those who witnessed it. We had no idea they were so near at hand, for though we had been in a state of excitement the whole day; hearing the firing going on in the city, we had no idea they would make the rush they did; but fancied they would work their way through gradually, and we might not see them for some days. Suddenly the musketry fire came quite close, then we heard tremendous cheering sounding from all sides of the entrenchments—the excitement was intense. An instant after, we saw the soldiers rushing wildly up the road; our compound and verandah was filled with Highlanders, the bagpipes playing triumphantly, and we found ourselves sobbing, laughing, shaking hands violently with officers and men, exchanging fervent "God bless you's" with all, embracing each other, hugging the children, and doing all sorts of frantic things easy to be imagined. The emotion displayed by the soldiers was most affecting, at the sight of the women and children they had rescued from the fate of those at Cawnpore. They seized the children from our arms and covered them with kisses; and "God bless you, ma'am," "Thank God we are in time to save you," resounded on every side. The poor fellows were so dreadfully exhausted, we could not supply them with water fast enough. Some of us rushed down and made tea, but we had not much else to offer in the way of refreshment, for we had long been on very short commons; and after this great increase to our force arrived, without bringing with them any increase of supplies, our rations were still further reduced.'

The following is a picturesque account of subsequent domestic arrangements :—

‘ We used always to take our meals in a dark under-ground room, called in India, a “ Tye Khana ;” it was a most vault-like place, a receptacle for cobras and rats, and so dark that as long as our store of candles lasted we always were obliged to burn one during breakfast and dinner. For the first two months of the siege, the ladies and children of our party lived entirely down in this horrible cellar. We used to sleep on the floor, fitting into each other like the bits in a puzzle, and the rats and mice running races over us. When the rains began, however, the room became so damp it was impossible to stay there ; every one got so ill, we all declared it would be much better to risk the bullets up-stairs, to the certainty of sickness by remaining below ; so the gentlemen barricaded the windows with every available box and mattress, and we came up to sleep in the dining-room, which, being in the centre of the house, was tolerably safe, and there we managed to arrange two rows of bedsteads, which placed us in comparative luxury.’

When their final rescue was at length secured, they settled down into quite home ways and all the social claims of life.

‘ Mr. — and I have set up a school in the barracks, for the soldiers’ children, since we have been here. We went there the other day and found them all running wild, and their mothers telling us “ as how they’d lost all their larning,” and were getting fast unmanageable ; so, in absence of school or schoolmistress, we took possession of an empty room, and invited the children to come and be taught, every day at two o’clock.’

The personal narrative of Mr. Rees contains a faithful account of the general progress of the siege, enlivened by many anecdotes and casual observations. There are also some very interesting extracts from Lady Inglis’s journal, printed for private circulation. This lady, in addition to all the anxieties of the siege, was attacked with the small-pox. Thus she lay confined to her bed through the sad day of the battle of Chinhut. Her account, however, of the return of the army into the city is very graphic and touching.

‘ I posted myself at the window—for remaining in bed was out of the question—and watched the poor men coming in ; a melancholy spectacle, indeed ; no order ; one after the other ; some riding ; some wounded, supported by their comrades ; some on guns ; some fell down and died from exhaustion, not half a mile from our position.’—*Journal*, p. 13.

The following passage from the same source is full of that simple-minded piety, the characteristic of English ladies.

‘ I never shall forget the first morning after the siege commenced. The enemy, having stopped firing at night, recommenced at daylight, and made an effort to storm the gate. Every man was at his post. We could gain no information as to what was going on, and to our inexperienced ears the cannonading and musketry sounded terrific. We all thought the place would be taken, and tremblingly listened to every sound, when Mrs. Case proposed reading the Litany, and the soothing effect of prayer was marvellous. We felt different beings, and, though still most anxious, could feel we were in the hands of our Heavenly Father, and cast our fears on Him.’—*Ibid.* pp. 16, 17.

The sufferings of the wounded and sick in the hospitals are described as very severe. Men got callous to pain as to danger, and there was more work than could be got through both for nurses and medical men. Honourable testimony is given to Mr. Polehampton, the chaplain, for his unremitting attention to the hospital: but he was wounded by a bullet, and after lingering a few weeks, at length died of cholera. In addition to the many evils which the sick had to endure from want of sufficient bedding, close air (for every window was barricaded), and crowded rooms, there was one infliction almost more intolerable, both to the sick and those in health, than any devices of the enemy—we mean, the flies. Lucknow is celebrated for these pests of human life; and in the siege there were many things favourable to their troublesome existence. The ground was black with them.

‘We could not sleep in the day on account of them. We could scarcely eat. Our beef, of which we get a tolerably small quantity every other day, is usually studded with them; and while I eat my miserable dahl and roti (boiled lentil soup and unleavened bread), a number of scamps fly into my mouth, or tumble into the plate, and float about in it, *impromptu* peppercorns and—I was about to say something wicked—but really even the remission of this annoyance is enough to make a saint swear.’—*Ibid.* p. 167.

The besieged and besiegers were in sufficiently close quarters to carry on conversation; and the remarks occasionally made were characteristic of the situation. On the 5th of August, there was great rejoicing and shouting among the besieged, it being confidently believed that reinforcements were at hand. Next morning they were undeceived by a voice outside, ‘So you think your reinforcements have come, do you? reinforcements, forsooth! why we have beaten them long ago, and we have crowned our king. The rule of the Feringhees is over.’ Mines and counter-mines were in close proximity. On one occasion, when a mine was ready under a house full of mutinous riflemen, a brick-bat was thrown over in the court-yard. The numerous responses that were sent in the direction whence this had arrived, convinced the officers in command that it was a seasonable time for the explosion, and instantly the whole place was one mass of ruins, burying beneath them forty or sixty of the enemy.

Mr. Rees had an eccentric friend with him, a Frenchman, who had previously been acquainted with the Nana of Cawnpore; and the latter sent a letter by messenger to him, offering him the command of his troops and a fortune, if he would come over. This he refused to do, but respected his former friendship so far as not to reveal this correspondence, and let the messenger depart safely. He was thus known by those out-

side, and the following scene is reported as occurring at a battery:—

“Come on!” would he often shout in his broken Hindostanee; “come on, ye cowardly sons of defiled mothers! are you afraid to advance? Are you men or women?” And then the reply. “Cursed dog of an infidel! I know thee! Thou art Deprat the Frenchman, living near the iron bridge. We’ll yet kill you. Be sure of this. Here goes!” and a rifle-ball would whistle past his ears.’—*Ibid.* p. 218.

Among some ruins outside the gateway, was an old clock-tower, for a long time the haunt of a desperate sharpshooter, an African eunuch. There he remained, picking off every man that came within sight. Attempts were made to shell him, and the shells fell with the utmost precision; but from the very midst of the smoke and explosion, he would send a rifle bullet whistling through the air, as if in defiance of their efforts. At length, however, he was killed, and the mystery solved. By the use of a telescope, he could watch the preparation of the shells, and retire down some steps into a cavern when he saw that one was coming. He then rushed up the moment after the explosion. When found dead, his rifle and telescope were by his side. What a life, what a death!

A very lively and interesting account is given of Mr. Kavanagh’s adventures, written by himself. He undertook to convey despatches from Lucknow to Sir Colin Campbell, through all the surrounding mass of the rebels. With the help of an efficient native guide, disguised and coloured, he worked his way all night through many perils, and at length succeeded. The story would lose its interest if we attempted an abbreviation.

The remarks of Mr. Rees, on the effects of a siege on character, in bringing out the varying dispositions of men, are very good and thoughtful:—

‘A siege is certainly the best school to learn character. People show themselves in their true light, and throw off the mask they wear in society. One’s good or bad character becomes apparent at once. Many a kind action here I have seen performed by people whom I had considered harsh and proud; and men with smiling faces, polite, and noted for their obliging disposition, proved themselves selfish in the extreme.’—*Ibid.* p. 201.

There were some, he tells us, who could enjoy delicacies before his face, to whom on previous occasions he had given many luxuries, and yet offer nothing.

‘It was infamous! Self, self, self,—how general that feeling was, especially among the rich.’—*Ibid.* p. 201.

Pride and cowardice were not wholly forgotten vices, and surliness not uncommon.

'A siege sours one's temper considerably. One or two officers, whom I shall not name, were like rabid dogs, snapping at whoever addressed them. But the generality could bear scrutiny well enough, and yet not suffer in estimation. There are many good men with us still.'—*Ibid.* p. 202.

And what is to be the end of all these things, these infinite calamities, public and private? Surely so great a storm must be succeeded by a calm. But what sort of calm? The mutiny is now almost subdued, but the task of reconstruction yet remains. We sincerely hope and trust that the renovated condition of India will bear a more Christian aspect than the former. The state of India has long been felt a great blot on the religious character of England, and men have ardently desired, with almost a prophetic boldness, for some *change*, some *social revolution*, that might usher in the conversion of its vast heathen population. A change has come, with an impetus and violence that for a time compelled even the most ardent reformer to become nothing but a dismayed spectator. As the excitement of this mutiny does however by degrees settle down, we may fairly estimate the advantages to be hoped for from such a mighty storm. It is at least an opportunity, and there are two features in it which deserve special thought. Heathenism has been exposed before the whole world in its base, revolting, unnatural character. There was a growing enlightenment in the higher native minds, even before this outbreak, which we hope may now lead on to some feeling of self-conviction, some calm reflection, that their religion has been found guilty, by the judgment of all mankind, of opposing every interest, every good part of our nature. The second feature is the positive testimony borne to the spirit of the Christian religion by the martyrdom of its professors. If the Oriental mind can ever learn to 'abhor that which is evil, and cleave to that which is 'good,' now surely may that lesson be taught them with illustrations of prodigious force. In no great movements ought we to be impatient; we must always feel that a higher Providence than we are able to comprehend, is the actual motive-power in all religious agitation; yet for this very reason we may see hope in times like the present. True it is, that we know not how India is to be converted. Men of the world may say that it is as impossible as ever. But, 'that which is impossible with 'man, is possible with God.' And why should we despair? We have possessed India as yet but a short time; a time, be it remembered, of extraordinary religious deadness at home. As, however, the revived spirit of later years extends its branches, and deepens its roots, we see every reason, from history and analogy, to presuppose that a country like India, related as it is to ourselves, should partake of this improvement. And, if

a great divine judgment is about to come on the ancient heathenism of India, what more natural, or what more to be expected, than that the evil spirit, about to be cast out, should give vent to one vast tearing struggle, after the manner of the demoniacal possessions of the Gospel. If this was to be expected, here indeed we have it. We cannot see the prospect that lies before us, nor can we foretell the time, which is in His hands, of such mighty changes; but still we may hope, and we must *act*. Martyrdom and suffering, endured with resignation and patience, have ever been productive of good, have ever been fruitful to the Church. If therefore, on due reflection upon the late awful trials to which our countrymen in India have been subjected, we can honestly and conscientiously arrive at the conclusion that good testimony has thereby been given to the strength and beauty, the divine and spiritual character of the Christian religion; we may then no longer doubt that new life will be imparted to the Church's work. No one can read the inner details of this mutiny without being conscious that, upon the whole, there was a high tone of religious character, a real trust in Providence, and real courage springing from a Christian hope, made generally manifest, as the characteristic of those who professed the religion of Christ. The contrast afforded by them with the demoniacal fury of Mahomedans and Hindoos, is now before the world as a living picture, from which, in God's due time, we augur great and potent events. It is a good sign that, at this critical time, the long-hoped-for increase of the Indian Episcopate seems likely to be granted in the natural course of things. We trust that the whole machinery of the Church will now stand on a far bolder footing; will no longer be ashamed to uphold the Cross of Christ before the heathen. The blood of those who have fallen victims—in some cases shot down while in prayer, or in the very act of singing praise—ought to sweep away all false timidity in proclaiming the great Name of their and our living Master. They made a good confession, and may their successors on the Indian scene carry on the good work with vigour and with resolution; trusting to His power who, in the hour of trial, has shown so many tokens of His presence, and will do the same also in the time of active service for the building up of His Church.

ART. V.—*Sancti Irenæi Episcopi Lugdunensis Libros Quinque adversus Hæreses, textu Græco in locis nonnullis locupletato, versione Latine cum codicibus Claromontano ac Arundeliano denuo collatâ, præmissâ de placitis Gnosticorum Prohutione, fragmenta necnon Græce, Syriace, Armeniace, commentatione perpetuâ et indicibus variis, edidit W. WIGAN HARVEY, S.T.B., Collegii Regalis olim Socius. Tomm. ii. Cantabrigiæ: Typis Academicis. 1857.*

THESE beautiful volumes, which have recently been issued from the Cambridge University Press, call for notice at our hands, if it were only to register the fact of a new edition of the works of one of the great witnesses to the faith received in the primitive Church, having been published by the University of Cambridge, and to observe the progress in theological learning made in it.

We shall first speak of the edition itself; its merits in design as compared with previous editions, and its execution; and add a few remarks on the good to be extracted from the works of S. Irenæus, and their special value in relation to the turn men's thoughts are taking at this day.

The beauty of paper and type, and the excellence of the general execution of these volumes, are manifest at first sight. The Greek is free from the contractions which have been so hindering to modern readers, and the notes are in English. The editor has had the advantage of all the previous great editions—those of Feuardentius, Grabe, and Massuet, and of that recently sent out by Stieren: and he has used them. Instead of reprinting the notes of the earlier editors, the course usually taken hitherto, he has written new notes of his own, often giving the substance of what was valuable in those who went before him, and at times their words.

Stieren, on the other hand, with whom it is most obvious to compare him, has reprinted most of the notes of these editors; the principal dissertations of Massuet, the Prolegomena of Grabe, and other editors, and the whole of the long notes on the 'Pfaffian Fragments,' and the controversial treatises on their genuineness; the best part of Semler's essay, and Walch's reply; so as to give in one volume all, or almost all, that a thorough student of Irenæus would require.

In all these respects Mr. Harvey has certainly simplified the study of Irenæus. The notes, which look so formidable in other editions—pages on pages of Latin, deterring the cowardly young student from the very attempt to read an author of

whom the explanation seems to require so much labour—have now disappeared: and we have English notes, which are by no means formidable either from depth or difficulty, designed to tell us, as the saying is, just what we want to know and no more. The new edition in this respect is specially qualified for the end for which, we apprehend, the Cambridge series of editions of the Fathers is intended—viz., for the use of ordinary students, who may thus find the first difficulties of their authors removed, and be attracted rather than repelled, by the labours of the editor. For those, however, who wish to make deeper investigations, not to be mere passive students, nothing can be substituted for the exhaustive dissertations and notes of the earlier editors, and for the wonderful stores of learning which are to be found in them. One original dissertation by Mr. Harvey is prefixed—on Gnosticism; and a notice of the life and writings of *S. Irenæus*, which, though the former contains reference to much of new views and new matter, does not compensate for the absence of the dissertations of Massuet.

The critical notices of previous editions, and of the different MS. authorities in Stieren, are, as might be expected in a German edition, more full, and superior to Mr. Harvey's.

As to the text, Stieren's great contribution was the re-collation of the Vossian MS. of the Latin version, in which version alone, we need scarcely remind our readers, the great work of *S. Irenæus* has been preserved. Mr. Harvey's is the re-collating of the two most ancient representatives of this same Latin version, the Clermont and Arundel MSS., both of which MSS. are preserved in England; the latter in the Library of the British Museum, the former in the valuable collection of Sir Thomas Phillips of Middlehill. This circumstance of itself puts England under the obligation to publish the best edition of *S. Irenæus*. Of these we extract Mr. Harvey's description:—

'The Clermont MS. upon which principally Massuet formed his text, is fairly written in an Italian hand of the tenth century; possibly, however, two transcribers were employed upon it, a second hand being observable, as it is imagined, from fol. 189 to 274. The entire MS. is in good preservation, though it is defective at the end, and exhibits occasional omissions from careless copying, with a more lengthened *hiatus* in the Fifth Book,'—Preface, pp. 3, 4.

'The Arundel MS. is in a bold Flemish hand, and is of later date than the Clermont MS. by perhaps two centuries. Its readings, however, are very valuable as marking a different family of *codices*, from that represented by the Clermont copy. This MS. also is imperfect towards the end, the defect being caused, not by its own original loss, but by mutilation of some antecedent copy; thus the last column is left partly blank. Grabe's text represents the readings principally of the Arundel MS.'—*Ibid.* p. 4.

Mr. Harvey, we are glad to see, vindicates old Grabe—whom
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we may consider almost an English scholar—from the guilt of the inaccuracies of collation in the Voss MS. discovered by Stieren, by observing that he did not make that collation himself; it was done for him by Dodwell. Mr. Harvey himself corrects mistakes and oversights of Stieren.

Of the Voss MS. collated by Stieren, Mr. Harvey gives the following account; and at the end of it passes on to speak of the principles which he had himself adopted in forming a text, and the principal object of his notes, which, it will be observed, is explanatory and illustrative, rather than critical. These it is best to give in Mr. Harvey's own words:—

'The Voss copy is later again than the Arundel, and does not date earlier than the fourteenth century. Still it is the only perfect copy; or rather, it contains as much as any other MS. that has been known since the discovery of printing. It being no longer necessary to report in the present edition every difference of reading, the text has been formed upon a comparison of these three MSS. with previous editions; the more remarkable variations being expressed in the notes. The principal object of the notes has been to explain more clearly the mind of the author by reference to contemporaneous authority, such as the *Excerpta* from Theodotus, or the *Didascalia Orientalis*, subjoined to the *Hypotyposes* of Clement of Alexandria; Hippolytus in his *Philosophumena*, and Tertullian in his *Treatise c. Valentinum*. The notions, against which the great work of Irenæus was directed, have so many points of contact with Greek philosophy, that occasional illustrations from this source have been found necessary.'—*Ibid.* p. 5.

Each editor has prefixed pages of lithographed fac-similes of the MSS. he has employed, a very creditable and most useful mode of illustrating and beautifying the editions, from which, so much better than description, we may judge of the quality of a MS. Stieren's are of the Voss MSS., and some others; Mr. Harvey's, which are very superior in point of execution, consist of exquisite representations of the Clermont and Arundel MSS., and of three specimens of the Syriac MSS., from which some of the fragments are taken, dated, one A.D. 562; one of the seventh or eighth century; one A.D. 715.

The passage last cited from Mr. Harvey's preface, indicates the advantage which the present edition has over any previous edition of *S. Irenæus*, for supplying, correcting, and illustrating the text, in that it uses the work of *S. Hippolytus*, 'Against all Heresies,' of which, as is well known, large portions are directly copied from *S. Irenæus*, or, with some modifications and alterations, derived from him. The existence of that work was not known till after Stieren had sent out that part of *Irenæus* for the correction of which it is valuable. His first fasciculus was published before the *Philosophumena*. He promised a separate dissertation on the subject, as a supplement to his edition; but

this could not anyhow compensate for the want of its being used in the work itself; one of the uses of the treatise being, that it supplies the Greek of some passages which was not known before, and enables us to correct that which was already preserved for us in other ancient writers.

To appreciate this edition, we must remember the history of the work of Irenæus, which is, in many respects, almost unique, and carries us back to a very peculiar condition of society, in regard to language; the work being valuable for the linguistic history of these times, as well as the ecclesiastical. We are brought at once among the three languages spoken in France in the second century. S. Irenæus, a Greek from Asia Minor, comes to Lyons. He is by no means the only Greek; for the names of the Christian Martyrs of Lyons and Vienne—the letters they wrote, with the history of their sufferings, in Greek and to Greeks—the Greek remains which are found in France, such as the Autun inscription—show that Greek was used, not only as the common language of civilised society, but as the proper language of a considerable portion of the inhabitants. In Greek S. Irenæus wrote: but he says he was writing *ἐν βαρβάροις*. And there is a patent proof of it. His work was translated, we conceive, very soon after its publication, into Latin, if Latin it can be called. It is a unique language; and we should find it difficult to justify the introduction of the words used by the translator of Irenæus, into any dictionary, except it were of provincial or colonial Latin. The Latin of Africa, as represented by Tertullian, comes most near to it. In the words of Mr. Harvey, 'The translator must have been one to whom neither Latin nor Greek was his mother tongue'—a Gaul, one of the Celtic race, who undertook this work—and considered it most safe to translate the Greek words by those Latin ones which in etymology, or primary meaning, were most like them; and to be so strict in his renderings as to sacrifice the idiom of the Latin to that of the Greek text before him. Thus *subjecti* is the translation of *ὑπέθετο*; *suspiciones* of *ὑπολήψεις*; *unum quod non*, of *μόνον οὐκ*; *καθ' αὐτόν* (by himself) is translated by *secundum eum*; *οὐκ ἐτρέπησαν* by *non conversi sunt*. Hence the received rule for making out the sense of Irenæus is, to translate the Latin back again into Greek, and then see what it means. To help us in this, the indices appended to editions of this author, giving the Greek and Latin words which the translator treated as equivalent, are most valuable; and we recommend any beginner in Irenæus to study these well; they are curious, even amusing, as well as instructive. Such was the Latin which was published in Southern Gaul in the latter end of the second century; which was read, and which has been transcribed again

and again, through so many centuries. It is this Latin version, of which we have now nearly the whole, in different MSS.

The Greek which is extant we owe to another circumstance: a feature in the *Hereseological* literature, at least, of the ancient Christians, which is remarkably illustrated, and, to some extent, brought to light, in connexion with this work of S. Irenæus. We mean the extent to which writers on these subjects copied from one another.

S. Irenæus wrote his work about A.D. 187. Very probably, it was within twenty years after this that Tertullian sent out his book against the Valentinians. He uses Irenæus largely throughout: much of the work may be regarded as a compilation from Irenæus; considerable portions being almost word for word transcribed from it: and it appears that, besides having the Greek, he ordinarily used the curious Latin version of which we have spoken. Indeed, he himself (§ 7) professes that he derives his materials from the great writers who had preceded him, the contemporaries of the heretics, Justin Martyr, Miltiades, Irenæus, and Proculus: so that in him we have actually preserved to us the substance of earlier writers.

Not so the next copier from Irenæus, S. Hippolytus: he transcribes largely from the Greek, abridges, embodies, enlarges what he finds in this great historian of heresies; but without the acknowledgments which we find in Tertullian. Here then is a work in which the Greek itself is preserved, but unfortunately chiefly from the same places which had been extracted, and so preserved by others; viz. from the first book; being the account of the Gnostic or Valentinian doctrines. In the fourth century, Eusebius extracted much both from the work against heresies, and from other treatises now lost, bearing on general ecclesiastical history; and Epiphanius copied great part of the first book into his work against heresies. Extracts were made by John Damascene, the compilers of Catenas, and others; Theodoret used it; as did almost all writers on heresies, directly or indirectly.

We must regard the first book of S. Irenæus as having been the great storehouse of information for the ancient Christians on the subject of the Gnostic doctrines. He had examined their writings with diligence, and brought the result of his researches systematically together. And if we would appreciate the value set upon his work, we must suppose that the opinions of the Gnostics would probably be about as little understood by the Christians of those days, as those of the Mormonites, or even the Irvingites, are by most clergymen now. Hence the value of such a book as this of Irenæus.

Accordingly portions of S. Irenæus are found in divers

writers,—Greek, Syriac, and Armenian, as it seems,—and the discovery of the work of Hippolytus added a fresh and to some extent a novel collection of extracts, the use of which makes this edition superior so far to any other.

In connexion with this subject of the heresies, we may observe that Mr. Harvey's edition does not contain the collection of extant fragments of the Gnostic writers, which heretofore has been appended to all editions of this author. There we might read the very words of Valentinus and Ptolemæus; and might see, from their plausible and able writing, the cause of the success they met with, in influencing the opinion of their contemporaries. It may be more correct not to include them with *S. Irenæus*. But we apprehend that, in some respects at least, the Gnostics would be better understood by these fragments than by any dissertation. They would speak for themselves: and, though we should not see the analysis of their errors, we should look on the external features, which they in their own works presented to their contemporaries.

We ought to add that Mr. Harvey has appended, in the place where we looked for the heretics, a collection, in Syriac, of portions of *S. Irenæus*, and an Armenian fragment—partly such as we have already in Greek or Latin, partly new; the new being of questionable genuineness. Especially there is one fragment in Armenian and Syriac, which Mr. Harvey does not seem aware has also been attributed to Melito: an error attributable to Mr. Cureton's having, of the two copies of this same passage contained in a Syriac MS. in the Museum, given to Pitra that in which it was attributed to *S. Irenæus*, and himself published that in which it was called Melito's. If Mr. Harvey refers to Mr. Cureton's '*Spicilegium Syriacum*,' he will find the passage he has printed as *S. Irenæus'* under the name of Melito; and will also, we think, change his view, as to the large portion which he omits, though contained in the Armenian, being an interpolation, when he reads it in Mr. Cureton's Syriac.

The introductory Essay on Gnosticism might, we think, well have been dispensed with, at least in this place. The reason, no doubt, for introducing it, is the additional information which is given on the subject, in the work of *S. Hippolytus*; and also the views put out by Bauer, Neander, Matter and others, which Mr. Harvey seems to have studied. But with all respect for the stores of learning which are exhibited in it, we, for our own part, had much rather have had this new matter used and embodied in a separate work, which might well be a pretty large one; and, if it might be, written by one who could combine the genius

with which Neander has thrown himself into the mind of the Gnostics, with the careful, truthful, accurate and diligent research, and fair statement of all the facts, which distinguish more dull but more reliable authors who have written on this subject. We say this, because every one who thoroughly investigates the subject must find that though he gain invaluable suggestions from Neander, who theorises beautifully for us, and has no difficulties, yet that we must not rely on him alone for a just account of Gnosticism. We must be content very patiently to make our way through dull, dry, and seemingly contradictory facts, if we would truly master the subject. Mr. Harvey is himself one of the more matter-of-fact school. His 'Dissertation' has very much of the dryness which seems necessarily to belong to a legitimate treatise on the Gnostics; and it does not appear to be in his line of thought, to enter into the inner principles of the system. There is a curious evidence of this in the opening of the Essay, where he goes about to show, from the book of Genesis, the external handing down of the primeval revelation, by way of proving that certain religious truths were believed by those who were external to the Jewish Church—Persians, Egyptians, &c.; underrating the fact that there are religious sentiments and ideas, which are somehow or other congenital with the human mind, and are ineradicable from it. It is to man's inner nature, and the ideas and feelings which live there, that we must look for the interpretation of the riddles of Gnosticism.

We give the opening of the essay as a specimen of Mr. Harvey's style of thought and expression:—

'The Gnostic system, in its original development, marks an earnest endeavour on the part of the human intellect to recur to certain primary principles, that gave a starting-point to the philosophical theories of Greece, and that subsisted among other races also, in proportion to their civilisation, as the arcane soul of their faith in things unseen. That glimpses of truth, of which man had an unclouded view in Paradise, were still retained in the earliest ages of the world, is very evident, so far as the Bible has revealed to us the religious history of the various families of the human race after the deluge. For a time, at least, the traditions of Paradise held their ground; nor had they wholly died away when Christ appeared. Gnosticism applied itself to collect and rearrange these fragmentary portions of truth; although, as might be expected of a work performed without reference to Divine Revelation, the materials were thrown together in much grotesque confusion, and presented at the best a rude and undigested mass of dimly appreciated truth. The Persian theosophy of Zoroaster; the Cabbala, learned by the Jews in Babylon; the Isiacal traditions of Egypt, as refined into a system of harmony by Plato; the arithmetical theories of Pythagoras, possibly of Indian origin, and symbolizing the abstract truth and unlimited power of the Deity,—were severally laid under contribution. They were amalgamated successively by the Gnostic schools, and eventually all met in the Valentinian theory.'

The work of an editor of Irenæus is one of immense difficulty, from the strangeness of the Gnostic notions, and their running out into connexion with the varied schools of Greek philosophy, and the dreamy reveries of Oriental theology; this difficulty is enhanced by the strange Latin and the condition of the MSS. Perhaps this is the most difficult of all the fathers, except Tertullian: the more credit, if he is edited well. Mr. Harvey's illustrative notes show much diligence. The *Varie Lectiones* are, as far as we can see, well given; the readings adopted are good, and the text generally is quite *the best we have*; while the short notes selected from Grabe and Massuet, or embodied in Mr. Harvey's own, seem to be generally well chosen, and introduced with modesty and good taste. The moral qualities of the editor, his sincerity, faithfulness, and earnest wish to do his work well and honestly, strike us very forcibly. Honesty,—real honesty,—is no unimportant quality now-a-days in editors and critics; and Mr. Harvey shows his honesty throughout.

In commenting on defects in the work, which we seem bound as honest critics to do, we wish particularly to have it understood that we do not wish to detract from the merit of the work as a whole; or to speak otherwise than with entire respect of the editor, whose sound views and general right-mindedness we esteem highly.

It appears to us that it would have been better if more time had been devoted to the preparation of the work, which might well have been the employment of many years of the life of a most accomplished editor; and for the proper editing of this work accomplishments are required that are, perhaps, not often found combined—nice scholarship, acuteness, clearness, and comprehensiveness of mind, a familiar acquaintance with patristic writings, and the views and language of the ancient Christians, together with a knowledge of the most advanced criticism of our own day, both on the philosophic theories of the Gnostic schools, on the text of Holy Scripture, and the history of the Church in this early period. Mr. Harvey is known as the author of a valuable selection of patristic writings in proof of the catholicity of the Thirty-nine Articles, in three volumes, called *Vindex Catholicus*; and an original work on the History and Theology of the Creeds; but it is not more than might be expected, that he should not always prove equal to all the requirements which we look for in an editor of S. Irenæus. His knowledge seems to be accumulated rather than really digested and made his own.

Some defects there are which would strike every one, which, though seemingly trifling, it may be right to notice, which, as they enter into the plan on which the work is constructed, might, we think, have been provided against.

The most obvious of these is the principle on which references are made. The principles usually adopted are, to give references to the best editions for original authorities; and for illustration, or further information, to the greatest and best-known writers on the subject. But Mr. Harvey's references are almost always made to his own publications. If a subject is opened, and needs fuller development or illustration, we are referred to the 'History and Theology of the Creeds.' If a Father is referred to, the passage will be found in the *Vindex*.

Thus in vol. ii. at p. 21, note 1: 'Upon this particular text see the Rabbinical Gloss. at p. 267 of the editor's work on the *Creeds*.' At p. 31, note 1: 'The reader may consult the remarks upon this text in the editor's work upon the *Creeds*, p. 278.' At p. 41, note 1: 'Cf. Hist. and Theol. of the *Creeds*, 1—33;' and so *passim*.

Again, in references to Fathers. Of so common a work as the Epistle of S. Clement, we are told, at p. 11, note 3, 'The epistle is found in vol. iii. p. 89, of the editor's *Vindex Cath.*' In the next page, note 3, 'The account of the martyrdom of S. Polycarp is found in the editor's *Vindex Cath.* vol. iii. p. 74.' In p. 13, 'S. Polycarp's epistle is cited, with the reference, '§ 9, *Vind. Cathol.* vol. ii. p. 192.' In the pages 205—10: on a few lines of S. Irenæus on the Eucharist, are notes occupying almost the whole of each page, containing very large extracts from different Fathers; the notes being *disproportioned* to those given elsewhere; but containing almost exclusively passages with references to the *Vindex Catholicus*; with a general intimation in p. 209, after a long list of treatises, that 'some of these treatises are found at length in the *Vindex Cath.*' This does not seem to us desirable, for few readers probably possess Mr. Harvey's works; and in a book published by the Cambridge Press, the individual editor should not be so prominent.

A second defect, and a subject of regret in so nice an edition, is, that, as it appears, the work was sent to the press before the editor had finished it, and that the notes were written as he went on. At any rate, he corrects himself to a degree which is not usual with scholars of such mark as editors of S. Irenæus. We meet, for instance, with such oversights as the following. In vol. i. p. 82, note 3, we read:—

'Monogenes was called the son of Bythus, but *we do not find elsewhere* that the Word was derived by Valentinus from Monogenes by filiation; it is perhaps the author's *own inference*.'

This is rather a bold view to take of S. Irenæus' very exact statement—'καὶ ἄλλον τὸν Λόγον υἱὸν τοῦ Μονογένους;' and accordingly we find it corrected at p. 312 of this same volume,

where, on the words 'per Logon, qui et primogenitus erat Monogenûs,' there is this note:—

'*I. e.* Nus I. i. 2, cf. III. § 6, and correct thereby the statement p. 82, n. 3.'

And again, in vol. ii. p. 40, note 7, on the words 'et initium quidem esse Monogenen; Logon autem verum filium unigeniti,' the editor honestly repeats the acknowledgment of his error, and says—

'LOGOS, therefore, was from *Μονογενής* by filiation; and the opinion stated vol. i. p. 82, n. 3, must be modified. See also vol. i. p. 312, n. 2.'

On the more grave errors contained in a 'hasty note,' in vol. ii. p. 54, retracted at p. 413, we will not dwell; but surely it would have been much better to have cancelled the leaf when the blunders were discovered; and all other errors should have been corrected in a table of *errata*, not in subsequent notes, which a reader might not read in the course of his studies.

The third fault we would observe on in the method of the work, is the adoption of a new division of chapters and sections. It was bad enough before, when one could never know whether lib. i. c. xii. was Grabe's chapter xii. or Massuet's. Two divisions were bad enough. Now we have a third; and in future times careful writers will have to say, 'lib. iii. c. xi. ed. Grabe; c. xxiv. 1, ed. Massuet; c. xxxviii. 1, ed. Harvey,' if they quote a passage on which we have accidentally opened at in vol. ii. p. 131, so greatly do the divisions vary. The fact that there were two divisions already, was no reason for making a third, seeing there is no principle, no objective truth at stake; but it was a reason for taking one of the two, and trying to make that the received division, as Stieren had done by adopting Massuet's division.

These are defects in the plan of the work. There are others in the execution of it. We conceive that we may not be doing an unacceptable service, if we point out a few places among those we have met with in reading the work, in which we think Mr. Harvey has erred, or overlooked what he ought to have noticed. And first, of some connected with *S. Hippolytus*.

The most important accession to any new edition of *Irenæus* at this time was evidently to be derived from that work; and Mr. Harvey has been very diligent in his use of it. But he does not seem to have observed the circumstance that the tenth book of the *Philosophumena* goes over the same ground as the earlier books, and is to a great extent an abridgment or summary of them. Hence we may find many of the *errata* in the MS. of the former books corrected by the latter; and, by a reference to this

part of the work, Mr. Harvey would have been able to correct some of his own conjectures, and to convert others into facts.

Thus, in one instance, the account of a heresy in the tenth book is quite as full as in the seventh,—we mean that of Cerinthus: we will show its use; and illustrate, by a specimen, Mr. Harvey's editorial difficulties.¹ The chapter of our author on this heresy was hitherto extant only in Latin. But Hippolytus, in his work (vii. 33), transcribed the words of Irenæus. Our MS. of Hippolytus, however, is faulty here; and Hippolytus himself seems to have omitted some words, and altered others. The tenth book, c. 21, however, supplies the

¹ To make the subject more clear, we subjoin the three texts, setting the *Vetus Versio* in the middle.

HIPPOLYTUS, lib. vii. c. 33,
pp. 256, 257, with Mr.
Harvey's emendations.

ΙΡΕΝΑΙΟΣ, lib. i. c. 21,
pp. 211, 212.

HIPPOLYTUS, lib. x. c. 21,
pp. 327, 328.

Κήρινθος δέ τις [καί] αὐτὸς
Αἰγυπτίων παιδείᾳ ἀσκη-
θεὶς, ἔλεγεν οὐχ ὑπὸ τοῦ
πρώτου [συρρλ. Θεοῦ] γεγο-
νέναι τὸν κόσμον, ἀλλ' ὑπὸ
δυνάμεως τινὸς κεχωρισμέ-
νης, [συρρλ. καὶ ἀπεχούσης]
τῆς ὑπὲρ τὰ ὅλα ἐξουσίας
καὶ ἀγνοούσης τὸν ὑπὲρ
πάντα Θεόν, τὸν δὲ Ἰησοῦν
ὀπίθετο μὴ ἐκ παρθένου
γεγενῆσθαι, [.....] γεγο-
νέναι δὲ αὐτὸν ἐξ Ἰωσήφ
καὶ Μαρίας οἶον [l. υἱόν,]
ὁμοίως τὰ λοιποῖς ἅπασιν
ἀνθρώποις, καὶ δικαιότερον
γεγονέναι [INT. καὶ φρονι-
μώτερον] καὶ σοφώτερον.
Καὶ μετὰ τὸ βάπτισμα κα-
τελθεῖν εἰς αὐτὸν τὸν [l. ἀπὸ]
τῆς ὑπὲρ τὰ ὅλα αἰθεντίας,
τὸν Χριστὸν, ἐν εἵδει περισ-
τερᾶς. Καὶ τότε κηρύξαι
τὸν γνωστὸν [l. ἄγνωστον]
πατέρα, καὶ δυνάμεις ἐπιτε-
λέσαι, πρὸς δὲ τῷ τέλει,
ἀποστῆναι τὸν Χριστὸν ἀπὸ
τοῦ Ἰησοῦ¹ καὶ τὸν Ἰησοῦν
πεπονθέναι καὶ ἐγγεγῆσθαι,
τὸν δὲ Χριστὸν ἀπαθῆ διαμε-
μενηκέναι πατρικὸν ὑπάρ-
χοντα.

Et Cerinthus autem qui-
dam in Asia, non a primo
Deo factum esse mundum
docuit, sed a Virtute qua-
dam valde separata et dis-
tante ab ea principalitate,
quæ est super universa,
et ignorante eum, qui est
super omnia, Deum. Je-
sum autem subjecit, non
ex virgine natum (impossi-
bile enim hoc ei visum est),
fuisse autem eum Joseph
et Mariæ filium similiter
ut reliqui omnes homines,
et plus potuisse justitia et
prudencia, et sapientia ab
hominibus. Et post bap-
tismum descendisse in eum,
ab ea principalitate, quæ
est super omnia. Chris-
tum figurâ columbæ; et
tunc annunciasse incogni-
tum Patrem, et virtutes
perfectisse: in fine autem
revolasse iterum Christum
de Jesu, et Jesum pas-
sum esse, et resurrexisse;
Christum autem impassi-
bilem perseverasse exist-
entem spiritualem.

Κήρινθος δὲ ἐν τῇ Αἰγύπτῳ
ἀσκηθεὶς αὐτὸς οὐχ ὑπὸ
τοῦ πρώτου θεοῦ τὸν κόσ-
μον γεγονέναι θέλησεν,
ἀλλ' ὑπὸ δυνάμεως τινὸς
ἀγγελικῆς, πολλὰ κεχωρισ-
μένης καὶ διεστῶσης τῆς
ὑπὲρ τὰ ὅλα αἰθεντίας καὶ
ἀγνοούσης τὸν ὑπὲρ πάντα
Θεόν. Τὸν δὲ Ἰησοῦν λέγει
μὴ ἐκ παρθένου γεγεν-
ῆσθαι.¹ [.....] γεγο-
νέναι δὲ αὐτὸν ἐξ Ἰωσήφ
καὶ Μαρίας υἱόν, ὁμοίως
τοῖς λοιποῖς ἀνθρώποις, καὶ
διενηνοχέναι ἐν δικαιοσύνῃ
καὶ σωφροσύνῃ καὶ συνέσει
ὑπὲρ πάντας τοὺς λοιπούς.
Καὶ μετὰ τὸ βάπτισμα κα-
τεληλυθέναι εἰς αὐτὸν ἐκ
τῆς ὑπὲρ τὰ ὅλα αἰθεντίας,
τὸν Χριστὸν, ἐν εἵδει πε-
ριστερᾶς, καὶ τότε κη-
ρύξαι τὸν ἄγνωστον πατέρα,
καὶ δυνάμεις ἐπιτελέσαι.
Πρὸς δὲ τῷ τέλει τοῦ
πάθους ἀποστῆναι τὸν Χρι-
στὸν ἀπὸ τοῦ υἱοῦ πεπον-
θέναι τὸν Ἰησοῦν, τὸν δὲ
Χριστὸν ἀπαθῆ μεμενηκέ-
ναι πνεῦμα Κυρίου ὑπάρ-
χοντα.

¹ Cod. γεγενῆσθαι.

¹ MS. Χριστοῦ.

It will at once be seen how much Mr. Harvey has lost by only using the Greek of the first column. It also shows how far Hippolytus altered the words of Irenæus. The corrections υἱόν for οἶον, ἄγνωστον for γνωστὸν, Χριστοῦ for Ἰησοῦ, had, Mr. Harvey intimates, been pointed out by Bunsen and Dr. Scott.

defects and corrects the errors: *e. g.* (see vol. i. p. 211, line 2, of Mr. Harvey's Irenæus), in the words οὐχ ὑπὸ τοῦ πρώτου [*suppl.* Θεοῦ] γεγονέναι, the Θεοῦ, which Mr. Harvey rightly supplies, as *Deo* occurs in the Latin, is found in S. Hippolytus, lib. x. So for Hippolytus' ἀλλ' ὑπὸ δυνάμεως τινὸς κεχωρισμένης τῆς ὑπὲρ τὰ ὅλα ἐξουσίας, the corresponding Latin is 'sed a virtute quadam valde separata, et distante ab eâ principalitate quæ est super omnia.' Mr. Harvey finds in lib. vii. of Hippolytus the Greek as we have printed it, and he conjecturally inserts καὶ ἀπεχούσης after κεχωρισμένης. But the tenth book of Hippolytus would have supplied the Greek for *valde*, in πολὺ κεχωρισμένης; it would also have given the original words for *et distante* in καὶ διεστώσης, which will at once be recognised as an improvement on καὶ ἀπεχούσης: and it would have shown that probably the true original for *principalitate* is αὐθεντίας; indeed, that word is found again a few lines below in both places of Hippolytus, where the Latin is *principalitate*: the entire passage runs thus in lib. x.—ὑπὸ δυνάμεως τινὸς ἀγγελικῆς, πολὺ κεχωρισμένης καὶ διεστώσης τῆς ὑπὲρ τὰ ὅλα αὐθεντίας. A few lines lower down, the οἶον of lib. vii. is correctly υἷὸν in lib. x. The true original of *et plus potuisse justitia, et prudentia, et sapientia ab hominibus*, is found to be not καὶ δικαιοτέρον γεγονέναι [INT. καὶ φρονιμώτερον] καὶ σοφώτερον, which Mr. Harvey found in the seventh book, and completed by the conjectural addition in []s; but καὶ διειρηνοχεναι ἐν δικαιοσύνῃ καὶ σωφροσύνῃ καὶ συνέσει (ὑπὲρ πάντας τοὺς λοιπούς). In the following lines, for ἀπὸ, which Mr. Harvey conjecturally inserts as the original of *ab* (instead of τὸν, an obvious erratum of a transcriber of the Philosophumena), ἐκ is found in lib. x.; for the erroneous γνωστὸν of lib. vii., the true reading ἄγνωστον; for ἀποστήναι, which Mr. Harvey has incorrectly retained for the Latin *revolasse*, he would have found the true reading ἀποπτήναι; and so would have avoided the error he has made in the hasty note, vol. ii. p. 54, which we have before referred to, and would have recognised that Grabe's correction was well founded,—and lastly, he would have found a confirmation of the most true substitution of πνευματικόν for the mistaken πατρικόν of the text of the Philosophumena, in another mistake, πνεῦμα Κυρίου.

Mr. Harvey's overlooking this valuable passage is the more strange, as in the very next page of his work he cites the tenth book of Hippolytus to clear up the account of the Ebionites,—nay, in the Preliminary Dissertation, p. lxxi. note 3, he actually cites the very words of lib. x., which we have just been adducing, and yet makes no allusion whatever to their bearing on the text of lib. i.

To turn to the last-written part of the work, the Preface, we find another and still more surprising instance of Mr. Harvey's overlooking matter supplied by Hippolytus.

In the Editor's Preface, p. 8, we read:—

'These quotations indeed will not justify the conjecture that Hippolytus was the friend, at whose instance the work "of Irenæus" was written, for the chronology of the two writers makes the supposition wholly untenable; Hippolytus must have been as young, when the work was written c. Hæreses, as Irenæus was when he heard Polycarp. If this was written before A.D. 190, we know that Hippolytus was in his vigour A.D. 250, when he wrote against Noetus.'

How do we know this? where do we find any evidence about it? where does Mr. Harvey go for the facts to settle this point? To Hippolytus' own account of himself in his work, in the now-celebrated contest in which he engaged with the Pope? To the arguments alleged from chronology to prove that the *Philosophumena* was not Origen's? No. Mr. Harvey goes to Epiphanius! He neglects the original, the highest contemporary authority: the writer's autobiography which connects him with several historical personages, and clearly establishes the period at which he lived; and infers his age from the statement of the age of Noetus, made by one who wrote 130 years afterwards.

The evidence of the assertion, startling to a reader in the year 1857, that Hippolytus 'was in his vigour A.D. 250, when he wrote against Noetus,' is contained in two notes which we give entire:

'1. EPIPHANIUS writing A.D. 375, says that NOETUS became heretical about 130 years before; οὐ πρὸ ἐτῶν πλείονων, ἀλλ' ὡς πρὸ χρόνου τῶν τούτων ἑκατὸν τριάκοντα, πλείω ἢ ἑλάσσω. Hær. lvii. i.

'2. ἢν δὲ τὸ σύνταγμα κατὰ αἵρέσεων λβ' ἀρχὴν ποιούμενον Δοσιθεανὸς, καὶ μέχρι Νοήτου καὶ Νοητιανῶν διαλαμβάνόμενον.

To the latter extract no reference is attached; but we recognise it as part of a passage of Photius, about a certain little book written by Hippolytus against thirty-two heresies; 'beginning with the Dositheans, and going down to the Noetians,' which Mr. Harvey alleges to prove that *Hippolytus wrote against Noetus*. It would have been more simple to have referred to the work against Noetus itself, which is extant, and has been well known for more than a century.

But the statement of Epiphanius is incorrect; the date of Noetus, given by him, can be rectified by this very work which the editor has had so much in his hands; whilst the date at which Hippolytus 'was in his vigour' can be pretty exactly ascertained from his own narrative of events, in which he took a most prominent part. Hippolytus says, that Noetus intro-

duced a heresy; that *his followers*, Epigonus and Cleomenes, propagated his doctrine during the episcopate of Zephyrinus; that is, at least, some time *prior to* A.D. 218, at which time also Callistus and Sabellius were promoting the like heresy,—all at Rome; and Hippolytus ‘was in his vigour’ opposing them. Further, it is generally supposed that Hippolytus was killed in the persecution, A.D. 235.

We must presume that Mr. Harvey has only *used* the work of Hippolytus, so far as it seemed to him to illustrate Irenæus, not studied it as a whole; and, further, that he has not taken any interest in the arguments about the authorship, since the personal history of the writer, and the chronology of the events in which he took a part, have so important a place among them, that one who had attended to the subject could not but have known the time at which Hippolytus flourished or Noetus lived.

We will only say further, in regard to this part of the subject, that we are glad to see that Mr. Harvey considers that the Appendix to Tertullian’s *Præscript. adv. Hæreses*, is Hippolytus’ early work; we agree with him, and suppose that what we have is a translation (not improbably by Victorinus Petavionensis, see Oehler’s *Tertullian*, ii. 752), and most likely an abridgment of the original. And we are, also, glad to express our concurrence in his opinion that in a passage in Irenæus about a distinguished disciple of Valentinus, lib. 1. v. 2. (xi. 2. Mass.), *ἐπιφάνης* is an adjective, not, as maintained hitherto by the highest authorities, a proper name. See Mr. Harvey’s note, vol. i. p. 102.

In general we think favourably of Mr. Harvey’s text, and many of his conjectures as to the right readings are good. From some we wish to express our dissent. For instance, that in the following place. In the *Præfatio* to the third book, there occur in the Latin version the following words:—‘propter ‘quod cum sit unius operis *traductio* eorum et *destructio* in ‘multis, &c. In secundo vero *destructa* et eversa sunt quæ ab ‘ipsis male docentur, et nudata et ostensa sunt talia qualia et ‘sunt.’ (Vol. ii. p. 1, lib. iii. *Præfat.*) In a note on the word *destructio*, Mr. Harvey introduces the remark that, ‘A more ‘likely reading seems to be *detectio*, *ἐλεγχος*; and, in the ‘sequel, I would certainly propose *detecta*, as being closely ‘parallel to *nudata* following.’

This seems to us an unfortunate conjecture. What Mr. Harvey calls being ‘closely parallel with,’ is in reality being very nearly ‘equivalent to;’ and that is the strongest reason against reading *detecta*, which would make a very poor repetition of the same thought. But what we wish to observe is,

that Mr. Harvey seems to forget that *destructio* is the technical Latin term for 'disproving.' Hence, what are called *destructive* syllogisms, as opposed to *constructive* syllogisms. Accordingly, in the index of corresponding Greek and Latin words at the end of the volume, we have ἀνασκευάζων λόγος (vol. i. p. 89) as the Greek, for which the Latin translator put, *destructor sermo*; so also we have *destruens, destruxit, destructio*, used in v. 21. 2 (vol. ii. p. 381): in this and the allied sense of refuting.

On the other hand, ἐλεγχος, which Mr. Harvey would introduce here to represent the conjectural reading *detectio*, is already anticipated by the word *traductio*: which is the Latin term used by the translator for ἐλεγχος. Thus, soon after, in a passage (p. 17), the Greek of which has been preserved by Eusebius, the Latin word *traductus* (lib. iii. 4. 1) is found to be the representative of the Greek word ἐλεγχόμενος; nay, in lib. v. 21. 2 (p. 283), Mr. Harvey himself has the following note on the words,—' Dominus itaque *traducens* eum qui esset; ' *Traducens*, exposing, ἐλέγχων, τις ἦν.' (The accent has slipped away from τίς.) And in this very passage we have the words *destructionem et traductionem* brought together; as also (to mention no other places), in the same fifth book in the *Præfatio*, p. 313, we read . . . *traductis* . . . *traductione et eversione*.

There is, we need not say, ample scope for *doctrinal* notes on S. Irenæus: throughout his work important statements and views of doctrine occur, which always suggest, and often require, notes of illustration and explanation—sometimes to make the meaning clear, or remove erroneous impressions; sometimes to exhibit S. Irenæus' special line of thought; sometimes to confirm them by, or contrast them with, those of his own age. Mr. Harvey's notes are *very full* indeed on some portions, *i.e.* on the passage respecting the Eucharist, in which large numbers of extracts are made from other Fathers, expressing the same doctrines as S. Irenæus. In other places where notes seem equally needed, they are omitted, or cursorily written. Some we think we ought to notice particularly. Of course we need not say that Mr. Harvey's general views of doctrine are correct: but we think him at least careless in some important places.

For instance, in lib. iii. c. xx. H. xxi. G. xix. M. Irenæus urges that they who deny our blessed Lord's Divinity, cut themselves off from the benefits of that Incarnation which they deny, and 'continue and die in the bondage of their pristine disobedience, not being united (*commixti*) with the Word of 'God the Father,' (we intentionally avoid a literal translation

of *commixti*); and he proceeds to speak of the Incarnation in very beautiful words, that are cited by Theodoret; concluding with the following noble sentence, which contains those 'household words' among Christians, that ring in our ears in the familiar cadence of Hooker:—

Greek in Theodoret.

Εἰς τοῦτο γὰρ ὁ λόγος ἄνθρωπος,
... ἵνα ὁ ἄνθρωπος τὸν λόγον χω-
ρήσας, καὶ τὴν υἰοθεσίαν λαβὼν, υἱὸς
γένηται Θεοῦ.

Old Latin Version of Irenæus.

Propter hoc enim Verbum Dei
homo; et qui Filius Dei est, Filius
Hominis factus est, . . . commixtus
Verbo Dei, et adoptionem perci-
piens fiat filius Dei.

In this place we are glad to express our concurrence with Mr. Harvey's very happy adoption of *et* before *adoptionem*, from the Clermont MS., against *ut* in all the others; and to consider with him, that the former clause of the apodosis is lost. But what we have to comment on is at the beginning of the note, where Mr. Harvey says, '*Commixtus* is a very inaccurate translation of *χωρήσας*, and bears the taint of Eutychianism. Grabe should be consulted; he supposes that Theodoret's orthodoxy may have caused him to substitute *χωρήσας* for *συγκραθεῖς*, or for whatever other word was read by the translator in the copy.'

We agree with Grabe's view that Theodoret substituted *χωρήσας* for *συγκραθεῖς*, whether from fault of memory or another cause. But we are startled by Mr. Harvey's note; and coincide only with one clause of it, viz. that 'Grabe should be consulted.' It will then be found that Grabe did *not* suppose that it was 'Theodoret's orthodoxy,' but his Nestorian sympathies, which made him avoid a word which had a Eutychian tendency. Massuet joins issue with Grabe; and defends Theodoret, by showing that he would not avoid the expression 'mixed,' of the two Natures, seeing that he himself uses and defends it. His words are:—'Vocabuli quondam exosi vindicias ex professo suscipit, ostenditque *κρᾶσιν* non semper adjunctam habere *σύγχυσιν* seu confusionem: licet ea, quæ conjungantur, per totum invicem misceantur: ut in aere accidit,' &c. But Mr. Harvey most unfortunately says, that *commixtus* 'bears the taint of Eutychianism.'

1. This expression is stronger than Grabe's; and it would have been better if Mr. Harvey had not published this without indicating that if his reader consulted Grabe, he would find a series of instances from primitive writers, who lived chiefly before the controversy on the Incarnation, by whom this very expression was used. Had he read Massuet's note, he would have found the catholicity of the word fully proved; and an instance of its use, as expressing a great doctrinal truth, by S. Leo, the

special maintainer of the true doctrine on this subject. 'Nec sic natura' (these are S. Leo's words) 'in societatem sui Creatoris est assumpta, ut ille habitator, illa habitaculum esset; sed ita ut natura alteri altera misceretur.' So S. Leo.

2. Had Mr. Harvey appreciated the full force of the words he uses when he says, that 'the Greek indicates the loss of *ut homo* before the word *commixtus*,' he would have seen, we think, that Eutychianism does not *really* come into question at all. S. Irenæus is not speaking only of the hypostatic union of the human nature with the Divine in the Person of Christ, but of the union thereby of our human nature with the Word of God, that thereby we 'may receive our adoption, and become the sons of God;' the words *ut homo*, which are to be supplied, mean 'that man,' as such, 'being mixed,' &c. The same word *commixtus* occurs a few lines before, in the words we cited when speaking of those who deny the Incarnation. S. Irenæus says they are 'nondum *commixti* Verbo Dei Patris;' or, as Grabe, in the concluding words in the note alluded to by Mr. Harvey, opposing Erasmus' mistake that S. Irenæus here taught that 'Christ in His human nature was adopted to be the Son of God,' says: 'Quicquid de ista sententia vel phrasi statuatur, hic sane Irenæi locus pro illa haud recte allegatur: neque enim de humana Christi natura in individuo, sed in genere, sive de hominibus Christo per fidem junctis universè loquitur, uti post alios viros animadvertit Feuardentius;' as Grabe himself had already observed in a previous note on the words '*commixti* Verbo,' at the beginning of the chapter; which, in opposition to Feuardent, who explained them 'de communione Spiritus per fidem, spem, charitatem;' he understands 'de unione carnis nostræ in persona Christi.' We agree, then, that 'Grabe should be consulted;' and whoever does consult him, will be amply rewarded.

As to the first words of Mr. Harvey's note, that '*commixtus* is a very inaccurate translation of *χωρήσας*,' let us only consider that the Greek is *χωρήσας τὸν λόγον*, and it will be manifestly incorrect to speak of '*commixtus* Verbo' being a translation of *χωρήσας τὸν λόγον* at all.

In the next page of Mr. Harvey's edition, we meet with the following passage:—

Ὡς περ γὰρ ἦν ἄνθρωπος ἵνα πειρασθῇ, οὕτω καὶ λόγος ἵνα δοξασθῇ· ἡσυχάζοντος μὲν τοῦ λόγου ἐν τῇ πειράζεσθαι, . . . καὶ σταυροῦσθαι, καὶ ἀποθνήσκειν· συγγνωμένου δὲ τῷ ἀνθρώπῳ ἐν τῷ νικᾶν, καὶ ὑπομένειν, καὶ χρηστεύεσθαι, καὶ ἀνίστασθαι, καὶ ἀναλαμβάνεσθαι.

Sicut enim homo erat, ut tentaretur: sic et Verbum ut glorificaretur: requiescente quidem Verbo, ut posset tentari, et inhonorari, et crucifigi, et mori; absorpto autem homine in eo quod vincit, et sustinet, . . . et resurgit, et assumitur.

Here, again, is a grave discrepancy between Theodoret's Greek and the old version; Theodoret's words, *συγγινομένου τῷ ἀνθρώπῳ*, being in the place of '*absorpto autem homine.*' Massuet's notion that Theodoret quoted from memory, is scarcely tenable; for, why should his memory fail him in the two most critical places in his citations, and fail him too in his own favour? We incline to think, that the alteration of the text of Irenæus was not accidental. We like the Greek phrase better; but we must consider the Latin correct: and that the expression '*absorpto*' is introduced as parallel to what S. Irenæus said a little before, of 'corruption being swallowed up of incorruption, 'and mortality swallowed up of immortality,' by our union with Christ: '*Quemadmodum autem adunari possemus incorruptelæ et immortalitati, nisi prius incorruptela et immortalitas facta fuisset id quod et nos, ut absorberetur quod erat corruptibile ab incorruptela, et quod erat mortale ab immortalitate, ut filiorum adoptionem perciperemus?*' Here is a manifest allusion to the Apostle's own words, 'that death may be swallowed up of life.' And we see at once why the parallel should be here drawn out in Christ's Person; and in what sense the manhood was 'swallowed up' in the Divinity 'in the victory, and endurance, Resurrection, and Ascension of Christ;' in that its weakness and infirmity became as though they were not.

Mr. Harvey has two notes on this great passage: one on *ἀτιμάζεσθαι* being wanting in the Greek, the other on '*absorpto.*' '*Absorpto*, i. e. in the immenseness of the Deity.' But Christ's manhood was not absorbed in the immenseness of the Deity: its weakness and corruption were swallowed up in the power of the Godhead.

The whole chapter is one of the noblest testimonies to the doctrine of the Incarnation, and our being thereby united with God; and it deserves the most careful study. And we are obliged to say that Mr. Harvey's notes are not calculated to supply all that is required by a student. He must go to Stieren, who reprints *much* from Grabe and Massuet; or, still better, to Grabe and the other old editions, where these truly learned and pious notes are printed entire.

We must notice another note on a subject of ritual very nearly connected with doctrine. In vol. i. p. 163 (lib. i. c. ix. p. 3, Harvey; lib. i. c. xiii. p. 2, Grabe; lib. i. c. xvi. p. 2, Massuet), S. Irenæus incidentally uses the words *ἣν γνώμην καταφύσσαντας καὶ καταθεματίζαντας*: '*quam sententiam digne exsufflantes et catathematizantes, &c.,*' on which Mr. Harvey says:—

'As in Baptism evil spirits were exorcised and driven forth by ministerial *ex-sufflation*; a custom formerly of universal observation, as Gennadius says,

De Dogm. Eccl. 31: Cum sive parvuli sive juvenes ad regenerationis veniunt sacramentum, non prius fontem vitæ adeant, quam exorcismis et exsufflationibus clericorum spiritus ab eis immundus abigatur. So also CYR. HIROS., in *Catech. Præf.* § 5: κὺν ἐμφυσήθῃς κὰν ἐπιορκισθῇς σωτηρία σοι τὸ πρᾶγμα νόμιμον εἶναι. The origin of the practice is best expressed in the following rubric and commencement of one of the prayers in the Syrian order of Baptism:—*Insufflat in aquas tribus vicibus.* O Trinitas, da ipsis Domine, sanctum illum afflatum tuum, quem unicus Filius tuus insufflavisti in sanctos discipulos suos.—SEVERI, *Patr. Rit.*

In the first place, those are not Gennadius' words; they are found in the old editions of his '*De Dogmatibus Ecclesiasticis*,' with much else, that was inserted in the middle of his little work, to contradict and counteract its Pelagianizing. They are the words of Pope Innocent, in his letter to the Bishops of Gaul, which will be found at the end of the tenth volume of S. Augustine's works. But it is a great mistake to connect the *in-sufflation* on the water in its consecration with the *ex-sufflation* of the evil spirits in the previous exorcism of the candidate, at Baptism. This exorcism was a rite 'of universal observation;' and *ex-sufflation*, a blowing away, as it were, of the evil spirits, was a significant part of it (as it was of any exorcism, see those words, in Tertullian's *Apology*, chap. 23, '*de contactu deque afflatu nostro excedunt*'). The *in-sufflation* was an imitation of the act of our blessed Redeemer, when He 'breathed on His disciples, and said, Receive ye the Holy Ghost;' and symbolized the coming down of the Holy Spirit to sanctify the water, as the prayer evidently shows. There is something shocking in the juxtaposition of the two.

But, in fact, the *ex-sufflation* in Irenæus is to be connected with neither of these; but, as the early part of Feuardentius' note would have shown, and his citation from '*Dionysius Areopagita*,' and the references to Tertullian, with the significant act used of old in repudiating the Evil One, by blowing at him, as it were, or spitting: as in Tertullian we have '*cum aliquid immundum flatu explodis*' (ad *Uxorem*, ii. 5); and (De *Idol.* cap. 11) '*Quo ore Christianus turarius, si per templa transibit, quo ore fumantes aras despuet et exsufflabit, quibus ipse pro-spexit?*' Indeed, the word *exsufflare* passed, like *despuere*, into an equivalent for strong contempt and rejection. And of its special use in the form of renunciation in Baptism, a much later writer, the Pseudo-Dionysius, has preserved the record, whilst S. Irenæus' use of the expression here makes it not improbable that it was so used in his day. The Pseudo-Dionysius, *De Eccl. Hier.*, c. 2, says: 'After the candidate for Baptism has been 'undressed by the attendants, the Bishop, placing him with his 'face westward, bids him look in that direction, and strike his 'hands, and blow and spit at Satan twice, and thrice make his

'renunciation.' We think it *not improbable* that it is this special *ex-sufflation* at the renunciation of the devil and all his works, by the person to be baptized, which is referred to by S. Irenæus; though it may be only the general form of detestation and repudiation that he has in mind. But it is certainly not the *exsufflation* of exorcism, when the *person* exorcised was blown on; still less the *insufflation* of consecration, when the *water* was breathed upon.

Lastly, on Scripture interpretation we find a very peculiar notion put out by Mr. Harvey. In lib. I. i. 16, Harvey and Grabe; I. viii. 2, Massuet (vol. i. p. 69), the word *ἐπεκταθεὶς* occurs in the following context: *τὴν τοῦ ἀρχισυναγώγου θυγατέρα, ἣν ἐπιστὰς ὁ Κύριος ἐκ νεκρῶν ἤγειρε, τύπον εἶναι διηγούνται τῆς Ἀχαμὰθ, ἣν ἐπεκταθεὶς ὁ Χριστὸς αὐτὸν [αὐτῶν], &c.* The word seems to express the supposed attitude of our Lord at the raising of Jairus' daughter, as if He had stretched out His arms over her; but Mr. Harvey has another view, and produces this singular notion on the evangelical history. He says: 'The geographical position of our Saviour, when He raised the daughter of Jairus from the dead, very possibly suggested a point of analogy to Valentinus. He was without the boundary of Palestine in the region of Gadara. . . . to which Christ, *ἐπεκταθεὶς* beyond the bounds of the Pleroma, was no doubt considered parallel.'

The wild dreams of Valentinus one often hears of; but this, we think, is too wild even for him. The word *ἐπεκταθεὶς*, which beautifully expresses the attitude of one leaning forward with outstretched arms, does not express a person's going beyond the limits of Palestine or the Pleroma; besides, it is absolutely certain that it was after our Lord had left their country at the request of the Gadarenes, and had passed over again to the west side of the Lake (see S. Mark v. 17—21, and S. Luke viii. 37, 49), that Jairus came to Him. Capernaum is usually considered the scene of the miracle; but whether it was there or not, it was most certainly not in the country of the Gadarenes. We think Mr. Harvey, on further consideration, will withdraw this conjecture.

There is one point of considerable interest in S. Irenæus, which we have reserved to the last: it is one of great importance in itself, and seems to be somewhat inadequately treated by Mr. Harvey; that is, the citations of Scripture, considered as evidencing the readings extant in the MSS. of that time. The Scripture extracts and allusions to Scripture are so many, and the use of Scripture language so pervades the writings of S. Irenæus, that

we might restore great part of the New Testament from his work. He becomes therefore, as the earliest Father whose citations are copious, a witness of great importance with respect to the *text* of the New Testament in the second century. The subject is one of great interest at the present time; and an editor of Irenæus ought not to pass it over. For instance, in lib. iii. 12 (§ 3, 4, Harvey, and Massuet), we have nearly the whole of the 3d and 4th chapters of the Acts of the Apostles extracted; and these remarkably correspond with the peculiar readings of D., the Codex Bezaë, as may be seen by comparing the readings of the two. Now, an intimation as to the MSS., Versions, and citations by Fathers, which agree with S. Irenæus, sufficient to indicate the amount of probability which there is that the variations in his quotations arose from the MSS. he followed, might have been easily made on the authority of the common collections of collations, and given in brief notes. Grabe and Massuet did this in their editions, according to the amount of knowledge possessed in their time.

Besides, there are questions which an editor or annotator who refers to such matters might deal with, to great advantage. For instance, are the Scripture citations in the Latin version of S. Irenæus translated from his Greek, or taken from the then received Latin translation of the New Testament, or accommodated by later transcribers to their text of the Latin Version? In other words, are the Scripture citations found in the Latin, evidences of the state of the Greek text used by S. Irenæus, or only of a current Latin Version? Grabe does occasionally notice these points, and Mr. Harvey also from him, but only occasionally.

For instance, in lib. iii. xvii. 2, on Rom. i. 3, the Latin in the quotation is, *prædestinatus est Filius Dei*; but in S. Irenæus' comment upon it, it is *destinatus*; and in the words that follow, the quotation is, *per Spiritum sanctificationis*; the comment of S. Irenæus, *secundum Spiritum sanctificationis*. Both the readings in each case have some other authority; but *ὁρισθέντος* is the reading of Greek MSS. and Fathers, *prædestinatus* of the Latin Versions.

Had Mr. Harvey passed by this subject altogether, we could have understood that he declined to grapple with it. But he is far from doing so. He continually refers to it. It forms so special and prominent a feature in this edition, that we are compelled to notice it. It is a favourite matter of his investigations; but unfortunately he seems to have used no sources of information, except a Syriac Version of the New Testament, and (as far as we can see) the notes of Massuet and Grabe. He seems not to have availed himself of the labours of critics during

the last 150 years. And he has a peculiar view about S. Irenæus' readings, which may probably be attributable to this ignorance. Mr. Harvey conceives that S. Irenæus was 'as familiar with some Syriac Version of the New Testament, as with the Greek originals;' and that he knew Hebrew very well. He says:—

'A point of some interest will be found of frequent recurrence in the notes; which is, the repeated instances that Scripture quotations afford, of having been made by one who was as familiar with some Syriac Version of the New Testament, as with the Greek originals. Strange *varie lectiones* occur, which can only be explained by referring to the Syriac Version. It will not be forgotten that S. Irenæus resided in early life at Smyrna; and it is by no means improbable that he may have been of Syriac extraction, and instructed from his earliest infancy in some Syriac Version of Scripture. It is hoped also that the Hebrew attainments of Irenæus will no longer be denied.'—*Preface*, p. v.

That Irenæus was ignorant of Hebrew has hitherto been pretty well agreed on. Thus Grabe says (iii. 8, note), in connexion with a strange Hebrew interpretation, that 'Irenæus knew no Hebrew, and had been imposed on by some one;' and Stieren, '*Ex hoc aliisque locis apparet, Irenæum linguæ Hebrææ parum peritum fuisse.*' There are grounds enough from which to form an opinion, from the references to names and sayings in Hebrew and other Oriental languages, which occur to one who is dealing with Gnostic genealogies; and we confess we do not think Mr. Harvey has disproved the generally received opinion that Irenæus was ignorant of Hebrew, as he is reduced to conjectures of altered readings, and other difficult resources, to explain his author's mistakes. And it certainly requires very strong evidence indeed, to show that a Greek Christian bishop in the second century knew anything of Hebrew.

But as to the theory that S. Irenæus' familiarity with a Syriac Version accounts for his readings, let us consider what a strait Mr. Harvey is reduced to, to make his view possible. Smyrna is much nearer Syria than Gaul; but that does not make it at all more likely that Syriac would be known there. And as to the 'Syriac analogies,' a very long list of which is given in the Index, it is plain that the chief part of them are utterly worthless. Those instances only can be adduced as evidence of S. Irenæus being imbued with the Syriac, in which S. Irenæus' reading could only be accounted for by a *peculiarity* of the Syriac, *i. e.* where a reading did not exist in the Greek, or in other versions, but only in the Syriac. Such peculiarity might arise from a mistake by the Syriac translator; or from a Syriac word having two meanings, or being very like some other Syriac word, and so being mistaken by a reader or copyist. On this we are to suppose that S. Irenæus—(who, it is not

denied, knew the Greek original, and was so very familiar with it that his whole style is saturated with Scriptural expressions)—that S. Irenæus went out of his way to make a mistake; that the Syriac Version he had known in his infancy was running in his head; and that, as it might be, he followed the mistake of the Syriac translator, or took the wrong meaning of the equivocal Syriac expression; or read the wrong word where the two Syriac words were very much alike. All this is a monstrous accumulation of improbabilities; the more so, since Irenæus must be supposed to have retained these mistakes,—mistakes of ear as well as eye,—through his whole life, from his ‘earliest infancy’ onwards; that is, all the while that he was habitually and most familiarly studying the Greek originals.

The instances which Mr. Harvey adduces seem to us to be mere fancies, unworthy of notice; and out of the many set down in his *Index*, very few indeed are really instances: we must except against nearly the whole of his ‘Syriac analogies’ on the following ground. The places in which S. Irenæus’ citations agree with the Syriac are *almost all* places where the Syriac agrees with some early Greek MS., or with some other early version; especially is this agreement found with the early Latin Version. This correspondence of versions made about the same period is a fact very well known to critics, and alleged as evidence, and that validly, of the state of the *Greek text* at the period when the versions were made. The very fact that you find a certain reading in the Syriac makes it exceedingly probable that there was a corresponding reading in the Greek; indeed, makes it certain, unless you can suppose that the Syriac translator made a mistake in translating: and then the very mistake, *when explained*, becomes an evidence what the reading was which he had before him. But this fact, Mr. Harvey seems continually to forget. He seems to think that Irenæus’ reading being that of the Syriac, makes it plain that Irenæus derives it from the Syriac. On the contrary, it goes far to prove (except in such cases as we have specified before, where the peculiarity of the Syriac arises from a blunder of the translator or of the copyist) that Irenæus and the Syriac translator both used Greek copies which had the readings in question. And in a great majority of cases, we repeat, this is proved by our actually having MSS. still extant which contain the very reading: or other early versions or citations which equally go to prove that the reading was one that existed in copies of those times.

And here we have occasion to point out another omission in our editor. Whether from not being aware of the *Varia Lectiones* of the Greek Testament, collected in the last one hundred and fifty years, or from not considering their importance, Mr.

Harvey does not mention this fact at all, but puts down these very instances as evidences that S. Irenæus derived his readings from the Syriac. Indeed, he does not seem to be aware of the existence of Greek Testaments with various readings; or to know anything of the labours of his fellow-Cantabrigians, Wordsworth, Alford, and Ellicott: and Lachmann and Tischendorf are utterly ignored. There are some cases which illustrate the mistake of this omission: *e.g.* in vol. ii. p. 58, where Acts iv. 25, 26, is cited. The Latin runs thus: 'Tu es Deus qui fecisti cælum, et terram, et mare, et omnia quæ in eis sunt, qui *per Spiritum Sanctum, ore David patris nostri* pueri tui, dixisti,' &c.; and 'Convenerunt enim vere *in hac civitate* adversus Sanctum Filium Tuum,' &c. The words corresponding to *per Spiritum Sanctum, patris nostri, and in hac civitate*, are not in the common *Textus receptus*: and Mr. Harvey has the following notes: '*Per Spiritum Sanctum.* These words are no portion of the present text, but they are expressed in the Syriac Version, and some Greek MSS.; not so, however, the words *patris nostri.*' Now, the words *διὰ πνεύματος ἀγίου* are in so many Greek MSS. (A, B, E, &c.) so many Versions and Fathers, that Alford, following Lachmann, makes them part of the text: as Lachmann does also the words *τοῦ πατρὸς ἡμῶν*, which have the authority of several versions and of the MSS. of S. Athanasius. Dr. Wordsworth does the same, thus making the Greek text to be exactly that represented by S. Irenæus.

Mr. Harvey's note on the third variation is, '*In hac civitate*, words recognised again in the Syriac;' and then follow the Syriac characters so largely scattered through these notes. But why mention that they are 'recognised in the Syriac,' when they are found in all the chief Greek MSS., all the Versions (except the Arabic in the Polyglotts) and citations of Fathers, and are considered by every critical editor to be a part of the sacred text? The difficulty is, to account for their absence from the printed text of the 16th and 17th centuries.

In the next page, note 2, on Acts v. 31, where the Latin of Irenæus is *exaltavit gloriam suam*, Mr. Harvey prints from Grabe this note: '*Interpres pro δεξιᾷ perperam legit δόξῃ.*' But we know, what Grabe did not, that a corrector of the Codex Bezae, and the Sahidic Version also read *δόξῃ*, agreeing with the doctrine of S. Paul in Rom. vi. 4, 'Like as Christ was raised from the dead, *διὰ τῆς δόξης τοῦ πατρὸς.*'

There is one very important various reading in the text, John i. 18, 'No man hath seen God at any time: the only begotten God (or 'Son' or 'Son of God'), which is in the bosom of the Father, He hath declared Him.' Irenæus cites the verse three times: first, with 'Son of God,' then with the received reading 'Son,'

lastly with 'God;' on the last place Mr. Harvey says, '*Unigenitus Deus*. The text previously quoted indicated *μονογενὴς υἱός*, p. 218; but the agreement of the Syriac Version induces the belief that the present reading *Θεός* was that expressed by Irenæus, and that the previous quotation had been altered to suit 'the Vulgate.' Mr. Harvey might have added that the Vatican and other Greek MSS. authorities, and many versions have *Θεός*; that a considerable number of Fathers read *Θεός*, and that Arius and his master Lucian of Antioch, one of the greatest biblical critics of those days, followed the same reading. So that we cannot think the mention of the Syriac in particular would 'induce the belief' of any one but Mr. Harvey.

On the reading of Gal. ii. 5, which S. Irenæus read, '*Ad horam cessimus subjectioni*,' we have a diffuse note concluding with a statement of Massuet as to the reading of the 'S. Germain Latin MS. supposed to be of the old Italic Version, prior to the Vulgate, which agrees with this reading of Irenæus. Surely, as to the readings of MSS., it is absurd to repeat what was said by Massuet, one hundred and fifty years ago: this is just the point on which one would refer to the most recent authorities.

In consequence of this neglect of all that has been done since Grabe and Massuet, we find the following at vol. ii. p. 26, on Gal. iii. 19. The Latin has, *Quid ergo lex factorum?* Whereon we have the note, 'The interpreter adopts the old Italic Version, for, as Grabe says, *the reading πᾶξων is nowhere found in any Greek MS. authority*.' . . . Massuet says, that in the 'S. Germain copy of the New Testament of the ninth century, in Greek and Latin, the Greek text has τῶν παραβάσεων χάριν, while the Latin, as here, reads *factorum*; a clear proof, as he says, that in some ancient copies πᾶξων must have been written, *but none omitted χάριν*.' This might be quite true, so far as MSS. were known, when Grabe and Massuet said it, but it is not true now. Since their time, fresh MSS. have been found and examined; and two of them (F, G) have the Greek exactly corresponding to S. Irenæus' Latin; we make the statement from Alford and Tischendorf; both MSS. read πᾶξων, and both omit χάριν. Of F, the Codex Augiensis, in the Library of Trinity College, Cambridge, we hope soon to see an accurate copy published; it was highly esteemed by Bentley, and has been collated by Wetstein and Tischendorf. G was published in 1791 by Matthæi.

As to the S. Germain MS., so often mentioned by Massuet, as cited in this edition, Mr. Harvey might have found, by looking at any common book of reference, that it was not worth mentioning. It is simply a transcript of the Codex

Claromontanus, and possesses no independent authority; while of the Codex Claromontanus itself, a fac-simile was published by Tischendorf in 1852. It is, we fear, too manifest that Mr. Harvey has used Grabe and Massuet just when he ought to have known that they were altogether antiquated, and only likely to mislead him; and in this one most important branch of S. Irenæus' testimony, his notes are worse than useless: they are deceptive.

And now at length to turn from criticism: and to let our minds repose on the thought of the great work before us: the noble and abiding monument of the faith of Christians when they were within hearing of the voices of the Apostles; of men who had seen and sat at the feet of those who had been their friends and companions, and Bishops, who had been appointed to the churches over which they ruled with Apostolic sanction.

The publication of this work at Cambridge will, we trust, lead to its being read by many who otherwise would not have opened S. Irenæus. And if any such there be, who are wearied and turn away with disgust from the Gnosticism of the first and second books, as most difficult to understand, and not worth understanding were it ever so easy, let us entreat them to look beyond the weary details of *Æons* and *Pleromas*, of *triads*, *octoads*, and *dodecads*, and endless and puzzling genealogies, to the *principles* on which S. Irenæus opposes these wild fancies: to the *doctrines* which he sets forth as held universally and harmoniously by Catholic Churches; to the *ecclesiastical system* which then existed, which was universally believed to be, and which, we are not afraid to say, *could not but have been*, of Apostolic origin: to the *testimony and documents* which he maintains to be the authorities of ultimate appeal—the Holy Scriptures and the uniform teaching of the Christian Church.

Viewed in this light, as embodying these truths, the work of S. Irenæus stands out as some great rock in a stormy sea, beaten against by the waves on every side, but itself utterly unmoved at their impotent attempts. It is *the* great primitive testimony to catholic truth: and that in opposition to the special errors of our own time.

We are not going to dwell on it as the evidence of Episcopacy and Apostolical succession, and of a settled creed, held through the whole Church, and of the unity of faith, and mutual agreement in essential principles among many variations in minor points, that then existed: though we apprehend that these are most essential elements in the great contest between the Church's truth and every form of heresy and unbelief; nor yet on the marvellous testimonies this work contains to

the fundamental verities of the Christian faith—the Incarnation and the Sacraments; but on the cardinal points which distinguish Christianity itself as an authoritative revelation.

For what, after all, was *the* point at issue between S. Irenæus and his opponents? The points of difference were indeed a legion; numerous in names, still more numerous in schools, springing up with a rapidity and a fecundity which have rarely been equalled: exciting the attention and engrossing the interests of a great portion of Eastern and Western Christendom. The heresiarchs were strangely contrasted with each other in opinions, doctrines, principles, practices; going up from the basest superstitions to the most refined and philosophic forms of human thought.

But they all came under one category as contrasted with the Catholic Church: and there was one point really at issue between the two. It was this: Were the doctrines taught by Christ and His Apostles to be simply and entirely received by men or not? Was there any authoritative revelation made, which man was to receive and to believe; or was it open to him to criticize, and accept only so much as approved itself to his own mind?

This question indeed was usually complicated thus: Were the doctrines taught by Christ and His Apostles, as expressed in the Holy Scriptures, and uniformly taught as such by the Bishops of the Churches, to be received or not? In other words, did the Churches, in their common and universal agreement; did the Holy Scriptures of the New Testament, as received by the Church, represent the actual teaching of our Lord and His Apostles or not? But though thus involved, it ultimately ran up then, as now, into the question, Are we simply to believe what our Lord and His Apostles taught, or are we, as from a higher ground, to judge of and criticize it?

Of those against whom S. Irenæus wrote, the highest forms of the Gnostic sects, there were some who disputed the genuineness of particular portions of the Scriptures, or the readings of those which in common with the Church they accepted as written by the Apostles. They criticized and dissevered these writings, and often professed to have other sacred writings of equal authority; but on the whole it was the *authority*, not the genuineness, of the Scriptures which they disputed. It was not so much the question, Did S. Paul write this Epistle? as, Is the teaching of S. Paul in this Epistle true, and of Divine authority? It was not so much a question whether the Bishops of the Churches unanimously taught one faith as from the Apostles: as, whether the teaching of the Apostles themselves was true: or, with some, whether the Apostles themselves had not secretly taught the more in-

tellectual and advanced of their disciples higher and truer views, by which their writings were (however unnaturally) to be explained: while the popular exoteric doctrines, which the Bishops taught and the mass of the believers received, were only those rude and coarse modes of representing sacred truths which alone the multitude were capable of receiving, and which individuals, as they became more advanced in thought and speculation, were to throw aside.

In short, was Philosophy (so-called) to criticize and so to supersede Revelation; or Revelation to rule the speculations of Philosophy on Divine things?

This was the point at issue in the first great contest which Christianity had to wage with its professed adherents, and it was happily settled, while Christianity itself was young and vigorous: and the work of S. Irenæus is one of the great monuments of the battle that was fought.

The principle of Gnosticism, viewed apart from the peculiarities of each form of impiety and superstition which goes under that common name, was the taking up portions of Christianity, facts, doctrines, morals, and combining them more or less with other systems: whether of so-called religion, or of philosophy. The amount of Christianity which was taken up varied so much, that in some of the earlier systems it is scarcely traceable, in some of the later it was professed as being the whole. Some schools, as the Valentinians, or the Bardesanists, who strongly opposed the blasphemies of Marcion, professed to be the true representatives of Christianity, *i. e.* of intelligent, rational, philosophical Christianity. They bore the Christian name; frequented the Christian worship; used the Christian rites, just as philosophical Christians (so-called) might do among ourselves; and complained bitterly of the narrow-minded bigotry and prejudice by which the orthodox would exclude them from communion. But the principle of the sects that varied thus widely was one and the same; they set themselves above the Revelation, and accepted only so much of it as they could take up into, and combine with, their own system.

It is not sufficiently remembered—nay, it is ordinarily quite overlooked—that the higher forms of Gnosticism were philosophic systems, and dealt with the most profound questions of religion: the Divine Being; His attributes, His relations, and works; how the Infinite could act on or create the finite; the origin of the world, with its mixed phenomena of good and evil, the origin of evil; the freedom of the human will; the relation of mind and matter. On these questions the Gnostics speculated according to the views which were to them, as it were, undoubted

fundamental principles. Their theories were based on philosophy, and what were then regarded as most certain truths. That the Infinite God could not *immediately* create the world, that matter was a hindrance to the working of the spirit, that it was the element of all evil, appeared as certain to such philosophers in the second century as the uniformity of the laws of nature does to men of reason in our own day. Hence there were two positions which were found in all the Gnostic systems, how much so ever they might otherwise vary from each other—1. That the infinite and good God could not Himself have created this world, this finite scene of sin and sorrow; 2. That God could not have really become man; ‘*Secundum nullam sententiam hæreticorum, Verbum Dei caro factum est;*’ lib. iii. c. 11. ‘*Omnes hæretici decreverunt, Demiurgum ignorare eam quæ est super eum virtutem.*’ (Ibid.) The existence of innumerable unseen beings above us: the personality of what we call the attributes, or operations of the Divine Being, the idea of emanations, were as familiar to them, as much their settled way of viewing the great and mysterious subject of the Divine attributes and works, as to us they are unfamiliar and unintelligible. We use one set of symbols to represent those subjects, which elude the grasp even of the most subtle intellect; they used a different set.

The Valentinians then, and others like them, had a philosophy, to which some part of the Christian doctrine seemed contradictory: others, if, as they would say, rightly understood, compatible with it, and a new manifestation of what was ascertainable otherwise. The philosophy, they might say, we know to be true; it is proved to us by reason; it harmonises the facts of mind and matter. It was as certain to them as the very reverse is to us.

There was nothing strange in this: each age has had its own philosophy, and by the very force of the terms has been convinced of the truth of that philosophy. We now look back on the systems that have successively ruled supreme over the minds of men, and we find it as difficult, without a steady effort, to realize a past period of intellectual life, as we do to imagine an age of Saurians, or a world of corals; nay, more so, the one being a mental, the other a visible corporeal world. But these philosophies *lived* in their own day; exercised an influence on the reason and the life of their age, as truly and really as those strange monsters breathed, moved, ate and drank, and propagated their kind.

The second century of the Christian era, then, saw a numerous, wide-spread, intellectual body of men, who were quite willing

to accept (with explanations) the facts of Christianity, to approve its morality, to join its worship, to read its Scriptures; but not to submit implicitly to its doctrines. They received it in a philosophical and a 'reasonable' way. It was a fact, which had to be reconciled with other *facts*; as philosophers are ever wont to call their theories.

And this the Gnostics did in a patronising and somewhat supercilious spirit. But the mode of conciliation adopted was one which (unhappily) our own day will easily recognise.

The bishops and clergy were weak and narrow-minded men. The Apostles themselves had been but partially enlightened. They were still influenced by Judaism, and by the views and sentiments with which, as Jews, they had been thoroughly imbued; which lingered in them, and coloured their views, now that they were Christians. They preached the Gospel before they had attained to the full appreciation of the doctrines of the Gospel. Even in the teaching of our blessed Lord there were elements of error, both in itself, and still more so in the colouring given to it by those who transmitted it to us. He Himself was influenced by Jewish prejudices, or at all events He accommodated Himself in the expressions He used, and the notions He recognised, to the deep-seated opinions and views of His hearers. He did not rise above the prejudices of His age, neither did His apostles. Thus were the doctrines and the practical teaching of Holy Scripture alike subjected to the criticism of the human mind, and its judgment was made the standard according to which they were accepted or rejected.

As to the Scriptures of the Old Testament, some supposed them to be the work of an evil spirit; and the God there depicted to be an inferior and an evil being. They alleged the cruelties and immoralities which appeared to be sanctioned in them. And those who held more moderate views, taught that the books of Moses (to take one instance) were not to be regarded (as the Catholics regarded them) as derived from God; nor yet (as some heretics said, seeing that they were imperfect, and contained precepts unsuited to the nature and will of the true God) as the work of His adversary; but that it was more rational to take a middle course, and to regard the law as containing a mixture of the divine and human; the human element being partly Moses's own views, partly additions to his writings by those who came after him.

These views they endeavoured to prove from Scripture; to reconcile with Scripture; or to vindicate from their contrariety with Scripture, by showing that Scripture itself was erroneous in its apparent teaching.

And it is the business of *S. Irenæus* to refute them. Any

one who will pass over the first and second books, and begin to read the third—that is, will take Mr. Harvey's second volume—will find himself amply repaid, and that at the cost of but little that is difficult, or uninteresting.

Thus in the third book, the fifth chapter is taken up with 'a proof that our Lord and His apostles put forth their doctrines in sincerity and truth, and not according to the opinions of their hearers.' 'Our Lord Himself, being the Truth, lied not, and acknowledged not one whom He knew to be the offspring of defection as the God of all, the supreme King and His own Father.' 'These vain sophists said that the apostles taught "in hypocrisy" according to the capacity of their hearers, and answered according to the conceptions of those that questioned them, talking blindly to the blind according to their blindness; to the weak according to their weakness; to the erring according to their errors.' 'This,' he says, 'is not to heal, or to give life, but rather to aggravate and augment their ignorance: and the curse of the Lord would fall on them, as making the blind to err in his way.' He pursues the subject; but we must not go along with him.

In the twelfth chapter of the same book, there is a very able and striking argument in reply to the notion, that in preaching to the Jews the Apostles could only teach them to believe in a God, such as they believed in already. It will be seen how large a space this argument will cover in regard to modern attempts to reconcile some deference for the Apostles and their writings, with the position that their teaching was necessarily limited by the preconceived notions of those whom they had to teach; and, what is most important, that S. Irenæus regarded such views as utterly incompatible with the whole design and aim of Christianity. 'Superfluous et inutilis adventus Domini parebit, siquidem venit permissurus et servaturus uniuscujusque olim insitam de Deo opinionem. Adhuc etiam et multo durius erat, quem hominem viderant Judæi, et cruci affixerant, annuntiari hunc esse Christum Filium Dei, æternum eorum regem.' These last words suggest the utter groundlessness of the whole scheme: seeing that truths the most opposed to the received notions both of Jews and Gentiles, were most emphatically taught.

So in the same chapter, when he treats of the New Testament, he seems almost to be addressing men of our own time, who have taught with the Gnostics of old, 'Apostolos quidem adhuc quæ sunt Judæorum sentientes, annunciasse Evangelium, *sed autem sinceriores et prudentiores Apostolis esse.*' As he had said before in the opening of the third book: 'Neque fas est dicere,

‘quoniam (Apostoli) ante prædicaverunt quam perfectam haberent agnitionem; sicut quidam audent dicere, *gloriantes emendatores se esse Apostolorum.*’ Others he refutes, who thought that S. Paul alone had attained to the knowledge of the truth, in the thirteenth chapter of this same book.

The whole gist of S. Irenæus' argument is contained in this passage, lib. iii. 1, 2. ‘When they are refuted from the Scriptures, they turn to accusing the Scriptures themselves, as though they were not correct, or not of authority, and alleging that they vary in their statements and that the truth cannot be found by those who know not the tradition. For the truth was not delivered in writing, but orally.’ ‘And when again we appeal to this tradition—which is derived from the Apostles, which is preserved in the Church by the succession of elders—they oppose the tradition, saying that they are not only wiser than the elders, but even than the Apostles themselves; and that they alone have discovered the pure truth. For that the Apostles had mixed up what belonged to the Law with the words of the Lord; nay, that words of the Lord Himself were sometimes derived from the Demiurge’ (the framer of this degraded world), ‘sometimes from the intervening principle, sometimes from the Highest: but that they themselves knew the hidden mystery, without any doubting, pure and unmixed.’ ‘Hence, they neither consent to Scripture, nor to the teaching of the Church.’

The light in which these ‘philosophical’ Christians viewed the orthodox, and the manner in which they in turn were treated by them, will be best expressed in the simple Latin (iii. xv. 2): ‘Hi enim ad multitudinem, propter eos qui sunt ab Ecclesiâ, quos *communes* et *ecclesiasticos* dicunt, inferunt sermones, per quos capiunt simpliciores, et illiciunt eos, simulantes nostrum tractatum (pretending to teach as we do), ut sæpius audiant; qui et jam queruntur de nobis, quod cum similia nobiscum sentiant, sine causâ *abstinemus nos a communicatione eorum*, et cum eadem dicant, et eandem habent doctrinam, *vocemus illos hæreticos.*’

It will not be difficult to see that the *principles* on which the Church and the heretics were at issue were vital ones; that they are by no means peculiar to the second century; that the consideration and knowledge of the way in which they were met in that almost apostolic period is of no slight importance to us.

We believe that there are not a few persons who, though affected in a measure by errors such as these,—when such theories are applied only to some particular phrases or doctrines

in Holy Scripture, thinking these mere modes of expression, or accommodations to the views of the new converts, or incidental illustrations,—would yet shrink from rejecting what could be shown to be the real teaching of the Apostles.

Let such consider the argument which pervades the last three books of S. Irenæus, which is to this effect: That these are doctrines which every part of the Church, however varying in language, manners, or civilisation, held and ever had held unanimously, and believed to have been taught by the Apostles themselves and their immediate followers, and by those whom they placed over the Churches,—which had been handed down through a period of only eighty or ninety years from the death of the last Apostle: That these doctrines agreed with Scripture in its natural and obvious interpretation: That the numerous opponents of these doctrines did not deny the patent fact that the Bishops, the public and authorized teachers, had all along held and taught these things; or that they had been taught ordinarily by the Apostles, and that thus they were reduced to the subterfuge, that the Apostles themselves had been only partially enlightened, or had designedly had an exoteric and esoteric doctrine: That this esoteric doctrine they had communicated, not to those to whom, as most trustworthy, they had committed the government of the respective Churches, but to certain private individuals; and that these individuals differed wholly among themselves as to what this secret esoteric teaching was, whilst the various churches, with one faith though many languages, attested by their very agreement the one source from which their doctrines flowed.

We seem to be forced back on the old truth: that the doctrines unanimously held by Christians of S. Irenæus' time, as apostolic, being in harmony, as they are, with their teaching as shown in the Epistles and Gospels, are really what Christ and His Apostles taught, and wished mankind to believe: that is, they are the substance of a Divine Revelation; to be accepted by us as what the Author of our being, our Preserver, Father, Guide, and Judge, wishes us to believe.

We will only make one observation more. It may show us how much we owe—how much they who, during the space of 1600 years and more, have been elevated, comforted, purified by Christianity, have lived in Christian love, and died in faith and hope, owe—to the Bishops of the second century, for maintaining and handing on, under imputations of bigotry and narrow-mindedness, the Faith which they had themselves received.

There was a contest between the Churches, as represented and ruled by the clergy, and a body of philosophical and

intellectual innovators. Let us consider what would have been the fate of mankind if the philosophical school had prevailed. The revealed truth, the teaching of Christ and His Apostles, would have vanished from the earth. There would have been no trace left of definite doctrine, of Scripture read in a spirit of faith, of the Church as an abiding preserver and teacher of the truth. And in their place there would have been but a series of wild theories successively devouring each other.

It may be sufficient to indicate this as one great and important use which may call us to the study of S. Irenæus. On the subjects of the Canon, and the text and interpretation of Holy Scripture, on the whole body of Christian doctrine, and the ecclesiastical and sacramental system, S. Irenæus, from his proximity to the Apostolic times, from the steady way in which he rests upon what was *received*, and *uniformly taught as Apostolic* throughout the Churches, avoiding theories, becomes a most competent and safe witness. His own peculiarities of view, or fancies, as some may think them, of course appear; but they can be severed from that which he delivers as the united and harmonious testimony of all the Churches throughout the whole world.

It is easy, indeed, to take all this on trust. But no intelligent and fairly educated theologian need do this. And the actual reading for one's self part even of such a work as that now before us, would do far more to put a student really into a possession of the doctrines and condition of the Church of those times than any derived histories can do.

- ART. VI.—1. *A Woman's Thoughts about Women.* By the Author of 'John Halifax.' London: Hurst & Blackett.
2. *The Fountain Sealed. Memoirs of Miss Methuen.* Bath: Binns & Goodwin.
3. *English Hearts and English Hands.* London: Nisbet.

THE question of the condition of women and their station in the social economy is not likely to lose its hold on popular interest when once fairly started. It is one naturally to excite mistrust if not disgust amongst the conservative portion of our own sex, who are so far satisfied with things as they are, and with women as they are, that they regard any change, as such, as an unmitigated evil. But the case is very different with the more stirring spirits amongst women themselves. To many an excited female imagination this same word *change* suggests progress, liberty, consequence, independence, and a more equal distribution of this world's good things than has yet been accorded to them; and even where no personal or selfish views are entertained, the subject, once admitted into the female intellect, fructifies there, stimulates to thought, awakes a generous ambition, and develops into expression, various as the temper and views of the writer, but all proving that a chord has been struck which shall vibrate through, and, if they can manage it, shall influence all society. For women are peculiarly alive to the feeling of responsibility; once awake to a full sense of their own power, and the right application of it becomes an absolute burden on their consciences—to a degree which man's more stolid nature can hardly understand, or sympathise with. It must be allowed that the circumstances of the times have much in them to quicken this sentiment. For though women have always exercised a great influence in human affairs before there was so much talk about it, yet the public recognition of the fact, making it one of the current topics of the day, does constitute a change. As soon as it was found that women could wield the pen, this change was really in operation. It is comparatively lately that this admission has been made. Not, of course, that women have not occasionally proved the fact, from Sappho downwards; but so rarely, and under such peculiar circumstances, that its exceptional character only seemed to prove the rule. Now, we find that women write under the ordinary uninspired conditions in which most men write, from no stimulus of genius, but mere exercise of reason and intellect, and the cultivation of such powers as they possess.

Genius, as an utterance by something external to ourselves, has been allowed in times past to be of no sex; but the power of writing without inspiration, which women now show themselves to possess, is a sign of rational progress, and is, we think, a discovery almost of the last half-century. The respectable, creditable, painstaking mediocrity of a large class of female authors, by matching them with the largest class of male writers, has, we suspect, given them a greater lift than any transient ebullition of genius in past times. The public now accepts many women amongst its authorized instructors without doubt, or cavil, or sense of wounded pride. The same readers might have been scared had their works contained *flights* of any kind; but mediocrity, with a vast number of readers in itself, and as a distinct quality, carries weight. The ladies' books are as responsible in their tone, as carefully adapted to the popular view, as those of their rivals more experienced in the public taste; and by this time they are received without jealousy, and as a matter of course: to be heavily sensible, and reasonably prosy, must be allowed to bring any woman into fair comparison with many highly esteemed authors of the sterner sex. We repeat, therefore, that it is a great advance in the popular estimate of woman's intellect, when they can write dull books with as complete and entire impunity as men can. A reproach of sex is wiped away, new terms of equality are introduced, and a solid, lasting hold is gained on the public ear.

When this step is once realized, can we wonder that ambition should awake, that there should be stirrings to win the reward of so much labour; a disposition, as it were, to strike for higher wages; a state of feeling, in fact, such as has already been discussed in these pages? and, on the other hand, must not the growing sense of importance, the perpetual discussion of woman's mission, strike the more philosophic and ethical spirits, and rouse in double force that sense of responsibility which we have alluded to as a feature of feminine nature? *New* duties always weigh on the conscience heavier than established ones; and if the duties are not new themselves, a sense of novelty is thrown around them by the more intelligent spirit in which they are to be undertaken and carried out, and the different position in the moral scale that is assigned to them. It is certain that no prime minister, taking upon him the cares of a great empire, is so impressed with the mighty destinies in his hand and depending on his decisions, as is the mother, the governess, even the nursery-maid duly imbued by a teacher of her own sex with the importance of her task, and the consequences from any failure or shortcoming on her part. It may be that the more every-day

domestic and inevitable class of duties may need this stimulus to secure their careful performance. We are very sure that where the interests of nations are more visibly at stake and seem to hang on the will of one single mind, this pressure of responsibility would paralyse the intellect which can only work freely in great questions, when at once sustained and humbled by the conviction of being simply an instrument in higher hands, doing its best and acknowledging results to be beyond its control. The routine and monotony of female occupation may make it desirable to give prominence to the other side of the question, by bringing to bear on them the doctrine of free will and consequent responsibility. This is evidently the motive of the female moralists now in our eye, whose minds are led by the circumstances of the times to reflect on the position of their sex. With observation thus quickened, they are apt to become ashamed and disgusted with the easy, careless, matter-of-course sort of way in which the real business of womankind is conducted, and are roused to utter their voice of warning. Very fair warning and very good advice it generally is; though, as male and female human nature is pretty much alike in its broadest manifestation, any exclusive teaching which goes upon their differences can hardly fail now and then to be narrow, one-sided and unfair.

The book at the head of our list—'A Woman's Thoughts about Women'—is the work of one of these moralists, and a valuable and creditable example of the thought and mind that is brought to bear on this question. The author has something to say, and she says it well; having, too, won the right of a respectful hearing by having already presented the world with more than one able, interesting, and high-principled novel. Yet it requires to read the book through to form the favourable judgment it certainly deserves. We must not deny, that in the course of our reading we were reminded of its feminine source in a way not flattering to its pretensions to reason and argument; and also, while it maintains the purely didactic strain, we find in ourselves a growing contentment, and as it were a fuller acquiescence in the apostolic ordinance, forbidding to woman the office of public preacher. There have been occasions such as where a raw, unformed curate has amongst his hearers a company of intellectual and superior women, when it has seemed as if the position of teacher and learner might be advantageously reversed: but this book and other very good ones of the same sort make us doubt whether, successful as women have been in so many branches of literature and polite learning, they could ever write good sermons. We see that our heavy friend will find a knack in time which these able

women might search for in vain; an instinct is in him which they want, which will preserve him from certain pitfalls into which they would stumble. His reproof will keep clear of scolding. The particular and local will not triumph in him over the general and universal: his vision may be dim, but nature has given him a wider range. And if this gift is not amongst woman's specialities, there is another power, a question of science rather than of morals, quite as far out of their way—we mean the science of statistics, statistics on a large public scale, for we except household ones. We ought not to generalize on insufficient data; so we will only say that in our own experience we have observed that this is a point on which many women have no rational instincts, and on which they may be deceived and mistaken to any extent. We once knew a woman of really good understanding, a reader and a thinker, one who despised the more trifling interests of her sex, who was seriously troubled by the fact, as she believed it to be, that the balance of the sexes was being changed, and that at that time seven women were being born into the world to one man. Her serious and thoughtful mind was perplexed to know how the world could be carried on under this startling revolution; nor did we find it easy to infuse a doubt as to the reliability of her information.

The authoress of this clever work suffers under a similar apprehension. It is high time, she feels, as indeed it would be, for the single women to look after themselves, and learn to walk alone, when it is an undoubted fact that one-half of our women are *obliged* to take care of themselves. When 'this fact remains patent to any person of common sense and experience, that, in the present day, whether voluntarily or not, one-half of our women are obliged to take care of themselves—obliged to look solely to themselves for maintenance, position, occupation, amusement, reputation, life;' (p. 24) 'of course,' she continues, 'I refer to the large class for which these thoughts are meant—the single women.' Single women, 'cut off,' as she elsewhere says, 'from the natural destiny of their sex,' which would seem to imply that this formidable half have come to the use of their understanding, and have formally abandoned all thought of matrimony. Half our marriageable women, then, are not married, and never will marry. There is nothing like making out a case of urgency before applying the remedy. Now, if we consider that women of the lower class, as a rule, take the kingdom over, do marry; that an old maid is a sort of exception amongst them; and, as the lower classes numerically overbalance the educated ones in an enormous proportion, it is a wonder, by this rule, that we ever meet a married *lady* at all; but even if the writer makes every conceivable reservation and

unlimited demands on our indulgent construction, the statement is simply absurd. It is, however, the basis of her argument, her ground for the seriousness of the crisis. She sees the sexes separated as widely and hopelessly as they sometimes show themselves in a formal tea-party; and what a field, indeed, for anxious speculation! thousands upon thousands of women, voluntarily solitary or forced into independence, who hope for nothing, expect nothing, fear nothing, from the opposite sex—driven into a fierce independence, asking and granting no favour. This broad statement is the starting-point of the book, put forward to rouse women to a sense of the emergency, and to prove to every young girl that, in all probability, she will have, if not to maintain herself—the most frequent lot—at least, to trust to herself, and, therefore, to urge her to learn to work betimes, to gauge her powers by some pecuniary standard, to buckle in earnest to the stern business of life.

Whatever women may say, whatever abstract truth and sense there may seem in this advice, we doubt if it is the nature of man to like it, or to see the fitness of a woman's education preparing her for precisely the same struggle with the world that a man's is designed to do; of her work being appraised by the same standard. Women are charged by these stern moralists with being idle, not simply because all human beings are tempted to idleness, but women as distinguished from men. While 'Tom, Dick, and Harry' are learning to work for their living, their sisters are idle at home. Now we dispute this. Women always seem to us to be very industrious, in their way, head and hands always busily employed upon something. We don't see really that the world would be the gainer by every woman knowing the marketable value of her powers, and occupying herself accordingly. Women are exhorted to work, to have something to do—advice not to be disputed or gainsaid; but it comes to the question, what is work? for women, like men, may be glad to take refuge in something short of the hardest work. If women are to take for their example the methodically industrious men, who are always taxing to the utmost their highest powers; if they are to portion out their time with the same rigidity of rule and order; if there are to be no light, easily laid down employments; if there is to be no leisure, but all important business, we believe that a great deal of the really important business of the world would be brought to a stand-still; society would split into fragments; the cement that keeps it together and makes it adhere being diverted to form some independent structure. Every man—we may be charged with speaking

selfishly—finds the convenience of wife and daughters being able to *leave* what they are about, and *take up* his interests, do his errands, carry out his plans, at a moment's notice. He prefers, it is true, not being interrupted himself, and his wife respects his habits; but he would not like not to be able to interrupt his wife. His house would not be a happier one if his own rule were adopted by the ladies of his family, and there were no soul in the house whose train of thought might be disturbed; whose occupation might be broken in upon. And yet we think this implies a lighter class of current labour in women than is thought right for men. But our author will remind us that she expressly excludes married women from her lectures; that she has only to do with those who have bid farewell to the blissful sense of happy dependence, and have to carve out their own name and fortune. But, at least, this stronger position does not come with birth, nor can we tell on whom it will fall; so that the preliminary education of each class must be the same. While members of a family, girls must not be unfitting themselves for domestic life by setting off to business with the same method that their fathers and brothers do. We dare not say this, for fear of being misunderstood, and supposed to advocate a desultory, helpless, aimless, waiting existence, but that we have more faith than this lady has, in the love of women for occupation. If there are too many idle women, the fault, we think, does not lie so much in them as in a prejudice of society, which we are glad to see combated in books like the present.

But here, it is necessary to enter into the question of What is work? which is not quite so easy to settle as, at first, it appears. Is it earning a livelihood? is it occupation? is it service for others? is it the exercise of our highest powers? is it the search after the greatest good? is it to be tested in operation or by its result? is it the steady devotion of time to stated employments? is it concentration of the thoughts into particular points of time? Our author speaks of it as one of the particular blessings of the poor, that they *have* something to do. This seems, then, emphatically to give mere mechanical labour the title; and it is very true that the greater part of the labour of the human race is merely mechanical; once learn the routine, the head has comparatively little to do. But is it quite fair to call the same employment, where it is pursued for bread, *work*; and where it is taken up for occupation, *idleness*? Rich and poor women alike ply their needles; and why is the sempstress called industrious, and the young lady who plods at her embroidery branded as idle. This idleness seems to mean no more than the preference of a lower to a higher class of labour,

which circumstances may not bring within her reach ; for women do not often fold the hands in indolence. Idleness *pure* does not exist among women as we see it in men. We see no women saunterers to match the *men* saunterers, which every experience supplies. In contrast with man's busy life, our authoress places before young ladies their unproductive existence :—

‘ My young-lady friends, of from seventeen upwards, your time, and the use of it, is as essential to you as to any father or brother of you all. You are accountable for it just as much as he is. If you waste it, you waste not only your substance, but your very souls—not that which is your own, but your Maker's.

‘ Ay, there the core of the matter lies. From the hour that honest Adam and Eve were put into the garden, not—as I once heard some sensible preacher observe—“ not to be idle in it, but to dress it and to keep it,” the Father of all has never put one man or one woman into this world without giving each something to do there, in it and for it: some visible, tangible work, to be left behind them when they die.’

‘ Young ladies, ’tis worth a grave thought—what, if called away at eighteen, twenty, or thirty, the most of you would leave behind you when you die. Much embroidery, doubtless ; various pleasant, kindly, illegible letters ; a moderate store of good deeds ; and a cart-load of good intentions. Nothing else—save your name on a tombstone, or lingering for a few more years in family or friendly memory. “ Poor dear —— ! what a nice lively girl she was ! ” For any benefit accruing through you to your generation, you might as well never have lived at all.’—*A Woman's Thoughts about Women*, pp. 12—14.

Such passages as these, we think, illustrate the difference between truth and truisms. Truisms are statements that can hardly be taken for guides ; people can act on truths, but not on these trite imitations, which never exactly hit the nail on the head. We have observed that women, the most exemplary of their sex, can never approach the subject of their sex's condition without a touch of this quality. Each woman is evidently possessed with the notion of being *sensible* of recalling to her sisters in particular, and mankind in general, certain fundamental principles, lost sight of by such as are hurried along the stream of society, but which they are empowered to express with all the passionate earnestness of strong conviction. But all great fundamental principles of action belong to mankind as a whole ; if they are applied in a one-sided fashion, and addressed solely to half or a quarter of the human race, as though with a special application, ten to one some fallacy creeps in to nullify the force of the statement. Now we really do not know *what* young ladies of seventeen or twenty are required to leave behind them when they die. It seems to be taken for granted that *men* of that standing have such a legacy to transmit to posterity, though wherein the difference in this respect lies between boys and girls we cannot tell. How few do this in any high sense !—for ordinary ‘ *good deeds* ’ are not taken into account, and it seems to

mean something more tangible than 'the memory of the just.' Elsewhere, in the chapter on self-dependence, she writes:—

'We *must* help ourselves. In this curious phase of social history, when marriage is apparently ceasing to become the common lot, and a happy marriage the most uncommon lot of all, we must educate our maidens into what is far better than any blind clamour for ill-defined "rights"—into what ought always to be the foundation of rights—duties. And there is one, the silent practice of which will secure to them almost every right they can fairly need—the duty of self-dependence. Not after any Amazonian fashion; no mutilating of fair womanhood in order to assume the unnatural armour of men; but simply by the full exercise of every faculty, physical, moral, and intellectual, with which Heaven has endowed us all, severally and collectively, in different degrees; allowing no one to rust or lie idle, merely because their owner is a woman. And, above all, let us lay the foundation of all real womanliness, by teaching our girls from their cradle, that the priceless pearl of decorous beauty, chastity of mind as well as body, exists in themselves alone; that a single-hearted and pure-minded woman may go through the world, like Spenser's Una, suffering, indeed, but never defenceless; foot-sore and smirched, but never tainted; exposed, doubtless, to many trials, yet never either degraded or humiliated, unless by her own act she humiliates herself.

'For Heaven's sake—for the sake of "womanhede," the most heavenly thing next angelhood (as men tell us when they are courting us, and which it depends upon ourselves to make them believe in all their lives)—young girls, trust yourselves; rely on yourselves! Be assured that no outward circumstances will harm you while you keep the jewel of purity in your bosom, and are ever ready with the steadfast, clean right hand, of which, till you use it, you never know the strength, though it be only a woman's hand.'—*Ibid.* pp. 34—36.

Here again we think that the obvious truths are overlaid with a certain tone of application, open to question. We do not think it desirable that young ladies should regard the present state of society as something *new* in the world's history, and needing, therefore, a new development of the feminine character. The consequences, if such a conviction were really driven home, would be such as our authoress would deprecate with all her heart. In her chapter on female professions she claims for herself the right of speaking, because she is a working woman herself (and has, indeed, worked to good effect); but here one of these truisms comes in,—'These thoughts, however unsatisfactory, seeing the great need there is of deeds rather than words, are those of a "working" woman.' Now what does this clamour for *deeds* mean? If she works, there are her deeds and her example; but why disparage words, the stock-in-trade of authors, and at the moment, too, when she voluntarily enters on the labour of composition for what she thinks a *most* important object? How little real meaning does this pompous sentiment generally embody. It is in the mock force of such passages as these that a certain flimsiness of style creeps out, which is, we think, a common feature of women's merely didactic efforts.

On the question of what women are really to do that they have never done before, in order to meet the new order of things, our authoress has not many suggestions; not that we would express any wonder or blame at the omission, for it is the point at which every practical mind *must* be brought to a stand. She devotes two chapters to the subject; the first to 'female professions,' which she defines to be, the instruction of youth, painting or art, literature, and the vocation of public entertainment; and in these we find, so far from widening, she limits the range from her strong view of the responsibility of each. As for poor governesses, whom she owns are universally wanted, their calling may be said to be brought to an end. She reasons that if, 'in the most solemn sense, not one woman in five thousand 'is fit to be a mother, we may safely say that not two of that 'number are fit to be governesses.'

'Does any one pause to reflect what a "little child" is? Not sentimentally, as a creature to be philosophised upon, painted and poetised; nor selfishly, as a kissable, scoldable, sugar-plum-feedable plaything; but as a human soul and body, to be moulded, instructed, and influenced, in order that it in its turn may mould, instruct, and influence unborn generations. And yet, in face of this awful responsibility, wherein each deed and word of hers may bear fruit, good or ill, to indefinite ages, does nearly every educated gentlewoman thrown upon her own resources, nearly every half-educated "young person" who wishes by that means to step out of her own sphere into the one above it, enter upon the vocation of a governess.

* * * * *

'Unless a woman has a decided pleasure and facility in teaching, an honest knowledge of everything she professes to impart, a liking for children, and, above all, a strong moral sense of her responsibility towards them, for her to attempt to enrol herself in the scholastic order is absolute profanation. Better turn shopwoman, needlewoman, lady's-maid—even become a decent housemaid, and learn how to sweep a floor, than belie her own soul, and peril many other souls, by entering upon what is, or ought to be, a female "ministry," unconsecrated for and incapable of the work.'

—*Ibid.* pp. 44—47.

With regard to the two next, art and literature, she is not more indulgent. She recommends the burning of half the pictures and books in the world in one great bonfire, as one of the shortest and best modes of illuminating the world. No woman is to attempt to write or to paint till she has examined herself morally and intellectually by the sharpest tests of criticism: she must abide by art's severest canons, one of which is—

'Every person who paints a common-place picture, or writes a mediocre book, contributes temporarily—happily, only temporarily—to lower the standard of public taste, fills unworthily some better competitor's place, and without achieving any private good, does a positive wrong to the community at large.'—*Ibid.* p. 52.

When a woman finds herself equal to the task, she is to throw herself boldly into it.

'Let it always be a fair fight, and no quarter. To exact consideration merely on account of her sex, is in any woman the poorest cowardice. She has entered the neutral realm of pure intellect—has donned brain-armour, and must carry on with lawful, consecrated weapons a combat, of which the least reward in her eyes, in which she can never freeze up or burn out either the woman-tears or woman-smiles, will be that public acknowledgment, called Fame.'—*Ibid.* p. 57.

There is a great sound of conscientiousness in all this; but somehow it does not strike us as the way that good books are written or good pictures painted amongst men. We don't know whether head or heart gains much by so mighty a sense of the importance of what they do. How we spend our time and use our talents is no doubt vastly important to ourselves, for on it hangs eternity; but that one sort of labour should imply so great a sense of its importance above others, we question. Do great writers ever manifest this conscious weight of responsibility? They seem to us to write because it is their calling, because they like it, because they have something to say, or because they want money, and if they are conscientious men they write, just as they speak every day of their lives, conscientiously; but we doubt if men can habitually think much of their responsibility, as being the depositaries of peculiar gifts, without growing pragmatical and conceited, losing consequently their nature and the spontaneity of genius. Surely influence is too subtle a thing to be so confidently reckoned on, and predicted as the unfailing results of any course of conduct. We don't wish to break down the connexion between cause and effect; but things in real life do not bear out quite as the moralists make them. Providence works with inferior tools, with men and women as they are, with anything but model mothers, and teachers, and writers, and it brings to bear against their sins and mistakes, all its armoury of casual influence, chance correctives, and innate resistances. For ourselves, though agreeing in the necessity of securing the utmost amount of excellence and conscientiousness in the conduct of all human affairs, yet we have often been led to wonder and admire how the highest instances of goodness that came before us are of persons who have made the best of small advantages, who have resisted *evil* influences, who have kept themselves pure under difficulties; who have followed heavenly rather than any earthly guidance. These thoughts *must* occur when the doctrine of responsibility is forced beyond due limits, and in this connexion they need no apology.

Passing from female professions to female handicrafts, there are, as we have said, no new suggestions except the examples set up for imitation of two young women carrying on their father's business after his death, though in its nature *not* a

feminine one: this might be oftener done if women were taught accounts and admitted into the mysteries of book-keeping more generally than they are; but as a rule, the needle, the counter, and service, supply the range of occupation, for our authoress does not enter on the merely mechanical handicrafts of the manufacturing districts. No fresh opening is offered to female enterprise and industry. The attempt to raise a higher moral tone in these classes is good; but it is unreasonable to build the argument, that lady-mothers should not object to their sons marrying milliners—that they should not give a decided preference to the professional rather than handicraft class of female workers, on the question ‘is it less creditable to make good dresses than bad books?’ for education and head work must always carry it in society over hand work. But having shut the field of intellectual labour against the great majority of women, it is necessary to advance the other to their notice and respect; though at the same time, while nothing new is suggested to them, and they are assured of their incapacity to compete with men in man’s sphere, the self-created difficulty of an unprecedented number of women being forced on their own exertions for support, meets with no attempt at solution.

The men have reason to feel satisfied with the figure they make under this lady’s pencil. Her own sex, with whom is her main concern, she scrutinises with a daguerreotype eye for weaknesses and failings. But we are exhibited with a fine attention to light and shade, and painted in the grand style. We have great virtues and great faults, but no foibles. Thus men know that time is money, and are never dilatory. Man never haggles or bargains: either his wider experience has enlarged his mind, or he has less time for bargaining, or he will not take the trouble. ‘Men, in their grand, picturesque pride, and reckless indifference to expense,’ cannot understand the temptation to parsimony. Men can keep a secret—‘rarely will a man voluntarily or thoughtlessly betray a friend’s secret.’ ‘More rarely still will a man be heard, as women constantly are, speaking ill of some friend, who, a little while before, was all perfection.’ ‘What is necessary to be said, he will say, but not a syllable more.’ ‘Men are not given to gossip: they will take a vast interest in the misgovernment of India, or the ill-cooking of their own dinners; but any topic betwixt these two is a matter of very minor importance.’ ‘Men lie with greater grandeur than women: wilfully, because they have a purpose: women quite involuntarily, from mere weakness of nature.’ ‘Men never fall into petty quarrels. The fathers, husbands, and brothers have no time to bother them-

'selves about such trifles. If they see fit to quarrel over their two grand *causæ belli*, religion and politics, they do it outright, and either abuse one another like pickpockets in newspaper columns, or take a horsewhip or a pair of pistols, and so end the matter.' The gossip of opposing religionism is a feminine vice; the rector could join with worthy men of every denomination in matters of local improvement; the curate could take a walk with the unitarian or independent minister, if the women would let them. 'But oh, the talk!' &c. &c. And here, while on this question of gossip, though well content with our own dignified posture, and gratified that the ladies should believe us superior to its paltry fascinations, we must say just a word for our weaker sisters, who, in glowing and eloquent terms, are reproached for the smallness and narrowness of their intellect.

'And what a drama! Such a petty plot—such small heroes and heroines—such a harmless villain! When we think of the contemptible nothings that form the daily scandal-dish of most villages, towns, cities, or communities, and then look up at the starry heaven which overshines them all, dropping its rain upon the just and the unjust—or look abroad on the world, of whose wide interests, miseries, joys, duties, they form such an infinitesimal part, one is tempted to blush for one's species.'—*Ibid.* p. 204.

Yes, while the stars are overhead, whose distances they might calculate; while Parliament is assembled, whose debates they might read; while distant nations war, and opposing interests, shaking the ends of the earth, clash, women inanely and stupidly interest themselves in small home politics, the affairs of the parish, the news of the village, the domestic events of their own neighbourhood. One thing is to be said for them, they are *made* so. They have a certain faculty of minute observation which neither the stars nor the debates can furnish congenial food for. They see a hundred things which are there, and which possess a significance, but which man's vision does not take in. All our faculties, great and small, are liable to abuse; and, unquestionably, this feminine quality is a very ensnaring one, and the word gossip has a deservedly ill name, though our authoress's personal experience, and the mischiefs that arise from it, is an unusually large one.

'If I, or any one, were to unfold on this subject only our own experience and observation—not a tittle more—what a volume it would make!

'Families set by the ears, parents against children, brothers against brothers—not to mention brothers and sisters-in-law, who seem generally to assume, with the legal title, the legal right of interminably squabbling. Friendships sundered, betrothals broken, marriages annulled—in the spirit, at least, while in the letter kept outwardly, to be a daily torment, temptation, and despair. Acquaintances that would otherwise have maintained a safe and not unkindly indifference, forced into absolute dislike—originating how, they know not; but there it is. Old companions, that would have borne each other's little foibles, have forgiven and forgotten little annoyances, and kept up an honest affection till death, driven at last into open

rupture, or frozen into a coldness more hopeless still, which no after-warmth will ever have power to thaw.

'Truly, from the smallest Little Peddlington that carries on, year by year, its bloodless wars, its harmless scandals, its daily chronicle of interminable nothings, to the great metropolitan world, fashionable, intellectual, noble, or royal, the blight and curse of civilised life, is gossip.'—*Ibid.* pp. 211—213.

But this is minute observation of character and manners, under the evil influences of idleness, temper, or malice, and offers us no reason against the same habit, or rather instinct, under moral control. Sternly to forbid women to open their mouths on what passes in their minds, is as impracticable as it is harsh. It is very well for a lady who writes novels to treasure up her observations for her books; but the same faculty, in a lesser degree, belongs to her sex. Society furnishes to women the characters for their little romances. To say that women are entirely to quench this faculty, to let their world, wide or narrow—of men and women—pass by, and to utter to no soul their observations, discoveries, speculations upon them, is like forbidding a scientific man to make known the fruits of his insight into the world of matter, and is depriving domestic life of one of its charms; for who does not know the refreshment to the spirits that a lively, intelligent woman can diffuse by simply reproducing, with truth of diction and graphic power, the little adventures of the day, which, as they passed, seemed common enough and barren of interest, but which, under her unconscious skill, arrange themselves into meaning and picturesque order. We do not doubt that our authoress would really so far go along with us—for a liberal and lively mind, as hers must be, cannot turn a deaf or cold ear to the conversation, sweet, loving, genial, and yet full of humour, but allowing no peculiarity which shows *character* to escape, which we have in our thoughts, and of which no experience can be without some example. It is only that in denouncing the abuse of this faculty which common vulgar gossip exhibits, the power itself so peculiarly a woman's gift seems either depreciated, or not recognised at all.

In the chapter on 'Women of the World,' the writer approaches the subject which would seem of universal interest, the amount of income on which it is prudent to marry, on which she speaks very sensibly; though here she is apt to be morbid in her fears, and to show that want of faith in the future, which is the consequence of pursuing every bugbear to its extremest consequences. After describing society, as it now is, under that cloud of disgrace and desuetude into which marriage is fallen, from the growing extravagance of the age, she exclaims:—

'Good God!—the exclamation is too solemn to be profane—if this state of things be true, and it is true, and I have barely touched the outer

surface of its unfathomably horrible truth—what will the next generation come to? What will they be—those unborn millions who are to grow up into our men and our women! The possible result, even in a practical, to say nothing of a moral light, is awful to think upon.’—*Ibid.* pp. 241, 242.

It is a relief after this to see a long list of marriages each Monday in the *Times*’ supplement; it is something towards averting the evil day. As for the question itself, we think a comparatively small section of the community stands for the whole amongst those who have stirred in the question. London life—what is technically called society—either of the middle or higher classes, such as this lady is familiar with, and such as finds expression in the *Times*, is not really the rule for the world at large; young people in the country and in country towns are still content to start in life on very moderate means. We doubt if there is so much difference in the aspirations and desires of this class now from those of their fathers and grandfathers. But there is one important difference: fortunes are not so easily made; life is more of a struggle than it used to be; 300%. a year was more apt, by a natural law, to develop into 600%. or 1,000%. under ordinary prudence and attention to the business or profession than it is now. We really do not believe that households, as a rule, are less economically conducted than they were in the days of vast consumption of ale and wine and spirits, and the days of early dinners, and late suppers, and genial boozing joviality. The lady, perhaps, gave more time and attention to the preparing of good things then than now; but good things will cost money whoever cooks them, and we suspect that the dinner was rather a gainer than the *purse* for the superintendence of the head, whose credit with the husband was immediately at stake, and who tasted the sweetness of seeing the efforts of her own genius appreciated. We believe that the table of the middle classes is less indulgently supplied than it was in our grandfathers’ time. Look at our careworn faces, and the well-rounded bloom set off by their periwigs. Look at our greater longevity, the effect of greater moderation and temperance. Those people did not go without service and attendance; they saw their friends oftener than we do, and the ‘groaning tables’ on such occasions is no *new* expression. To us a certain careless ease and profusion seems to envelope those primitive times. They made and spent their money more easily, and got more comfort and actual enjoyment out of it. We are speaking of the country at large; a very small part of the successors of this easy generation spend their time now in London clubs, though writers on the subject seem to think these vortices absorb them all. On such a question few can safely generalize, because each individual’s experience is limited; we

can only then say, that in our experience this generation has to use and does use *greater* economy than the last; that the desires of young married people are not towards greater expense than their fathers' and mothers' were, though it may go out in different channels—a little more for show and less for comfort; that the young husband spends more time at business than his father did; that the young wife does not visit or receive company as often as her mother did, partly on the ground of expense, and a good deal because the love of visiting has abated since cards ceased to be the general amusement, and people have to find or make conversation instead. Marrying on small means now implies, therefore, much more self-denial than it did forty years ago: because the small means are much more likely than they were to remain always small, and then it is not the question on how small an establishment to set out on married life, but what to do with, and how to educate the family, that sometimes seem to come in an inverse ratio to the means of support, which must be reckoned on. But, still, it all depends on the character of the contracting parties. It needs an uncommon strength and permanence of attachment to be happy in poverty; but a love that carries its votaries triumphantly through the ordeal has something sublime in it. The world ought to have the spectacle for its edification. Prudence should not deprive us of the ideal wife who all her life long finds in her husband a compensation ample and abounding for every privation; who, while her husband is by her side, envies no woman her state pomp and circumstance; who would rather share his poverty than enjoy wealth under any other aspect in which it could be placed before her; to whom the alternative could not come in the form of a temptation; to whom the first illusion lasts through a whole life, and seems to gather strength with years and sorrows. Let such a woman marry on 300*l.*, 200*l.*, 100*l.* a year, she will never repent; love will be her faithful adviser, her teacher in every economic wile; the husband will never have the pain of seeing her suffer under straits and privations; her spirit will bear her up and sustain him with her. But the thing is to recognise such a woman in the *girl*, to be able to distinguish this true love where there are such excellent imitations: for, in fact, she must be taken a little on trust. She will not, perhaps, have the obvious qualities for making poverty respectable, she will have to *learn*; the heart's strong affection must mould her. The clever managing woman, confident in her powers, will not do; she has no inspiration, no guide but common sense, which may carry her through difficulties, but will not make her happy under them. Thus it seems as though we would recommend certain men, for the sake of society, for the chance

of an uncommon and particular blessing to themselves, to run some risks and so to give the world assurance of a wife. If this is not very practical counsel, if it does not throw much light on the question, at least it does as much as all the rest that has been said on it, backed though it be by statistics and housekeepers' account-books; for it must for ever remain, as it always has done, a case for individual decision; no two cases can be alike, scarcely one can be a rule for another.

We have said that it needs a perusal of the whole book to form the favourable judgment it deserves; and this, because the concluding chapters are evidently in a more particular manner the fruit of the author's own thought and observation. There is one on 'unhappy women,' which proves a large, and probably dear-bought experience, with the various maladies of mind and temper, which make—as she says—so many women a torment to themselves, and a burden to all connected with them. We trust she exaggerates their number; but that there is a morbid mental condition peculiar to women, and which may be traced to faults of education, neglect of bodily health, and the want, in maturer age, of an object and purpose in life, cannot be denied. Towards this class our author is both sympathising and judicious. She admits the weight of the demand they make on the patience and forbearance of those, healthier, more vigorous, better regulated, more fortunate; but yet treats their sufferings as real, and deserving compassion and tenderness.

'Infinite, past human counting or judging, are the causes of mental unhappiness. Many of them spring from a real foundation, of sorrows varied beyond all measuring or reasoning upon: of these, I do not attempt to speak, for words would be idle and presumptuous; I only speak of that frame of mind—sometimes left behind by a great trouble, sometimes arising from troubles purely imaginary—which is called "an unhappy disposition."

'Its root of pain is manifold; but, with women, undoubtedly can be oftenest traced to something connected with the affections: not merely the passion called *par excellence* love, but the entire range of personal sympathies and attachments, out of which we draw the sweetness and bitterness of the best part of our lives. If otherwise—if, as the phrase goes, an individual happens to have "more head than heart," she may be a very clever, agreeable personage, but she is not properly a woman—not the creature who, with all her imperfections, is nearer to heaven than man, in one particular—she "loves much." And loving is so frequently, nay, inevitably, identical with suffering, either with, or for, or from the object beloved, that we need not go further to find the cause of the many anxious, soured faces, and irritable tempers, that we meet with among women.

'Charity cannot too deeply or too frequently call to mind, how very difficult it is to be good, or amiable, or even commonly agreeable, when one is inwardly miserable. This fact is not enough recognised by those very worthy people who take such a world of pains to make other people virtuous, and so very little to make them happy. They sow good seed,

are everlastingly weeding and watering, give it every care and advantage under the sun—except sunshine—and then they wonder that it does not flower!

‘One may see many a young woman who has, outwardly speaking, “everything she can possibly want,” absolutely withering in the atmosphere of a loveless home, exposed to those small ill-humours by which people mean no harm—only *do* it; chilled by reserve, wounded by neglect, or worried by anxiety over some thoughtless one, who might so easily have spared her it all; safe from either misfortune or ill-treatment, yet harassed daily by petty pains and unconscious cruelties, which a stranger might laugh at; and she laughs herself, when she counts them up, they are so very small—yet they are there.

“I can bear anything,” said to me a woman, no longer very young or very fascinating, or particularly clever, who had gone through seas of sorrow, yet whose blue eyes still kept the dewiness and cheerfulness of their youth; “I can bear anything, except unkindness.”

‘She was right. There are numberless cases where gentle creatures who would have endured bravely any amount of real trouble, have their lives frozen up by those small unkindnesses which copy-books avouch to be “a great offence;” where an avalanche of worldly benefits, an act of undoubted generosity, or the most conscientious administering of a friendly rebuke, has had its good effects wholly neutralised by the manner in which it was done. It is vain to preach to people unless you also love them—Christianly love them; it is not the smallest use to try to make people good, unless you try at the same time—and they feel that you are trying—to make them happy. And you rarely can make another happy, unless you are happy yourself.’—*Ibid.* pp. 262–265.

This is unhappiness with a reason that may be accounted for; but after delicately touching on one common cause for permanent change of temper, a disappointed affection, she truly adds—

‘There is no sorrow under heaven which is, or ought to be, endless. To believe or to make it so, is an insult to Heaven itself. Each of us must have known more than one instance when a saintly or heroic life has been developed from what at first seemed a stroke like death itself; a life full of the calmest and truest happiness—because it has bent itself to the Divine will, and learned the best of all lessons, to endure. But how that lesson is learned, through what bitter teaching, hard to be understood or obeyed, till the hand of the Great Teacher is recognised clearly through it all, is a subject too sacred to be entered upon here.

‘It is a curious truth—and yet a truth forced upon us by daily observation—that it is *not* the women who have suffered most who are the unhappy women. A state of permanent unhappiness—not the morbid, half-cherished melancholy of youth, which generally wears off with wiser years, but that settled, incurable discontent and dissatisfaction with all things and all people, which we see in some women, is, with very rare exceptions, at once the index and the exponent of a thoroughly selfish character.’—*Ibid.* pp. 267, 268.

Then follow many excellent rules for self-treatment and government under the infliction of low spirits—all the result of thought and sound sense. The following less obvious remedy bears traces of a more particular and exacter sympathy with the disease and its remedies.

'Another element of happiness, incalculable in its influence over those of sensitive and delicate physical organisation, is Order. Any one who has just quitted a disorderly household, where the rooms are untidy and "littery," where meals take place at any hour and in any fashion, where there is a general atmosphere of noise, confusion, and irregularity; of doing things at all times and seasons, or not doing anything in particular all day over; who, emerging from this, drops into a quiet, busy, regular family, where each has an appointed task, and does it; where the day moves on smoothly, subdivided by proper seasons of labour, leisure, food, and sleep—oh, what a Paradise it seems! How the restless or anxious spirit nestles down in it, and, almost without volition, falls into its cheerful round, recovering tone, and calm, and strength.'

"Order is Heaven's first law,"

and a mind without order can by no possibility be either a healthy or a happy mind. Therefore, beyond all sentimental sympathy, or contemptuous blame, should be impressed upon all women inclined to melancholy, or weighed down with any irremediable grief, this simple advice—to make their daily round of life as harmoniously methodical as they possibly can; leaving no odd hours, scarcely an odd ten minutes, to be idle and dreary in; and by means of orderly-arranged, light, airy rooms, neat dress, and every pleasant external influence that is attainable, to leave untried none of these secondary means, which are in the power of every one of us, for our own benefit or that of others, and the importance of which we never know until we have proved them.—*Ibid.* pp. 275—277.

In no part of her book does the authoress come before us in so engaging a light as in her concluding reflections on 'Growing Old.' We trust and believe that she is arranging her ideas and reconciling her thoughts to this period betimes; but such musings can never be premature, and an old age which is remembered in youth, and prepared for in middle life, will be most cheerfully faced, and best entertained, when it comes; though to such minds old age, when it does arrive, is more a matter of faith than of feeling: all the sensations, all the experiences of life keep by them to the end; and how can a woman, who vividly feels still what youth is; whose memory has lost none of the ardours and ingenuousness of that time; with whom the mature business of middle life retains all its interest; whose days are still passed in healthful self-culture and thoughtful service for others—how can she really *feel* old? She needs her glass as a monitor, for in heart such a woman is always young. Our authoress enters playfully on the subject, detailing those all but imperceptible stages by which the idea is first forced on the feminine mind, honest and wise enough to receive the truth in whatever form it comes.

'To feel that you have had your fair half at least of the ordinary term of years allotted to mortals; that you have no right to expect to be any handsomer, or stronger, or happier than you are now; that you have climbed to the summit of life, whence the next step must necessarily be decadence,—ay, though you do not feel it, though the air may be as fresh,

and the view as grand—still you know that it is so. Slower or faster, you are going down-hill. To those who go “hand-in-hand,”

“And sleep thegither at the foot,”

it may be a safer and sweeter descent; but I am writing for those who have to make the descent alone.

‘It is not a pleasant descent at the beginning. When you find at parties, that you are not asked to dance as much as formerly, and your partners are chiefly stout, middle-aged gentlemen, and slim lads, who blush terribly and require a great deal of drawing out;—when you are “dear”-ed and patronised by stylish young chits, who were in their cradles when you were a grown woman; or when some boy, who was your plaything in petticoats, has the impertinence to look over your head, bearded and grand, or even to consult you on his love-affairs;—when you find your acquaintance delicately abstaining from the term “old maid” in your presence, or immediately qualifying it by an eager panegyric on the solitary sisterhood;—when servants address you as “Ma’am,” instead of “Miss;” and if you are at all stout and comfortable-looking, strange shopkeepers persist in making out your bills to “Mrs. Blank,” and pressing upon your notice, toys and perambulators.

‘Rather trying, too, when, in speaking of yourself as a “girl”—which, from long habit, you unwittingly do—you detect a covert smile on the face of your interlocutor; or, led by chance excitement to deport yourself in an ultra-youthful manner, some instinct warns you that you are making yourself ridiculous. Or catching in some strange looking-glass, the face that you are too familiar with to notice much, ordinarily, you suddenly become aware that it is *not* a young face; that it will never be a young face again; that it will gradually alter and alter, until the known face of your girlhood, whether plain or pretty, loved or disliked, admired or despised, will have altogether vanished—nay, is vanished: look as you will, you cannot see it any more.’—*Ibid.* pp. 317—319.

She next adduces the argument which should reconcile her to the discovery, after that ‘one momentary spasm of the heart’ which she allows to every woman on once for all taking leave of her youth.

‘To “grow old gracefully,” as one, who has truly exemplified her theory, has written and expressed it, is a good and beautiful thing; to grow old worthily, a better. And the first effort to that end is not only to recognise, but to become personally reconciled to the fact of youth’s departure; to see, or, if not seeing, to have faith in, the wisdom of that which we call change, yet which is in truth progression; to follow openly and fearlessly, in ourselves and our daily life, the same law which makes spring pass into summer, summer into autumn, autumn into winter, preserving an especial beauty and fitness in each of the four.

‘Yes, if women could only believe it, there is a wonderful beauty even in growing old. The charm of expression arising from softened temper or ripened intellect, often amply atones for the loss of form and colouring; and, consequently, to those who never could boast either of these latter, years give much more than they take away. A sensitive person often requires half a lifetime to get thoroughly used to this corporeal machine, to attain a wholesome indifference both to its defects and perfections, and to learn at last, what nobody would acquire from any teacher but experience, that it is the mind alone which is of any consequence; that with a good temper, sincerity, and a moderate stock of brains—or even the two former only—any sort of body can in time be made useful, respectable,

and agreeable, as a travelling-dress for the soul. Many a one, who was absolutely plain in youth, thus grows pleasant and well-looking in declining years. You will hardly ever find anybody, not ugly in mind, who is repulsively ugly in person after middle life.

'So with the character. If a woman is ever to be wise or sensible, the chances are that she will have become so somewhere between thirty and forty. Her natural good qualities will have developed; her evil ones will have either been partly subdued, or have overgrown her like rampant weeds; for, however we may talk about people being "not a whit altered"—"just the same as ever"—not one of us is, or can be, for long together, exactly the same; no more than that the body we carry with us is the identical body we were born with, or the one we supposed ours seven years ago. Therein, as in our spiritual self which inhabits it, goes on a perpetual change and renewal: if this ceased, the result would be, not permanence, but corruption. In moral and mental, as well as physical growth, it is impossible to remain stationary; if we do not advance, we retrograde. Talk of "too late to improve"—"too old to learn," &c. ! Idle words ! A human being should be improving with every day of a lifetime; and will probably have to go on learning throughout all the ages of immortality.'—*Ibid.* pp. 328—330.

This is not preaching, but practice; the conclusions of a thoughtful mind on a personal question. We can only recommend to our readers the perusal of the whole essay. We have never seen the pleasures of growing old so pleasantly set forth. The treatment of the whole subject is marked by Christian cheerfulness, sound sense, true philosophy, all expressed in the clear, graceful diction which never fails adequately to represent happy thoughts calmly dwelt upon and mastered by a mind satisfied with its lot, and at peace with the world.

And here we leave our agreeable and intelligent authoress, who, if she has now and then appeared too sternly critical of the follies of her sex, we are reminded, may have her reasons, when we survey certain volumes which lie by us, by no means characterised by that ultra-sense, and over-wisdom, which *very* sensible women may find a snare. First, we have a sort of rival lecturer in Miss Augusta Johnstone's 'Woman's Preachings for Woman's Practice,' who pursues a system of indiscriminate bullying; and soundly rates her 'sisters' for all the weakness and folly which she thinks inherent in the sex, in a strain of somewhat coarse and undeserved vituperation: calling upon them to be feminine in very masculine tones. Her perorations originally appeared in a newspaper's columns, whose readers probably will have what they consider a forcible style at any sacrifice, who enjoy hearing people scolded in good set terms; and may like to be told what 'the men' say and think; and who possibly feel the stimulus of such exordiums as 'Aim more at realities, sisters,' and similar rhetorical effects. There is now and then a touch of observation, for we cannot scold poor human nature long together without hitting a blot; though we do not feel the authoress

practical where she rebukes the working woman for her weakness and inexperience, who likes to take her husband with her in her Saturday-night marketings; or expresses contempt for the indolence of women with large families, who do not help their husband's earnings, by undertaking some business on their own account, in addition to their household duties. Next follow some books of apparently less assumption, and with certainly no aim at the preacher's office, or any ambition of utility; but not the less the fruit of the recent stir in the female world, and of the new pretensions to which it has given birth. It is evident that many ladies who in former times would have been content to *talk* nonsense, now think themselves privileged to write it, and to parade in print their folly and fatuity as *the* feminine attractions on which they depend for making a sensation.

In such a book, *e. g.* as 'Mountains and Cities,' the ignorance and impertinence are not the blemishes and drawbacks, but the sole motive power—the inspiration under which the task has been conceived and carried through. The most passing glimpse of what a book ought to be, the faintest perception of what constitutes the merit of other writers, must have brought the writer's own literary effort to an abrupt and abashed conclusion; but no such check interferes with her complacency; and several times the reader is let into her confident hope of gaining a large sum of money by her book, which she assures him is her main motive for this bold venture. In the 'Timely Retreat,' two young ladies inform the world in their preface, that their chief motive for undertaking a journey to India and back by themselves, was that they had the opportunity of collecting together an outfit of unparalleled elegance, consisting of fifty-three dresses apiece—a fact which remains prominent in their minds, after having, as their title explains, just returned in time from one of the main scenes of the Indian atrocities, where many of their companions in gaiety and thoughtless dissipation cannot be supposed to have been so fortunate. The 'Unprotected Female in Norway' is another of these aspirants for fame, and probably more solid advantages, by the bold display of selfishness, frivolity, and defiance of propriety, and an ignorance of the real purposes of travel. Women may have a proscriptive right to talk nonsense; we would not be so ungallant as to deny it to those who claim it for themselves; but for their real good, we trust that the public will show them that the charm of smiles and bright eyes is needed to make nonsense agreeable, and by neglect put a stop to this flood of printed fatuity. But beyond this warning, such performances are not worth mention, and hardly bear on the main idea of this article.

Our next and very different subject cannot perhaps be said

to do so either, except as every manifestation of female character affects our view of it, and so throws light on the question. 'The Fountain Sealed, a Memoir of Mary M. C. Methuen,' is a record, partly by her mother and partly from her own diary, of an uneventful life, which was closed some five years ago, and for which we do not now see any adequate reason for the publication beyond her immediate circle of friends. We mean that we do not quite understand the motive that has influenced Mrs. Methuen in her task; though we have found ourselves drawing a practical moral from it, but one very different from her own persuasion or design. The somewhat fanciful title is intended to denote Miss Methuen's peculiarly reserved character, which her mother professes never to have understood till the perusal of her diary after her death—the depositary of her religious experience from a child till this event took place, in her thirtieth year. Religious diaries can never tell the whole truth of a character; and yet, as no one can write of himself without showing himself, these pages give us insight into a mind, and, what is of more importance to our purpose, into the results of a system of education; for the mind itself was of no remarkable power or intelligence, nor yet interesting as a favoured vessel for the Christian graces; but honesty of purpose and real desire to serve God are apparent amidst many struggles and perplexities. We are sometimes led to suppose, from certain expressions and allusions, that her parents are not members of the Church of England; but the difference, if there be such, is not prominently put forward. The great principle of education was an extreme and absolute seclusion from the world, to which term is given its strict and technical, but not very definable meaning; to us it seems often to have meant forbidding the child to follow the example of others in things indifferent, representing these indifferent things to her as things wrong and sinful in their nature, and imbuing her from her earliest years with the idea that religion consists in outward separation from the habits and customs of society. Now her mind and circumstances were of the kind to make this treatment *tell* in full force; and the diary seems to us to show its effect in anything but a satisfactory way. We see how that reserve of which her mother almost complains was fostered, how a certain irritation and haughtiness of temper was enhanced; we see a continual fret against restraints to which she would only reconcile herself by harsh judgments of perfectly harmless actions expressed with a sort of embittered melancholy painful to dwell upon, and which led her sometimes to write hard things against herself, which either would never have been true or she would never have fancied to be true, if she had been permitted

in moderation the habits and amusements of her class. These pleasures her fancy keenly realized while she strengthened her resignation of them by caustic criticism and satire; for she did dutifully acquiesce, though not without a struggle, in her parents' wishes for her; soothing her feelings by the consolation that it was no want of either wealth or station, but only her own and parents' will, which cut her off from all these earthly delights. To us it always seems to break in upon children's simplicity and trustfulness so early to indoctrinate them with the persuasion that the whole outer world beyond their home is pursuing a sinful course, forgetting heaven and eternity in a life of worldliness—not in sins positive, which even a child's conscience recognises as such, but in a course of action, which *may* certainly be blameless, and whose only intelligible fault is that it is not singular, of which they are incapable of understanding the motives, and which they must censure and call names on *trust*. At the age of seventeen, we find Miss Methuen writing in her diary:—

“Satan has been making a desperate attempt to destroy my soul by dressing up the *world* in such gay colours and beautiful forms, that I have been longing to be in it. When I lately saw C——, how beautiful she looked, how talented, how handsomely dressed, I longed to be like her. I thought to myself, if my mamma were half as much in the world as her mamma is, I should then be just the Christian that I should like to be, enjoying the world and Christ too. What beautiful scenes I should then pass through! I felt just like a worldling. I had no strength, and I cried to the Lord! If it were not for His grace, and the sphere I move in, I should be far from the paths of godliness. I have one eye on Christ, and the other wide open on the world. The eye on Christ is often shut, and I expect the Lord will soon pluck the other out. I now know what it is to drag a body of sin and death after me. I often think how happy are those who enjoy the world and Christ together; yet my conscience will not allow me to do that. Sometimes I think that God wills the salvation of His children, but does not care about their happiness here.”—*The Fountain Sealed*, pp. 62, 63.

Two years later we have the following painful but really significant passage. We know that with many persons a stage of infidelity is esteemed necessary to the spiritual course. It is, we presume, on this ground that the mother accepts it without a moment's misgiving of the system of education and discipline out of which it issued.

“Since I last wrote, my mind has undergone several changes, and I have become imbued with principles of infidelity. For some time previously I had some vague floating thoughts of the kind; so long as Bessie was by my side, she silenced all my arguments; but when she was taken from me, I could open my mind to no one as I could to her. I felt and lamented my loss, and rebelled in my heart against the decrees of God. I thought to myself, ‘Surely, if God loved His people, He would wish their good and their happiness, both of which I have lost in Bessie.’ With such thoughts I was miserable; I cared for no one—was

disgusted with everybody and everything. I felt cross with everyone, especially with mamma. I became then, in the full sense of the word, a *sceptic*. I disbelieved all that I had been taught to look upon as most sacred. I ridiculed religion, and looked at Christians either as hypocrites or insatuated people. I took pains to conceal all this from mamma and papa, as I knew it would make them miserable. Yet at times something within me seemed to tell me that there is a God, and that perhaps the Bible is true; if so, what a dread tribunal awaited me! I should have to appear before a just Judge, and give an account of myself before Him that 'searcheth the heart and trieth the reins!' But I will not repeat all my feelings. Suffice it to say that in this wretched state of mind I continued many months, till a short time ago, when Miss B—— came to stay with us. She soon gained my confidence, and softened down my prejudices by her extreme kindness, and by taking an interest in all my pursuits and studies."—*Ibid.* pp. 68, 69.

We are not disposed to take such statements as these quite to the letter, and believe that the *body* has a great deal to do with them; but they, nevertheless, show a diseased mind, like the assertion, elsewhere expressed, that she often wished to be annihilated; that even when her faith was restored, 'the future 'in this world is indeed sad, for I have very melancholy thoughts 'respecting it;' or again—

"My heart was once so hardened, when in a state of infidelity, that I thought that even if there were a place of torment, I had courage to bear any amount of suffering,—even the flames of hell! Oh! the love of God in saving one who had such blasphemous thoughts. Ah, one time I almost hated Him,—now I love Him with all my heart. Oh! for grace to love Him more."—*Ibid.* pp. 120, 121.

For the sake of the conclusion, the mother heeds little the beginning of this passage, which to us is dreadful, from the sort of morbid satisfaction there is in writing it down, and the restlessness, irritation, and perhaps desolation of mind which it implies. In connexion with this class of thoughts, take the following reflections on society as she sees it. The following scene of dumb show admitted of two interpretations: Miss Methuen's position of complete exclusion *forced* her to apply the least favourable:—

"One day I was observing from the window, a number of smart young ladies congregated at the door of an opposite house. They were *mincing* in their manners. While they were standing there, a young man came out of the house, and seemed as if he could hardly disentangle himself from them. Many thoughts crossed my mind as I looked at this group,—'What a fool they are making of that young man! How can they act with so little sense or dignity! twirling their parasols about—balancing and smiling, and wasting so much time in idle speeches and empty compliments. How much more truly worthy of respect is Miss A——, for instance, who is all day engaged in tuition, going about the town with a busy step, with an honourable object in view—that of supporting herself and her family! And these are immortal beings (thought I), who are thus frittering away the hours of too short a life. Why not rather devote their time to the good of their fellow-mortals? If they need not work for their own livelihood, why not work for the good of others?'"

"A few days after this, I found that two of that group of ladies were *Christian* people whom I knew! How little can we at times judge from the exterior! Yet, why do Christians dress and act so like the world? Though this served as a lesson to me, not to be so hasty in judging, yet it also convinced me of the importance of Christians being in dress and manners different from the world. Had it been so with them, they might have given a sober, serious aspect to the whole group, by restraining the levity of the other young people. . . ."—*Ibid.* pp. 133, 134.

Soon after, she is thrown amongst some relations, and perplexed and harassed by the same train of thought which we give with the mother's comment. We would not advocate any excess of amusement, which we know to be most injurious; but surely there is evidence here of a mind deprived of healthful relaxation, conscious of an enfeebling strain on the natural spirits, and forced as a sort of compensation to consider the spiritual condition of her gay young friends in the most unpromising light it could bear. There is something really shocking in her application to them of the Psalmist's language against the wicked, 'who are so holden with pride, and overwhelmed with cruelty,' because of their uninterrupted prosperity; but she finds the view necessary, in order to reconcile herself to her own uncheerful existence.

"I came here on Monday. Ever since my arrival the house has been full of visitors—three large dinner-parties. At first I thought this is no place for me, but soon I became used to it. At one party I sat next to a very pleasant young person; we conversed on many interesting subjects. I should think she was quite a Christian, though dressed like the world. At the next party, one character interested me much, Miss C—. One or two of her expressions led me to think that she was not devoid of thought on serious things. Yet what a life of gaiety she leads! She has all that heart can desire at her command—always out, or having parties at home. To her such a course can be no excitement, only a necessary stimulant that she cannot dispense with.

"I then considered my own condition, and contrasted my life of seclusion with hers. I shall decline in life without having hardly entered it, or occupying that place in it to which my birth and position entitle me. But I must follow out this picture—how long will it last? I know not; but I know there is a heaven to which I am hastening, and when there I shall doubtless thank God that I have been kept out of these earthly enjoyments, which might have been dead weights in my course heavenward. There is undoubtedly happiness in the world, but it is only passing; yet while it lasts it is pleasant. There may be mortifications also; but what rose is without a thorn? The apostle admits that there are pleasures here, when he says that if we were not for the next world, we should be of all men the most miserable. It is 'through much tribulation we must enter the kingdom of heaven.' The process which purifies us for heaven—which purges away our dross—is commonly a painful one. We must expect sorrow; but when we are with God, we shall see that it was necessary, and shall thank Him for it.

"But suppose I follow her beyond those lower scenes, and hear it said of her 'she had her good things in this life.' Oh! what a painful thought! Where will she then be? Earnestly do I hope that she may be as happy in the next world as she appears to be in this.

“How often lately has my experience been like that of the Psalmist. (Ps. lxxiii.) At first I have been tempted to envy those who seemed so surrounded with earthly pleasures; but, thank God, He always brought me back to see their short duration, and to look forward to that happiness which endureth for ever. No wonder the votaries of the ‘world’ appear so healthy, while they are continually enjoying life, and driving away sorrow and reflection, which tend to weaken the body, though they strengthen the spirit . . .”

‘Happy Mary, who, like her namesake of Bethany, had chosen the better portion, or rather, happy, happy Mary, to whom the Spirit of God had revealed brighter hopes and more enduring bliss than a polluted world could yield her! Yet nature asserted her claims; and it was evident that a struggle went on in her young heart, as she looked on and felt it was a sacrifice to relinquish what seemed to make others so happy, so bright and smiling. Until she went into the sanctuary of God, her spirit was troubled; but in communion with Him who is the light of that sanctuary, she could take a just survey of all around her, and could thank Him from her inmost soul for having kept her from the tempting path of worldly pleasures.’—*Ibid.* pp. 141—143.

We so far differ from this conclusion, that we think we detect defects of character arising from this isolation; a certain selfishness (self coming first in her speculations), a want of that amiability which society especially fosters, and self-consciousness. Thus if she has given way to mirth or spirits, she laments over it, and talks of her ‘unhallowed manner;’ and writes, at sixteen, reprovingly to herself, ‘Oh, what spirits are mine; what a hindrance to communion!’

But these are occasional outbursts; her tendency was rather to brooding, and a certain moodiness of temper, though over all triumphed a genuine faith and obedience; for her acquiescence in her parents’ will is to be admired and approved; and when we find her longing to do some great thing in the service of her Lord, and sympathizing, with self-denial and earnestness, wherever she sees it (even to her mother’s great alarm, when under a High Church garb), we would be the last to pry into the failings of such a character, but that we see in them the effect of over-strictness in externals, of imposing a bondage which neither Scripture, reason, nor experience sanctions. We cannot but think, that had Miss Methuen been permitted to join in the pursuits and to share the habits of young people of her own age, her mother’s watchful care being expended, not in secluding her from all participation in them, but in teaching her moderation and self-discipline in their use, that she would have been spared many temptations, that her character would have gained strength and serenity, and her Christian course would have met with fewer hindrances. The subject is suggestive, and leads us into a wider and more general field of speculation; passing naturally from the treatment of individual minds to that of communities.

We have always thought that it is not sufficiently borne in mind by reformers of manners, and founders of institutions, that the human mind has its trivial side, that it is part of our nature to be frivolous, that a vein of puerility runs through every one of us; that this infirmity is so universal, that no condition of humanity is without it; that it is a weakness that cannot be exterminated. Perhaps it is not easy to express our convictions on this point, and we are conscious of laying ourselves open to the charge of that very common injustice fastening the conclusions of a narrow personal experience on the world at large. But at least one wise man, wise in the peculiar sphere of observation, confirms our idea of the universality of the flaw, and ventures to express it with a boldness we would not wish to imitate. 'I have often thought,' writes Addison, 'if the minds of men were laid open, we should see little difference between that of the wise man and that of the fool. There are infinite reveries, numberless extravagancies, and a perpetual train of vanities, which pass through both. The great difference is, that the first knows how to pick and cull his thoughts for conversation, by suppressing some, and communicating others, whereas the other lets them all indifferently fly out in words.' Without going the length of this bold hyperbole, do not the expressions, 'infinite reveries,' 'perpetual train of vanities,' find a response in most minds, and describe that crowd of aimless, futile, involuntary musings, out of which the true *workings* of the mind, whatever deserve to be called ideas, rise and form themselves we know not how? We talk, indeed, of trains of thought, and of chains of ideas, as though the links were clear and unbroken—for it is not always necessary to acknowledge the weak turmoil that goes on within, which, under judicious management, may be kept pretty much to ourselves;—but do any people's ideas sustain really this majestic march which in courtesy we assume for them? are they not rather clogged and harassed, from their very development, by a thousand impertinent interruptions, suggested (if it were possible to trace them) by the senses, by memory, by association, or some subtleties of our organization, of which we know nothing, and which can never be entirely conquered? The state of mind we attempt to describe is part of the infirmity, not necessarily the sinfulness, of our nature. They are not bad thoughts we wish to indicate, though the soil is congenial enough to noxious weeds—but weak ones, on which it does not alarm us that the All-seeing eye should rest, for our instinct shows them to be too much part of ourselves to dread the knowledge of our Maker, who knoweth that we are but dust; but which we would not for the world expose to any human scrutiny, not the nearest, the dearest, the most indulgent,

under the conviction that the revelation would take them by surprise, and lower us permanently in their estimation. Of course proper watchfulness, and self-discipline, will do much towards keeping this weakness within bounds, but this is all that can be hoped for; the strongest mind will be part of iron, and part of clay, to the end. Indeed, we suspect mere intellect is no guarantee, and offers no freedom from this infirmity. Let each of our readers think for himself of the cleverest man, the one nearest genius of his acquaintance; in the midst of the general superiority and dignity of his character, is not the candid observer, every now and then, in spite of himself, aware of breaks, chinks, and crevices, out of which large *escapes*, so to say, of weakness and puerility fume out, and betray what must be working within? Watch him, and does he not often look *small*, fidgety, tiresome, trifling, anything but great and consistent? And yet do not watch him; take him for granted for his work's sake, if it be good; for why should we lose our ideals? And no human being, we are convinced, in spite of all that biographies say, could ever dispense with the indulgence—shall we say wilful blindness?—of his warmest admirers, and most devoted followers.

To some this may seem a very unprofitable speculation; there is something levelling and unpalatable to our poetical sense in it. It is well to have something to admire with all our hearts; but still it is a truth, however cold-blooded, which should not be out of the minds of those who plan modes of life for others. These may indeed reply, that what intellect cannot effect, grace may, and who can gainsay it? but when grace does so, we are persuaded it is by its miraculous, not its ordinary operations, on which it cannot be judicious to reckon. And on the question of whether this infirmity of our nature can be suppressed, not modified and kept in check, but suppressed, hangs the wisdom or the folly of a great deal of legislation. If you can put it down, and make minds strong, firm, always vigorously occupied in great matters by stringent enactments, frame them by all means. If you can put to flight a swarm of poor helpless fancies, by investing a man in peculiar and forbidding attire, do so. If you can elevate a woman's mind, divest it of vanity, render it simple, unconscious, wrapt in a strain of lofty meditation, by denying her from this day forward the sight of her face in the glass, and the privilege S. Paul allows her, of adorning herself in modest apparel, it is worth the sacrifice to herself, and atones for our own loss also. For it cannot be denied that dress is a fertile field of reverie. The gravest man of our acquaintance would not like to reveal all the thought it costs him—not deliberate, voluntary thought, but

something that takes time, during which he is neither grand nor elevated; and we suppose, it may be assumed that women think still more of it, and with something more of intention and design. But are we sure that when a rigid and disfiguring uniform is provided for both, that a grave and important train of thought is secured, instead of the former feeble self-gratulations or regrets? Does the austerity of the attire keep the mind in check? Can we be sure that thick-coming fancies will not haunt it of the old familiar garb with all its associations? Perhaps it is this very *association* that a change of external habit is designed to quench, and we can imagine with considerable success in many cases, and the legislator seems to have won a victory, but the channel of vanities and reveries *may* simply have changed its course. We have already committed ourselves to the opinion that this condition of our fallen nature cannot be entirely got rid of; and if so, and if the old fields for harmless though profitless musing provided by nature and society are shut out as unlawful and forbidden ground, and so turned into sin, where does the weak point manifest itself? We fear there is danger of its taking a false position, assuming a mask, deceiving the very heart that is its source. If, for example, a woman's thoughts have run upon a ribbon or a curl, or what our grandmothers called a pretty fellow, she at least knows that she is frivolous, and rouses herself, if she have sense at the bottom, from the trumpery speculation with a sense of ingenuous shame; but experience shows us that we may be trivial on important things without knowing it; and here lies the danger, for this phase of mind employed, or rather let loose, amongst our gravest responsibilities may weaken the whole moral fabric by disturbing the sense of proportion. If because the objects which employ our thoughts are serious, weighty, and solemn, we take for granted that our mode of viewing them is serious and weighty too, there is danger of our judgment loosening the reins and the blessed guidance of homely sense being lost to us. There is no merely intellectual mistake which so lowers the tone of the mind and sinks it below its natural level as the loss of the sense of proportion, by which we mean a right judgment on the relative importance of things; and all systems which attempt by laws and penalties to confine the mind in certain rigid channels of thought, that make no allowance for human weakness and *childishness*, so to call it, seem to us to have this tendency.

Perhaps the most extreme instances of this severity are to be found amongst men. There are in other communions, institutions stern as the grave, inexorable against human infirmity, where every light, gay, airy, or trifling motion of the

soul is treated as a crime to be repented of by penances and tears. Into these dreary abodes no eye penetrates, nothing is *known*—we are left to conjecture. Our conjecture then is that the mind under such treatment sinks into the lowest intellectual level of which it is capable, that in material language it loses its *tissue* and becomes a sort of pulp, in which all the ideas connected with the solemnities of eternity and of our own existence hold a different and uncertain aspect, a certain mould of imbecility gathering and mantling over all. There may be minds of vigour and energy enough to resist the influence; but the ordinary effect must be to enervate. However, our concern now is with women, and the effect of what is technically termed strictness upon them. In ordinary cases its pressure must fall with greater weight upon women than men, because of their greater necessary seclusion. For our part, we never see the pretty, utterly useless trifles made by foreign nuns—their cut paper and little gew-gaws of feathers and shells—without a sense of consolation. We regard them as vents and escapes for caged-up fancies. We are sure that a good deal of pointless speculation is bestowed upon them, that many a poor helpless vacant little mind seizes on the fabrication of that worthless frippery with a sort of passion of relief, that it assuages a longing, and that the soul is all the fitter for its round of duties after the craving for the trivial has been satisfied by what is allowed to be lawful food.

This train of thought has been awakened by the experiment of sisterhoods now being tried amongst ourselves under a very different state of things, and certainly with much greater aim at practical utility than in the instances we have alluded to, where monasticism is a time-honoured and unquestioned institution. Indeed, many will see no parallel or analogy between the two; nor is there *necessarily*. A band of ladies, led by the same desire to devote themselves to the service of the poor in Christ, and—supposing they can do so more effectually by united service under a *head*—associating themselves under one roof, has little in common with the seclusion of a nunnery, the work is different, the aim is assumed to be different, and even the pattern they set before themselves is different. Their model is the sister of mercy, not the nun who secludes herself for ever from the world; but there is this at least in common with all such associations, where people agree to live together for the promotion of religious objects, there must be *rules*, and there is a tendency to make these rules stringent. A certain strictness beyond what is found necessary for home rule seems generally to be found essential. The mind is not satisfied without it: the religious instinct craves for it. We believe that strict and

even austere rules are thought necessary to bind together with sufficient cohesion these voluntary associations, a strictness not needed by each individual *soul*, but enforced in order to maintain it one of a certain corporate body; and it is because we think so, because we think that superfluous, and not generally salutary restraints, are applied to these institutions, that we are led, not without doubt and hesitation, to venture some comments and remarks upon their present aspect.

We cannot touch upon this subject without being aware that we may differ from many whose judgment has and ought to have great weight with our readers, as it has with ourselves. Backed as they are by such modern sanction and supported by antiquity, we cannot expect for our own questions and misgivings more than a patient hearing from many who peruse these pages. We say what we have to say as it were under correction. But if we are asked, 'why should friends throw obstacles in the way of a good work, and interfere with an attempt to revive some of the ancient fervour of self-sacrifice in these lax times?' we reply, if sisterhoods are to spread and thrive, they must not shrink from friendly criticism, nor regard every doubt as a sign of opposition. Minds are so made as to see one side of a question more forcibly than another; let every aspect be looked at. If antiquity and the precedent of other countries influence our minds, may not also the conditions of our own times, our national character, our religious and social institutions? Is it necessary that the voice of either should be silenced? If, we say, sisterhoods are to obtain a permanent footing, we are convinced it must be, not by ignoring difficulties, but by facing them and by prudence overcoming them. There must be common homely sense at work in founding any institution for perpetuity, much more for *reviving* one. There must be knowledge of human nature and its weaknesses. The church has always been influenced in its developments by the circumstances of the times; it adopts customs and lays them down. Monasticism began as a sort of necessity before that time. Philip's four daughters prophesied at home. And that country and locality have an influence even where code and creed are the same we need not go further to prove, than by calling on our readers to compare the Roman Catholic Sister of Charity at home and abroad. Look at the Sister in Belgium or Paris, with her easy manner, her nature, and self-possession, stepping along about her work with no more self-consciousness than the artisans or peasants alongside of her, looking, as she *is*, part of the scene and in her place; contrast this cheerful picture with that pair of her fellow Sisters of the same communion in our streets. The harsh contour; the fixed gaze

upon nothing; the heavy, measured, remorseless tread over wet and dry; the evident knowledge that they attract attention; the passive determined ignoring of the fact—at least these are different from our Béguine friend or our comfortable French railway companion. Of course the English spectacle may be thought more impressive by some *because* not so natural. Such sights do impress people differently. We own this rigid vision gives us little pleasure, because, though not for a moment charging these good ladies with affectation in a bad sense, it looks to us a manner assumed because it is thought right, but expressing nothing of the inner working of the mind; and we ask ourselves, why should women make of themselves an anomaly, a startling contradiction, a *protest*? To others the same manner may suggest a habit of fixed contemplation, a fear of this evil world's contamination, minds lifted above this lower scene, hearts habitually commercing with divine things. It may be all this, though it is not easy to abstract the mind in a staring crowd. At any rate, they carry baskets in their hands; they are bound for the dwellings of the poorest: we wish well to their errand, though we may not be able to resist a doubt whether this is the *best* way of doing good for either giver or receiver in our own time, in our own streets, amongst our own population, in this year of grace 1858; that it was in the sixth century or the twelfth century, or the fifteenth, does not of itself prove the point, though it is something towards it.

For ourselves, we cannot but think the circumstances of the times dictate the necessity for considerable modification and change in the attempt to perpetuate, or to revive the old idea. The general advance—amongst women especially—in education and intelligence, and the superior power of self-guidance which these should and do imply, all point, we think, to greater independence of action, variety of occupation, and deference to individual peculiarities. It is unquestionably much more difficult, as we have said, to keep a community going with liberty of action in its members, than where there are irrevocable vows and one rule of blind obedience or routine of service. But cultivated minds, minds of practised discernment in the habit of weighing and judging for themselves, should have the means of using and improving these gifts, or there is a waste of power, or more probably these institutions will never represent the highest qualities of the sex. Of course, the reply may be, that they do not aim at representing its intellect, but its religion and self-devotion. But surely a clear head and sound judgment, and power of self-guidance, are essential to women who choose a path for themselves, and by a strong independent exercise of will separate themselves from

natural ties. The self-will that takes one—perhaps desperate—step alone, only to abandon itself henceforth helplessly to the direction of others, is not a temper to awaken much sympathy. A strong will, allied to a weak character, is an element of disorder and dissolution wherever found, and could not be worse placed than in one of these institutions under *present* circumstances; for here, again, there is a difference between our times and former ones, when parental influence generally favoured institutions of this nature, while now, amongst ourselves, it mostly runs counter to them; when the Church supported them with all its authority, while now it merely permits them and sanctions no vows; and it needs greater strength of character to go with *credit* against than with the stream, so as to prove to the world the right wisdom and self-knowledge which dictated the decision. The stronger spirits must be the pioneers in difficult times to provide a congenial home and refuge for their weaker sisters.

The general discussion now carried on, on the question of the condition of women and their right to greater independence of action, is an opening for religious and benevolent female establishments, which we would gladly see wisely used; and regarding this time as a sort of crisis, we have ventured on a bolder line of comment and criticism than might otherwise have suited us. It is impossible but that the recent painful affair connected with the Sisterhood at East Grinstead must have occurred to our readers, who are, no doubt, too familiar with the details for us to need to enter into them here. On the gross ill-usage to which amiable and excellent ladies were subjected by a brutal mob, we need say nothing: on the outrageous manifestations of temper and feeling on Mr. Scobell's part, it is not our place to enter; he will probably never see, and certainly would not regard, anything we might say. What we have to do with, is the insight which the rage, on both sides, for publishing documents which were never intended for publication, and which ought never to have seen the light, has given us into the design, the practical working, and the state of mind fostered by sisterhoods; or, perhaps, we should say this particular institution, if we would steer clear of injustice. While our respect for the ladies who compose the establishment is in some points enhanced by what has transpired, we yet cannot regard this strange revelation as satisfactory; and when we see excellent and disinterested people falling into scrapes and standing in a false position, while their individual character holds its ground, we are forced into an examination of the system on which they work, and its effect on the minds of those who follow it. We cannot but think this the only reasonable course: to go on

exalting a system because we respect its high aims, and attributing every failure to individual error in its exponents—as an accidental aberration, something which a little good advice will easily remedy—is, we think, an injustice. An intellectual or moral error in a system will break out somewhere. It is all in vain to write as some do,—‘It is disappointing when those whom we could wish to regard with unmixed admiration are content to imperil or disturb their success in what is great and good for the indulgence of a fancy, harmless or even pleasing in itself, but calculated to make their brethren offend.’ But what if the system interferes with the discernment of what is immaterial and what important, and weakens the judgment on this point? What if minds, deprived of natural relaxations, fasten upon the trifles which are permitted to them with the greater tenacity, and cannot and will not let them go? We ought to have more sympathy with their peculiar position than hastily to pronounce that the error, if it was one, was easily to be avoided; it is asking them to forego all the poetry and grace of life.

Another and more important question, which bears, we think, upon the same point—the *system* instead of the individual—is involved in the subject of Confession. We need not enter into the doctrine of *Confession*, because in our view the point lies not in Confession itself, but in the choice of a confessor. Now our abstract notion of a confessor is, that he should not be *too* sympathising. It should not be too easy to tell him our sins, or it will be apt to become a pleasant exercise. There should be something about him always to keep up the first experience of its being a simple duty, without a shade of gratification, to own our errors and weaknesses to him; nothing to tempt to an unnecessary word; a certain coldness, dryness even, would not be out of place. Now, appearances lead to the suspicion that the heads of these institutions require wholly different qualities in this important functionary, and consider tenderness, sympathy, and glow of feeling as the main essentials, added to unlimited patience, forbearance in listening, and an encouraging endurance of details. Nor can we wonder; for have not the inmates under their care sacrificed all other sympathy, all variety of conversation, all refreshment of the intellect, all amusement of the imagination? Thrown back upon themselves in so many ways, can we wonder at this one solace; coming, too, not in the likeness of an indulgence, but of a painful religious duty? We cannot wonder, we do not wish to blame; and the one example of confession without the walls, which has been brought before us, may be no specimen of what goes on within it. But we do not find that any apology is offered, nor any attempt made to show it an isolated instance. We have no reason to suppose

that Miss Scobell's mode of confession, as to its fulness, frequency, length, and the extreme satisfaction she found in it, was thought singular. We can only generalize upon the subject, and regard it in its theoretical aspect. Surely the *fewest* words in which a sin can be defined should be chosen, otherwise the confession of it *will* become an indulgence. In all other circumstances, talking of self, making *self* our theme, is considered a sign of bad taste, and an injurious habit. Can it change its nature because it assumes another name? And if from the sin itself we proceed unchecked to detail the motives and temptations, and provocations that led to it, are not these really excuses? Can vanity be kept out of a multitude of words? And then the delicious feeling of being understood, one of the most subtly sweet sensations of our nature, will make even penance light. When once the shame of owning our sins becomes subservient to the stimulus of talking of self, we are disposed to think confession becomes injurious to the strength and honesty of the mind. When there is the feeling that our confessor sympathises and understands us, there may follow the secret, perhaps unconscious, consolation that we shall not suffer in *his* estimation, and the proceeding changes its nature. These ideas on the subject of confession are obvious enough to those in the ordinary positions of life where Providence has placed them; but it seems universally considered that a closer scrutiny is necessary where any one chooses what is too technically called a holy life—that such a life, as subject to subtler temptations, and involving higher aims, must be watched with a more particular investigation. We own the exotic character of this special culture a little awakes our suspicion: the apparatus, the separation, the vast human agency, the actual expenditure of money, distinguish the professor too pointedly from the ordinary Christian. We cannot but see a danger in it, and we would gladly modify some of the severer ordinances of an institution to place this matter on a different and as we think more healthy footing; for to take the one example before us, though we feel Miss Scobell's character a peculiar one, and no fair rule for others, yet we can at least see from this one extreme instance how weak, feeble, vacillating, and trivial a mind may become, bent on the perpetual inspection and analysis of every passing thought, putting it into body and form, and preserving it for description *viva voce*, or by pen and ink. How the judgment and rational penetration withers under the process, we may judge by the trust placed in the treacherous confidant, who herself seems to have been bewildered out of what conscience she had by being put into a position she could not understand or see the bearings of.

And yet Miss Scobell's home, from whatever cause, was miserable—she was not wanted there; her temper would probably amend, her character gain tone, her life would be spent more usefully and happily amongst congenial and judicious friends, joined together in holy service to God and their neighbour. It is a case, in spite of this unfortunate and unjust exposure, as far as this poor young lady is concerned, to show the use and value of sisterhoods; we will not believe that what we must object to, is an essential part of the idea, though it may be of a certain development of it.

Criticism is too much like—we can hardly avoid its being like—interference with independent action, which we would strongly advocate; but if we question and comment, it is because those who advocate these institutions at all, seem prone to give them a pre-eminence of sanctity and utility over every other form of feminine existence. It is called even a holy life, as opposed to the daughter's life in her father's house. It is in answer to this view, to this assumption as it seems to us, that we will pursue the subject of this institution still further. First. We observe that the avowed object of the Sisterhood of East Grinstead is supposed on all hands to be so practically useful, as well as so admirable, as not to admit of a moment's question. A company of religious and benevolent women, devoting themselves to the care of the sick, and willing to sacrifice *all* considerations of habit, convenience, and even feeling, in the service of the poor and afflicted, certainly does commend itself to our consideration with peculiar claims. Yet there are points in the rules and designs of the institution, which are to us who—we should explain—are far removed from the sight and knowledge of their actual working, not a little perplexing. Of course this admission on our part detracts from our testimony; but there is something so dazzling to the judgment, in the *sight* of self-sacrifice, it is so hard and invidious to witness devotion, and to demur in any way at the mode of its manifestation, that any doubt must be left to those who can only argue the matter on general principles. We will then simply state our difficulty. We have some experience of the poor, both in town and country; for many years we have visited them in their houses, so as to have a fair idea of the average accommodation to be found in their dwellings. We have seen them in sickness, and know the arrangements that are made to nurse and tend upon them; and in no instance of illness that we can recall, do we understand how the presence of a Sister, taking up her abode in the house, night and day, does otherwise than interfere with the habits of the invalid, and his or her family. The Sister's services are supposed to supersede those of the gin-drinking nurse.

Poor people cannot afford to hire the services of a professed nurse ; they nurse one another, and as a whole (of course there are exceptions) they perform this duty admirably, with wonderful patience, with such tenderness, such a willing devotion of strength and time, that, in spite of the tax it undoubtedly is on the powers of *working* people, we should be sorry indeed to see it taken out of their hands. Often, of course, means, time, or skill fail them ; but in *our* experience, the most suitable relief then is the hospital (though we are aware that the facilities for this resource vary indefinitely) ; thus removing the invalid from the already close and inconvenient dwelling, to fresher air and the best medical attendance. But to introduce a new inmate into the family at such a time, and that a lady by birth, and *known* to the patient to be such, to have to find room for her bed in the over-crowded sleeping room, or the suggested 'landing,' not a very common place to find in a poor man's house, in ordinary cases it *must* be simply impossible without turning out half the household ; and where are they to go ? and why should they be turned out ? and yet, where already half a dozen children sleep in a room, is it not a misplaced sacrifice for the Sister to sleep too, and add a seventh ?

There are cases, of course, of wholly friendless persons living solitary lives, and suffering under acute diseases, for we presume no permanent residence is proposed in cases of chronic illness ; but these are so far exceptional cases, that it is not reasonable to found institutions to provide for them. In such instances, daily visits and superintendence, and pecuniary help for the night watching, would certainly be much preferred, and with justice and reason ; for it can be no legitimate source of comfort to the invalid to find, that the menial services bestowed are by birth and habit peculiarly unsuited, and cost the donor an enormous sacrifice ; so great an effort, in fact, that they cannot be given without an entire and permanent separation from the ties of birth, nature, and habit. Cases of fever, or other epidemic, are of course the strong point for proving the utility of the institution ; nor are valuable testimonies wanting to the services of sisterhoods on these occasions. An infectious disorder, so virulent as to frighten away help, and leave the sufferer without aid, has never fallen under our personal knowledge ; in ordinary cases, the poor are foolishly indifferent to infection, and let their children run in the way of typhus and small-pox, in a way to call for interference ; but we have *heard* of such instances, and no doubt the arrival upon the scene of a competent nurse, and that nurse a lady, willing to take upon herself all the painful, and probably revolting, duties of the office, must make a great impression as a religious spectacle, a triumph of grace. But still, if there is

a hospital within reach, and the patient fit for removal (and no nursing is of much use, in a neglected case of bad fever), it must be preferable, on merely sanitary grounds, to take him there; and in cases of illness, these have the first claim on our regard. If possible, quench the infection by removing the source of it; leave the fever nothing to prey upon, and it will die out. On its own ground, it spreads and multiplies its victims. The Sisters return home from their work of love; they take infection with them, and spread it, and die. 'Right dear in the sight of the Lord, is the death of his saints.' 'Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of these, ye did it unto me.' 'Enter thou into the joy of thy Lord!' The individual is blessed in her end; but we have to do with the institution, which should be founded on principles of discretion and respect for human life, and the common weal, and not mainly as a theatre for the exercise and display of self-denial; and above all, not for the sake of impressing the popular mind; otherwise, it becomes a mere question of success. The Lewes mob were not impressed, and then what is there to say?

For ourselves, may we say that we cannot feel the unmixed gratification that so many do, in the contemplation of an educated woman giving up position, and all intellectual work, to become a *mere* nurse in perpetuity. Some of our readers are fathers. Society expects them to educate their daughters carefully, to develop their minds. The child, by being born in a certain position of life, has a *right* to considerable thought, and some outlay of money on her education. The father is not held to have done his duty by her, unless he has her taught, not merely indispensable attainments, but accomplishments; whatever, in fact, cultivates the taste and enlarges the intellect. These are her rights as a born lady; but have rights no corresponding duties? If a father is bound to give his daughter a good education, has she a right to throw it away? and is it not throwing it away, to abandon her home, her circle of friends, and intellectual intercourse, to *confine* herself to the society of the poor, and to menial occupations? We think there is some sympathy due to the father who sees his daughter, when arrived at the age when education should tell upon the character, leave her natural sphere as it seems for ever, and for weeks at a time, as long as there is any call upon her, *always* if there should be always a demand, spend her whole energies in the duties of a common hired attendant in a labourer's family; eating with them, washing for them, associating night and day with them. If cultivation is a real advantage, do not throw it away; if position has a lawful influence, *use* it. Put both to some better account for the poor whom

you love for Christ's sake, than merely turning your back upon them. Circumstances may arise, when the most refined Christian woman will feel it her duty to overcome all minor respects, for the higher considerations of charity and brotherhood. When the emergency occurs, they are found equal to it. What we question, is the deliberate and formal dedication of self to this one class of labours. Nor is the loss to themselves and their own class (who have a claim, some say a first claim, on every one) all *gain* to the poor; it is often more a transfer of labour. What might not such devoted women have done in their own native locality, amongst the poor round their own homes? For we will never believe that women capable of such really noble sacrifice, would be content to be useless anywhere. It is only the desire for a larger field, for opportunity for a stricter and more exclusive service, which influences their choice of life; wherever such women are, they will overcome difficulties and obstacles, and find something to do in God's cause. Therefore it is that we will not allow to sisterhoods a sort of monopoly of sanctity and usefulness. That they may be a happy home for many an ardent spirit, a congenial sphere for many an active temper, a refuge for many a wounded heart, a shelter for the homeless, a repose for the injured and unfortunate, we feel assured; and the more they are under a discreet, liberal, and indulgent, as well as pious direction, the more they will fulfil these destinations. That they are so far adapted to modern habits of life, thought, and opinion, as to spread and propagate, and to become an acknowledged and generally adopted form of woman's life, we greatly doubt.

It is an outrage, we know, on the editorial 'we,' to call these sentiments the expression of an individual voice, permitted to regard this as an open question, and desiring to commit no one in their utterance. Much may be said on the more enthusiastic side; much has been truly and most eloquently spoken in the praise of sisterhoods. What is good and great and wise in them will not suffer for what, if we know ourselves, we believe an honest opinion. Strength of conviction has perhaps a right of expression, though it may emanate from a narrow reason, and a defective judgment.

But, leaving this vexed question and the combined difficulties and facilities supplied by united action, and returning to our general subject, we think it cannot be doubted that the present time is friendly to individual exertion, and furnishes a theatre for the employment of any woman's peculiar gifts and powers for good. The higher cultivation of the female intellect, and the consequent strength and social weight which this surely brings, point to a higher, and as we may call it more ambitious

field of labour than has hitherto been assigned them; to afford a vantage ground for any work they may undertake, which, wisely used, may enable them to effect great things. We say *wisely*, because a somewhat new exercise of the feminine powers has come to our knowledge, at once through public and private sources, which *must* receive the warm sympathy and approval of all who realize the magnitude of the evil and danger combated, which will especially need discretion both in the due estimate of personal qualifications, and of the external aids and support which are equally needed. Women have often affected the ministerial office, but never in a way to make it become them, or to seem other than an unwarrantable assumption; but undeterred by these unpleasing examples, women may, we are convinced, take an important, and direct, and bold part in the great work of evangelization, if they realize and retain their subordinate position, as working under legitimate authority; as instruments in leading, through their teaching, to a superior instructor: the dispenser of privileges they themselves cannot supply, but which they can teach others to desire and to value. Acting frankly and honestly in this spirit, they might safely be allowed a wide liberty of action, unimpeded by scruples, free to follow the guidance of their own judgment, influenced as it must be by circumstances of the moment, and the needs of individual character.

And now to the peculiar work which has prompted these remarks. There is one class of society, by common consent, voted most inaccessible to religious influence—the rector's great crux, the curate's bugbear, the puzzle and the dread of the middle-aged well-to-do parishioners—the young men of the labouring classes. They are inaccessible in every way: their bodies cannot be got at, let alone their minds. In the top of their youth, when death is so distant an idea as practically to be out of sight, when the strength is in fullest vigour, and equal to furnishing the means for selfish and sensual gratification, these young men are in the masses left to themselves, not for want of will, but seemingly for want of the proper machinery to get at them. We say, not for want of will; and yet we must admit that of all human beings *the* individuals a disciplined, educated, middle-aged man finds it most difficult to love, not with natural, but even with Christian love, are big loutish boys; and what good can you really do to the souls of people whose bodies, whose ways, whose outer development in every particular, are odious and intolerable to you? And are not these too near the sentiments of many a respectable clergyman towards a turbulent gang of the rough and rude youth and early manhood of his parish, slouching, shuffling, or

scampering past him, giving him a full view of what they are and of the hopelessness of his ever being able to make them better? Recent experiments have shown that with this class, women—or, we should say, ladies—have an influence which may do great things, if they have courage to use it. The roughness and the loutishness are not with them quite the same barriers. Women have a natural leaning towards strength; as such the sense of their own power comes with the sight of it: they feel that they know the way to subdue and refine it: a feeling almost of sympathy and good understanding is awakened. In the class of country-bred young men there is little positive scepticism: practical atheists they may be, poor fellows! living without God in the world; but they have never deliberately renounced any of their creed. What their mothers taught them—if they had good mothers—what they learnt by rote at school or on Sundays under their teachers, remains with them; dormant, buried, forgotten, unfruitful, but never expelled. Into the minds of such as these, we believe that a clear-sighted and tender-hearted woman can find a way, and make an entrance, easier than men. With men, these fellows *feel* men: they are suspicious, awkward, antagonistic; an impulse of resistance is roused at the first word. (Not, of course, but the pastor may, and *must* overcome this difficulty; still it *is* one.) But all the while, in true cultivation of the intellect, they are children: have hardly advanced a step, may indeed have retrograded in their power to apprehend an abstract idea since the time they were sharp little boys of ten, returning intelligent answers to the Government inspector. Now it seems as if women could quite naturally take up the subject of religion from the point where mother or schoolmaster left it, if the faith has not been tampered with by the infusion of active unbelief. While the superiority of physical strength and manhood are taken for granted and submitted to, men are never so ashamed of their intellectual deficiencies before women as men. The woman comes to them in an attitude of trust, almost of dependence. It is at once an appeal to their generosity. No doubt there is much in early association, much in that mutual dependence in which nature has placed the sexes, that makes confidence and sympathy natural between them. Mere rudeness and sullenness of exterior, as we have said, is not by any means such an impediment to the lady as to the cultivated, civilised gentleman, whose duty it is to get at them; neither in apprehension nor in fact; for the man is not ashamed to let a gentle feminine eye see that there is a soft part somewhere under the rough rind, which it is after all a very soothing and pleasant sensation to have reached. At the outset we alluded

to the difficulties of such a task—perhaps it will always need such a confluence of favouring circumstances that it must remain one of woman's exceptional works of mercy. But enough has been done to prove that some women have a power which ought to be allowed fair scope, and be welcomed with the most cordial and hearty encouragement, in the hope that others, like gifted, may catch the same generous impulse, and be willing to labour amongst the neglected class which furnishes so many types of that rustic Cymon of old, who

‘Shunned the church, and used not much to pray.’

We were led to these thoughts some time since by the knowledge of a most successful effort of this kind, by a lady in an agricultural district, working under the encouragement and support of her pastor. Most interesting and affecting details have reached us of the happy fruit of her labours, of which we dare not indicate further the nature or the locality, lest we should seem to intrude on the reserve and privacy of parochial work; for in this spirit the effort is pursued rather than in the more ambitious light of a mission. But, for ourselves, we cannot but regard in something of this light a new and gentle influence brought to play with such constraining efficacy where authority and all ordinary means had failed for want of a basis whereon to work. If women can win men to kneel and pray, who never knelt or prayed since they left their mother's knee; if they can bring them to church who have almost forgotten what church is like; if they can win, entreat, persuade them to the reception of those sacred ordinances which, up to that time, were as much above and beyond their sphere of thought and desire as of any heathen whom the sound of the Gospel has never reached; if they can do this in the strength of their purely womanly qualities, availing themselves of every advantage of position, using every legitimate influence with a clear judgment, with a growing zeal, with a never-wearying patience, proof against all discouragement, may we not hail them as helpmates and fellow-labourers in a great work which has to be done, in a revival which must be effected, if we are to hold our place among Christian nations, or even maintain our standing among nations of the world?

From the earnest and graphic pen of Miss Marsh, we have, however, one published record of a great work of this character. Her ‘English Hearts and English Hands’ contains the history of her connexion with and her labours amongst the ‘navvies’ who inhabited her brothers-in-law's parish of Beckenham during the construction of the great earth-works in the gardens of the Crystal Palace; and the value of this most hearty and genuine book lies in its being from a *woman's* hand, and showing how

and in what spirit, with what dependence on her especially feminine qualifications, such an effort must be made by any woman who attempts it. We can hardly expect many conjunctures of favouring circumstances to occur to offer opportunities for experiment on this large scale. But what has been done may be done again; and we really think that the class amongst whom Miss Marsh wrought such wonders must, to every reader of her book, assume from henceforth a more accessible, softer aspect than it has ever done before. We have already observed in women this power and gift of discerning and reaching the human individual character through the official one. We have known them appeal trustfully and with success to the universal brotherhood of waiters, omnibus drivers, cabmen; and even in ballet dancers to recognise the exemplary husband and father straight through the rouge, the myrtle wreath, the stage attire; and this is Miss Marsh's secret. No roughness, sullenness, uncouthness of exterior allowed her ever to doubt the human heart underneath, or mistrust her own power of reaching and influencing it. Not, of course, in her own strength; it was no presumptive confidence, but a sense of power nevertheless, without which she could have done nothing, which made her wisely keep to her own sling and stone rather than don masculine armour she had never proved. Trained in a controversial school, with whose traditions she is no doubt imbued, she yet keeps absolutely clear of controversy and polemics; nor does her just belief in the inherent depravity of human nature obscure her faith in the abstract love of truth and virtue, which our proneness to sin has not obliterated, and on which she throws herself with a confidence tempered, unknown to herself, by an admirable instinct of tact showing her where she may trust and where it would not be safe to do so. She boldly appeals to something good, she really believes in something good in every human being; and consequently all people show their best to her. After reading her book, we find our opinion of human nature raised; she clearly has the art of propitiating the most forbidding official character to further her endeavours. Heads of police, superintendents of works, managers of railways, lodging-house keepers, even publicans, that class in antagonism with every school of reform, are friendly to her, and further her schemes. Of course we recognise a peculiar temperament in all this—a joy in its own workings; a faculty of seeing things at their brightest; but we own also a temperament admirably adapted to the work in hand, and blessed to a great end. Her first commencement is characteristic of the course by which she came to be to so many of these men 'a mother' and a friend. It is taking the bull by the horns in a way we do not

put forward for general imitation; a wise woman will not make such a venture as a first experiment, or without previous knowledge of her own powers.

'Nearly two hundred of these men lodged in the village of Beckenham; so that, in visiting the cottages, we heard of them, but seldom met them, as they were generally employed till late in the evening. It was on Sunday, the 13th of March, that I first attempted to seek them out. About seven in the evening, I went to a cottage where several were lodging, and asked for one of the family (whom I had formerly visited in his illness), as an easy introduction to the strangers. A tall, strong man, in a fustian jacket, opened the door scarcely wide enough to show his face. "Harry ain't here just now."

"But I suppose I shall see him if I wait, shall I not? I will walk in, if you will allow me."

"Well, you can, if you like; but we're a lot of rough uns."

"Oh, thank you, I do not mind that; you will be very civil to me, I am sure. Would you get me a chair?"

"An intelligent-looking youth darted forward, dusted a chair with the tail of another man's coat, and placed it for me near the table.

"I inquired if any of them had been at church; but not one had thought of it. They listened with attentive interest to an account of Mr. Chalmers' morning sermon, on the occasion of the death of a medical man who had been residing at Beckenham, with a sketch of his history. Several of them expressed strong admiration of Dr. R——'s kindness and generosity to the poor, whilst himself working hard, mentally, for his own support; and the young man, whose name was Edward Perry, said, "I know that brain-labour is harder than hand-labour."

"When the narrative was ended, he said, "Well, ma'am, it's a heautiful story, but in a measure it passes by me, because I don't believe the Bible."

"I dreaded an argument, yet felt it necessary to reply; so prayed silently for wisdom, and then inquired the reason of his unbelief.

"Because I read in the Bible that God is a God of love, and yet that He has prepared from all eternity a place of torment for us poor pitiful creatures."

"In my Bible," I replied, "I have never read anything of the sort. I read that God is love; and that the Lord Jesus Christ will say at the judgment day, to those who have believed and obeyed Him, 'Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world.' But to those who have rejected His salvation, and despised His laws, He will say, 'Depart, ye cursed, into everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels.' If man chooses to reject God's offer of mercy through a Saviour, and to prepare himself for that place of punishment, he has no right to charge God with the result of his own sin and wilful madness."

"Well," he replied, "I do see that is a different case from what I thought before."—*English Hearts and English Hands*, pp. 3—5.

This is the only case of scepticism with which she records any encounter of wits. The men generally, under their huge strength and rough undisciplined manners, hid very simple, childish, confiding natures, taking everything upon trust from a teacher who gained their affection, never disputing what they were told to believe. And no doubt the character of these men was above the ordinary standard; they were picked men, and

good workers. What they undertook to do, they did super-eminently well; therefore they had some good in them—the good that showed itself in never *once* allowing this kind lady, who came constantly amongst them, to hear an oath or an improper word from their lips; in treating her always with chivalrous respect and an unlimited trust, in confiding to her their thoughts and troubles; in a scrupulous fear of intruding on her bounty when they were poor; in a very magnanimous liberality towards those remotely dependent on them when they were prosperous; and last, in an appreciation of beauty and poetry whenever these rare, almost unknown elements of happiness, were brought before them. What their pleasures were when left to themselves, and how narrow their range, the following passage shows:—

“On Saturday evening, August 13th, William M—— came “to speak about his difficulties,” he said, “if it was not giving too much trouble.”

“My mate and I were working in a pit; and, says he, ‘I wonder, Bill, whether it is true what they say of heaven being so happy—whether, now, it can be happier than sitting in the public, over a good jug of ale, with a fiddle going? I don’t know a pleasure as comes up to that.’”

“I thought of their homeless lives, and wishing to sympathise as far as I could, said, “Well, I dare say you *do* find a pleasure in it.”

“A pleasure!” he interrupted me, to exclaim, “you can’t think the pleasure of it!” with an earnestness that was truly affecting, as the thought arose, “Is this the highest pleasure within the grasp of these noble fellows?”

“But that pleasure must pass away, William, and *you must die*. Would that pleasure help you to ‘die happy,’ and to live in happiness beyond death?”

“No! If you come to that, I’ve *seen* the two ways of dying. I had an uncle. You couldn’t come into his room for horrors when he was dying—saw terrible things. And I had a grandfather—he loved his Bible—died a’most *too* full of peace. Couldn’t speak for joy, like.”

“And which way of dying are *you* bound for, William?”

“Well” (with a navvy’s usual slow enunciation and pauses in the course of giving utterance to any religious sentiment), “I think—I’d rather—set off—to live so as to die like grandfather.”—*Ibid.* pp. 18, 19.

Now men, seeing where the unprompted taste of the navvy leads him, assume that he must be approached with a common sense and reason, as unadorned as his own person, manners and dialect; that they are inaccessible to the softer influences of poetry. Poetry in its inner recondite form is beyond them: and the poetry of action is not in men’s way—it does not come naturally to them; and if they attempt it, they are either sheepish or unreal; but the sentiment and prettinesses of common life *belong* to women, and these are precisely what the uncultivated mind can receive; grace and refinement of manners, soft voices, flowing language, harmonious verse, sweet flowers, all bestowed with the eloquence of kind eyes, beaming smiles,

and an out-speaking heart too full of its object to think of self or feel shame. Such gentle force was brought abundantly to bear on these rough natures—the lighter artillery of *fêtes* and tea parties, prettily bound books, bouquets of flowers, and even *toys*, which on a long voyage to the Crimea were made wonderfully welcome by these rough children. Of her treatment of these childish, impulsive natures, the following passage furnishes a good example. Paget lent her his cottage for her Bible reading. From this the promising disciple, ‘tall George,’ had been absent the last week; on inquiry, it appeared he had resented some rudeness on Paget’s part; but a few soothing words had altered his mind. When she repairs at the appointed time to Paget’s house, after a pause—

‘Paget said, “I am sorry to say anything to vex you; but I’d best speak it out. If tall George comes to-night to the reading, I shall order him out.”’

“Oh, Paget, why so?”

“Because he said at the works, as I stole a medal off your Christmas-tree, that last tea-party you gave us.”

“How very wrong of him! But if I were you, I would not take any notice; even if he said that you stole a hundred. No judge or jury, looking at your honest face, could ever say anything but ‘Not Guilty!’”

‘Paget listened with a broad, hearty smile, which grew into a short laugh of satisfaction; but Isaac could not so easily pass over the affront offered to his friend; so he said—

“It is very kind of you to have such a good opinion of us; but it is not pleasant to be pointed at all over the works, as him as stole a medal off the Ladies’ Christmas-tree.”

“No,” added Paget, stoutly; “I’ll order George out.”

“Oh no, Paget! you will not, I am sure. You lend me your room for a church! Now, if anybody were to say, Mr. Chalmers was a thief, he would not order that man out of church, but would let him stay to learn not to bear false witness against his neighbour.”

“Well, I see! That’s very good. Tall George may stay.”

George, however, was invisible, having taken his place in the inner room. After the little congregation had dispersed, I asked Paget whether he did not think a Sunday and a New Year’s Day in one would be a delightful day for making up a quarrel; and therefore whether he would forgive George, if he should come and tell him he felt sorry for what he had said?

“Well, it would be a goodish thing, I think.”

‘On the strength of this I walked back to George’s lodging, with William G—, who was waiting, with my lantern in his hand, to see me safe within the Rectory gate before he returned to Deptford.

“May I not go back with you and George, ma’am?”

“No, thank you, William. It would make Paget and George think I was afraid of a fight coming on, and wanted you to take care of me. That would never do. It would be all over with my hope of making peace.”

“That’s true! And God will go with you.”

George was at supper with four fellow-lodgers. He came out of the house to speak to me—standing up like a church-tower, in his massive height and strength. “George, I am sorry about this matter between you and Paget.”

"Well, I dare say you are; but I am not. What business had he to say that I drank ten cups of tea, and ate seven bits of cake at your tea-meeting?"

"Indeed, that was bad manners, George; and I am surprised to hear it of Paget. But if I had been you, I would have answered, if I had eaten a dozen slices of cake, and drank twenty cups of tea, she would only have been the better pleased."

"Well! that would have been a good un! I wish I'd thought on't."

"So do I. But if you did not think of a ready answer, you had no right to say that Paget stole a medal. He never said that you stole the seven bits of cake."

"I didn't say he stole it. I said, I seed two medals in his hand, and never seed him put down neither."

"Oh! George, that was almost worse. It was so mean. I could not have thought it of you. And then the next person said he had stolen it—and so the story went round. How sorry you ought to have felt when you heard it."

"No, I wasn't; I was very glad."

"That was very wrong. But you are growing sorry now? Come with me and tell him so."

"No, I can't—no, never."

"Then I shall go home sorry."

"After a short pause, and with a strong effort, he rejoined, "No, no, you shan't do that for my doings. I'll go to Paget."

"When we reached the cottage door, I knocked quickly, for George looked half-disposed to walk away again. Paget opened it, and I said, "George is come to say he is sorry," and trusted that Paget would at once shake hands with him, and so that all would be right between them. Paget, however, wished to speak his mind before he gave his hand; and then there came such loud speaking of mutual reproaches, that I feared a fight would follow, and began bitterly to repent my folly and temerity in bringing the combatants together. Fists were raised and shaken so near each other's faces, that I thought best to glide between, and warn the disputants to stand farther off as they spoke. The clamour grew louder and louder, until a pause for breath gave me opportunity for speech. Then I said, "O Paget! O George! this is terrible. On New Year's night, on Sunday night, and under the roof where half an hour ago we were worshipping God, to have such angry words said! It will not do. It is very sinful. We must have no more. Let us kneel down and pray that the God of peace and love would prove Himself here, to be stronger than the father of strife and hatred, that is the devil."

"At first I knelt alone, but soon heard the two men suddenly fall on their knees; and when we rose up, the tears were rolling down Paget's cheeks. "I'll never say another word about it, after that prayer," he said. "I'll forgive him from my heart, out."

"George, however, stood with his hand on the latch, and said, "No, no! I'll never cross my hand on a man's as says he'll put me in the lock-up for a word. I never seed the inside of a gaol in my life, and now to be put in for a few careless words!"

"O George! how can you be so silly? Paget has just said he will forgive you from his heart. He would never dream, now, of getting you into prison. You *know* he would not. You have both been hot, and have spoken sinful words; but both are sorry for them. I am not going home until I have seen your friends, by God's help."

"He stood irresolute, but sullen."

"Give me your hand."

"That I will."

"And now, Paget, give me yours."

"Two huge, rough hands met in mine, and then, independently, shook each other as heartily as if the men had been friends from the cradle, and would be to the grave.

"Thank God! It is all right now. Good night, Paget; you have behaved like a king. God bless you." As we went back, George confessed that "his heart felt more lightsome like," and there was a choking sound about his voice as he said, "God bless you, ma'am," at parting."—*Ibid.* pp. 39—44.

Miss Marsh's power amongst these poor fellows became so acknowledged among them, that on the news of a fight between a body of navvies and the police, they entreated her to go and stop it; she regarding the summons as a *call*, drives to the ground, where blood had already been shed and prisoners taken; interferes to prevent a rescue, and withholds hundreds of infuriated navvies from revenge; receiving the thanks of the head of police and the blessings of her own friends as the 'peacemaker,' while they declare a 'lady's gentle voice do more with us than 40,000 p'leece.' It was in the enthusiasm and excitement of this scene, that she heard the only word that could be construed into disrespect. We quote the scene as an example of *readiness* :—

'A half-intoxicated navvy, amidst the general overflow of kindly feeling, committed himself by saying, three or four times over, "She's my sister!"

"What do you mean," cried the indignant bystanders, "by daring to call the lady your sister! Say it again, and we'll teach you! Take care you don't get torn in pieces!" And strong arms were seizing the unfortunate culprit to bear him outside the ring. Fearing a measure of "Lynch law," I entreated to be allowed to settle the question for myself, and requested that the man should be permitted to come near the carriage for this purpose. When he stood by my side, I said to him, "Every sober, honest Englishman is my brother, and I am proud to call him so. But I have never had a drunkard for my brother—and I never will."

'The poor man had sense enough left to be ashamed, and he slunk quietly away, amidst a murmur of satisfaction and approval of the verdict from the crowd. The next day he made a respectful apology, adding, with genuine frankness, "From this day forward, I'll try to be one of the 'sober Englishmen;' I think I'm an *honest* one already."—*Ibid.* pp. 189, 190.

No wonder that, with such power to influence, she should glory in the strength and physical excellences of her friends—on one occasion described by the overseer as the finest lot he ever saw and the wildest—"just like four hundred roaring lions." We have no space for the details of actual good effected: these rough fellows reformed of their drinking habits, taught to read and pray and attend church regularly, and led to confirmation, and at length receiving the Sacrament with the greatest devotion and fullest intention of leading a new life. Relapses, of course, there are; the history of one of which is very affectingly told, where a foolish wife objects to her husband's church-going, and exasperates him to throw all new habits aside and

take to drinking again; but on occasion of the return of one of these cases, we fully agree with her tender comment.

‘The genuine and deep repentance of that poor young man—brought up, as he had been, without a single religious advantage—taught me a lesson! When the balance shall be struck between small sins (so called) with great privileges, in the one scale—and crying sins with few responsibilities, in the other scale—who shall say that infinite justice may not see deeper guilt in the unkind word, the uncharitable suspicion, the selfish act, and other manifestations of an un-Christ-like spirit, in which Christians are too often tempted to indulge, than in the more glaring departures from the law of God of those who have but just begun to hear of a Saviour’s love, and to know anything of its constraining power.’—*Ibid.* p. 86.

A vast number of these men went out in the Army Works Corps to the Crimea. Miss Marsh was then the depositary of their savings, to the amount at one time of 500*l.* a month, for which not one would receive a receipt or any guarantee but her own honour. With many she corresponded; and their letters, full of grateful religious feeling, are inserted. Enough time has passed to prove the genuineness and reality of the good effected; and we are sure no one can lay down the book without warm feelings towards the main instrument through which it was accomplished—her ardent faith and abounding charity—nor without better hopes too of his country after this picture of the true loyal heart of the rudest of her sons, if only the right chord can be struck; and it is shown how willing they are to learn, how tractable and docile under kind treatment; what a depth of feeling lies hid under a rude exterior, what courage and generosity; and that even a navvy may be a gentleman in the highest sense of the word, a good Christian, and an Englishman to be proud of.

We are well aware how little we have done towards settling the question involved in the title of our article; but even failure may imply an answer; and perhaps the reason that no one can decide what woman may, must, can or cannot do, is that her employment depends on circumstances to a degree forbidding all generalization. We are very early told what woman is to be—a *help-mete*—a title which implies versatile powers, to be employed rather at the suggestion of another than to be independently exercised. Whatever man does, woman can help him in; and as society progresses, and the nearer it arrives at what it ought to be, the more intimate, universal, all-prevailing, will be this assistance of the one sex to the other; but, we must be allowed to say, always in subordination; always in obedience to the first law; ‘for Adam was first formed, and then Eve.’ With this proviso we see no limit to what a woman may do, and be in labour or in office; but we think always in a less positive, distinct line than with men. Woman’s work will

never be marked out for her with any exactitude if she moves a step beyond her own hearth-stone. She is gifted with a readiness and facility enabling her to fall into new habits and new employments more easily than man; but this aptitude for change implies that such must be her lot. She who can turn her hand to everything seems intended for a versatile existence; she who helps so well is hardly designed to carve out her own independent career: and because she is not designed for it, we will not believe that in any extensive degree it will ever be her destiny.

Since writing these remarks, we have met with a volume of Sermons on the Canticles (W. E. Painter & Sons, Union Office, 342, Strand) recently preached to a sisterhood of the English Church, by their chaplain and confessor, which bear so much upon what we have been saying, that we are tempted to cull a few extracts; showing the light in which these institutions are regarded by those most concerned, which strikes us as differing considerably from the popular view. These sermons at once recognise and copiously provide for the necessity for spiritual stimulants, which the absence of all secular interests and relaxations seems to create, on this ground, the Song of Songs is chosen as especially the Sisters' book, and is spoken of as their own, in so particular a sense, as to seem to cut off other Christians from their share in it. 'Your book'—'your own book'—'their most precious treasure.'—'This Book of all others which you are bound most dearly to love.'—P. 57. We are not going to review this volume, but when the writer cites as his model S. Bernard on the Canticles, would it not have been as well to remark that S. Bernard, in commenting on this mysterious book, addressed his Sermons *Ad Fratres*? We gather from these discourses that there is a vow made in this particular Sisterhood; that it is irrevocable; that it is beet for the profession to be made in youth; that the new life implies an entire change of duties and obligations, and absolute renunciation of old ties; that sisters are taught to consider these old ties simply as Egypt and the world; that the new life is one of incessant self-denial and hardness, beyond what the Gospel requires of 'Common Christians;' that sisters are measured by a different standard, and that sin in them magnifies its proportions; that the Sister's life is one of peculiar temptations; that they are the mark of Satan's most violent assaults; that their confessor invites their confidence in the relation not only of temptations yielded to, but temptations overcome; that they already possess a peculiar sanctity in the eyes of the world; that for the eminence of their work, and greatness of their sacrifice, they are in a distinct and peculiar manner beloved of their Lord. A few extracts will show with what strength of language these positions are enforced.

The Vow. 'And I am His. In a certain sense, this is true of every one . . . But, my dear Sisters, there is yet a closer and a dearer sense in which *you* are all able to say so. "I am His because I have resolved to give up myself altogether to Him: His, because to His service, and to His alone, I have devoted myself, soul and body: His, because for His love I have determined to know nothing of earthly love: His, because simply, entirely, for ever, I desire to belong to Him, to live with Him, to live for Him, if need be, to die for Him here—and then I know that I shall be His own for ever there." If you can each of you but say this in your hearts now—if you, each of you, but say it to me with your lips—what higher thing could I ask of you?'—P. 106.

Its irrevocable character, written on the reception of two Sisters. 'And what would be that wickedness of her who should profess to give herself up to the King of kings for a while, intending at that very moment to forsake Him at last?—who entered into His especial service for a season, so that she might find opportunity, more conveniently, to betray Him?'—P. 247.

That the step is best taken in youth. 'Yes, dear Sisters, and in this I rejoice,

that you have given the best part of your lives to the service of Him who died in the very prime and best part of His earthly life for you—that you have not waited till the evil days came on, and the days drew nigh, when thou shalt say, “I have no pleasure in them.”—P. 241.

That the new life implies an entire change of duties. ‘You never can plead that, in undertaking a Sister’s life, you were led to undertake it in ignorance, allowed to think it anything else than a total change of position, duties, responsibilities, privileges. Better than myself no one knows how inadequately I have set forth to you its difficulties and its dangers; but still, however coldly, however unworthily, for thus much I think I may appeal to your own consciences—and this most solemn, although most comforting, verse seems to bring the subject back upon me. You were never allowed to think that your present life was merely a better and more convenient way of doing God the same kind of service which you might have done Him in the world; the same thing, only with more time, more help, more earnestness. No: so far as you are concerned, old things, you know, were to pass away—all things were to become new: you had contracted new engagements—you were bound by fresh promises—you were to be judged by a higher standard.’—Pp. 255, 256.

That the old ties are regarded as a snare. ‘Oh, my dear Sisters, if any of you here or elsewhere, after endeavouring to walk worthy of such a title, and to have a portion in such a life as it implies, to purify yourselves even as He is pure—to separate yourselves from all else, and to Him—if any of you should ever, under any pretence, for any reason that Satan or the world could assign, go back again into that world—how could you ever bear to remember that which He might have been to you.’—P. 82. ‘When you first learnt what there was to be given up, when you began to discover the greatness of the task, have not your hearts more than once sunk within you, and you have almost wished to escape from the wilderness, even though it were at the cost of going back into Egypt?’—P. 210.

That this new life is beyond measure hard and forbidding in its unrelaxing effects. ‘It (the world) must be more a wilderness to you than to others. When you resolved to know no other love but the highest of all love, to belong to Him body and soul, for Him to give up other ties, to Him to sacrifice other affection, you know that you were making the world more of a wilderness than it need be.’—Pp. 260, 261.

On the text; “Jealousy is cruel as the grave.” Jealousy not of, but for, the beloved thing or person. . . . *Cruel*, that is, to ourselves.’—Pp. 275, 276.

‘It shows, dear Sisters, that your greatest consolation ought to be in what the world would call sorrow and trial. You will all have enough of it, if it please God to spare you in this world.’—P. 66.

‘Dear Sisters, you have left this oratory, and mixed, not with the world, but only among yourselves; and, in an hour, where was all that glow and fervour of love that you thought you had?—yes, and that you really did have? Is it unkind or harsh to say that, to every one of you, there have been times when the question, “What is thy Beloved more than another beloved?” would have been nothing but bitter irony? Temper, listlessness, disobedience, coldness—and that in a house dedicated—and yourselves dedicated—to Him?’—P. 206.

Again. ‘Day after day, and one Hour after another Hour, we repeat those words.’—P. 227. ‘What a fearful thing is any sin in you.’—P. 288.

‘And it is well said, *the little foxes*: for these things, in and by themselves, are little. A little piece of self-indulgence which seems scarcely to deserve the name of a fault: a little hesitation or difficulty in obeying, which, at first sight, hardly seems a sin of omission: a little carelessness in words, a little coldness in prayer, a little idleness, a little hanging-back from the wise man’s rule, Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might.’—P. 97.

That the Sister’s life is one of peculiar temptation. ‘As surely as you chose your present life, so surely you chose temptation and trial. Satan can tempt you in no way that ought to surprise or frighten you. If you are in earnest in your profession, how or why should he spare you? They little know what they are saying who imagine that a Sister’s life is a flying from temptation, instead of meeting it.’—P. 167. ‘I have told you over and over again that, if you give yourselves up to our Lord’s service, and to invade the dominion of Satan, you must

expect that he will do his best to annoy and distress you in every way, not only in yourselves, but by others !'—P. 221.

'It is no necessary part, as you all know very well, of Confession, to speak of temptations that you have resisted : nevertheless, it is well and wisely done, at that most holy time, to mention them also. If then we—God's priests—see the clouds and darkness and storms of the morning, at all events let us also see the light. If we are to hear of the temptations that once came, let us also hear of the grace that was victorious.'—P. 212.

The light in which they stand to the world. 'Probably, could a mere man of this world, a good man so far as its standard of goodness goes, look into your hearts, as I can look into them, he might think that they were altogether God's. Of little temptations, little failings, little self-indulgences, little falls, he would make no account.'—P. 97.

That they are in a peculiar and distinct sense beloved of their Lord. 'We have seen before why He addresses the Bride by two such different, and yet both such dear, appellations. A Sister, by virtue of that Incarnation which made Him bone of our bone, and flesh of our flesh : a Bride, by reason of that betrothal which took place on the cross, in the wound opened by the spear. A Sister, again, because He has known, and watched over, and loved her from her earliest infancy : a Bride, because the force of human love can go no further in its names of tenderness. Therefore, it continues, "A spring shut up, a fountain sealed." And, here is the same idea carried out still more strongly and beautifully than in the enclosed garden. He would say that those hearts of yours were fountains and sources of many a power, many an affection, many a fancy, many a recollection, not now to be wasted on other persons or other things ; but to be hallowed, wholly and for ever, to Himself. They are worth too much to be thrown away on anything less than Himself.'—Pp. 157, 158.

'He speaks to all ; but He speaks more especially, my dear Sisters, to you. —P. 189. 'The closest followers of the Crucified, the Brides of Christ.'—P. 288.

"She supposing Him to have been the gardener." And why should she not have supposed Him to be so ? It is one of His dearest titles—for you at least, dear Sisters, if you take it aright. "A garden enclosed is my sister, my spouse, a spring shut up, a fountain sealed."—P. 284.

'He has found it (a temple) in every faithful soul. He asks for it from you, my Sisters : He asks it from you in a deeper and dearer sense.'—P. 195.

ART. VII.—*Scottish Ecclesiastical Journal*, September, 1857—*March*, 1858. Edinburgh: Grant and Son; Lendrum and Co.

To that outer world which recognises physical force as power, and material size as greatness, the news of 'serious dissensions in the Church of Scotland,' (or, as they would call it, the Scottish Episcopal Communion,) will be a matter of the very slightest moment. It is the old story, they will say, a storm in a tea-cup, *fluctus in simpulo*; its results can be of no great importance. Neither legal *status*, nor valuable patronage, nor social precedence, would be disturbed if such a communion were thrown into a state of disruption, and ceased to enjoy any cognizable existence.

If it were our object to appeal to any who may regard the matter from such a point of view, we might advert to the intellect, the worth, the social influence of the members of that communion, for many generations past. We might remind Scotchmen how much of that fame for literature and science which they justly enjoy throughout Europe, is due to the labours of Churchmen; how their greatest metaphysician, the late Sir William Hamilton, declared that Presbyterianism had produced no theologian worthy of the name; and that the only Scottish divines of note had been Episcopalians.

But it is not for such countenance that we seek. We turn to those who can sympathise with a disestablished communion, small indeed in numbers, and hearing about her—as what Church does not?—her own peculiar difficulties, but rich also in many precious gifts, and free from various forms of evil and temptation which beset a legalized and wealthily endowed community. If once in the history of her native land she was mixed up with a political cause, and was subjected to persecutions which must ever be remembered with shame and regret, to her, in turn, did the cup of suffering pass, and to her, more justly than to her rival, may be applied the image of the burning bush, with the motto, *Nec tamen consumebatur*.

The immediate subject of discussion is the solemn mystery of the Holy Eucharist, with more especial reference to the doctrine of the Christian Sacrifice, and the degree of homage which is due to the Presence which is there therein vouchsafed.

Our readers may indeed render a service far greater than that of merely reading a paper which, though written with every wish to be fair and temperate, is of course obnoxious to error from defective information or unconscious prejudice; they may

offer up at least one sincere and heartfelt prayer, that the Great Head of the Church would graciously overrule all discussions to His glory and the furtherance of divine truth. And as, amidst all our differences, none will question but that the occasion of celebrating the Holy Communion is that wherein we may most fitly plead those merits whereby alone we hope to be saved, so assuredly there is an especial fitness in selecting that time for prayer upon the subject of Sacramental doctrine. Nor is it of Great Britain and her colonies alone that we are thinking, while we write these words. It may be that these pages will meet the eye of some of our brethren of the sister Church in the United States. By the memory of that consecration in November, 1784, whereby the despised and oppressed Church of Scotland effected what the English Church, with all her wealth and influence, was then unable to perform; by that union of a link which war had severed, thus cemented in a holier, truer, more enduring way, we ask at this juncture, of our American fellow-Churchmen, their special prayers for God's blessing upon the Church which first conferred upon them the privilege of a native Episcopate.

Next, however, to the employment of those petitions to the Throne of Grace which never remain unanswered, though not always answered as we, in our ignorance, might desire, it is well to obtain some idea of the points around which the controversy ranges. A few pages only of our present number can be devoted to the attempt to perform this task; a task which is in no wise agreeable, and is only undertaken under a solemn sense of duty.

Some ten years have elapsed since the Clergy of the Diocese of Brechin elected Dr. Forbes to be their Bishop. During that time he has combined the functions peculiar to the Episcopate with the arduous toils of a parish priest, in the large and important city of Dundee. A new and beautiful church, the finest modern one in Scotland, has been erected by his zeal; three missions among the poor are kept up by himself and his curates; his efforts to promote personal piety are acknowledged even by Presbyterians, and we have heard of members of his own flock regretting even an advancement in their particular profession, when it involved departure from Dundee, and the consequent loss of such a pastor. Amidst parochial duties, Bishop Forbes has found time for the composition of various works; of which three deserve especial mention. His admirable little book upon the *Te Deum* has been recommended, in our hearing, by an English rector of remarkable soberness, to a brother incumbent seeking for a mine whence the ore for a course of sermons might be extracted. The treatise on the Nicene Creed fills up

a gap in Anglican theology, and is alike excellent in itself and most useful as an introduction to the study of S. Athanasius, and other great patristic writers on dogmatic theology, as S. Augustine, or S. John of Damascus. And, thirdly, when the peculiar doctrines of Mr. Aitken and his followers seemed to be gaining ground, the Bishop of Brechin, in an admirable series of discourses upon *Conversion*, indicated, with remarkable acuteness and candour, the precise points in such teaching with which sound Churchmen might justly sympathise; while he exhibited, at the same time, the dangers of the theory, when not subordinated to the teaching of the Church upon other topics of no less importance.

We notice these facts, not to flatter the Bishop of Brechin, nor to diminish the merits of the distinguished prelates who administer the other Scottish dioceses; but simply to show that there is no bishop who has laboured more earnestly for his own flock and the Church at large, than Bishop Forbes; nor one against whom the charge of mere love of speculation, for speculation's sake, could with less justice be adduced. That the Church is in some degree compelled to provide a philosophy of her own, wherewith to meet the false philosophy of worldlings and heretics, is of course obvious to the merest tyro in theology. Even the pen of inspiration is guided in this direction. The Book of Job treats of speculative questions which have been discussed in all ages, by Theognis and by Seneca, by Æschylus and Shakspeare; the divinest Gospel is admitted to have been intended, by the revelations of its sublime and hallowing meditations, as the heaven-sent antidote to the deadly dreamings of Gnostics and Cerinthians. The pages of Origen against Celsus, of S. Anselm against Roscelin, of S. Bernard against Abelard—what are these but so many exhibitions of the same spectacle, all in their day most necessary, though not, like Holy Scripture, under infallible protection? And, assuredly, our own age is not the one which can dispense with such safeguards. If, in the century of Goethe and of Niebuhr, of Strauss and Francis Newman, of Mormonism and Spirit-rapping, the rulers of the Church have no philosophy, they will be leaving numbers of thoughtful and inquiring men, for whom Christ died, to the tender mercies of a philosophy falsely so called.

Now, when a prelate, who has thus laboured, delivers for the first time a charge to his assembled clergy, after having passed ten years among them without availing himself of this privilege, he has surely a right to expect a just and equitable construction of his language. Its readers, no less than its hearers, are bound to give the fullest credit to the words, 'you will believe me, that it is only a constraining duty, and a pro-

‘found conviction of the necessity of the case, which induce me
‘to address you at this time.’

The points on which the controversy turns have been discussed to a great extent in the last number of the *Christian Remembrancer*, in our reviews of the recent publications of Mr. Freeman and Mr. Keble. The arguments there advanced we are not about to repeat, nor indeed do we approach the subject from the same point of view. The question here is not whether we are prepared to endorse every doctrinal statement in Bishop Forbes’ Charge; *but whether those statements so exceed the just liberty permitted in the English and Scotch communions as to deserve ecclesiastical pains and penalties.*

Here, however, we shall at once be met by an *argumentum ad hominem*. ‘You,’ it will be urged, ‘of all people, to talk of licence and toleration, you who were the first to require that strict justice should be meted out to the teaching of Mr. Gorham!’ Now, it ought to be borne in mind, that, as a plain matter of fact, no bishop, or priest, or deacon has suffered any legal or spiritual penalties on account of his teaching concerning the sacrament of holy baptism. That the attempt failed at law will not be forgotten by lawyers, nor by the people of Great Britain, when it is proposed to deal out to one party in the Church a degree of rigorism not imposed upon the other. Nor are the cases strictly parallel. The very peculiar view of Mr. Gorham may surely be reduced to this narrow issue: Is, or is not, holy baptism a means of grace? This question he answered in the negative. But the present discussions concerning the holy Eucharist cannot be thus narrowed to a point; as might be shown by a comparison of the recent publications of Bishop Wordsworth, the three Scotch bishops, Mr. Freeman, and Dean Ramsay. None of these perfectly agree together, though all would admit the holy Eucharist to be a means of grace; and this shows how reasonable it is for us to claim a certain latitude. It must be observed, that the Bishop of Brechin entirely allows to others what he asks for himself. Neither in his Charge, nor any of his letters concerning it, is there one line which can be tortured into a wish to render penal even such sentiments as those of Dean Ramsay.

As the Bishop of Brechin’s Charge had excited considerable attention and opposition, it was understood that the Episcopal Synod would consider it at their annual meeting in September. The bishops were unable to agree upon a common declaration (surely, in itself, a great proof of the need of mutual toleration),¹

¹ A rumour has reached us that the Bishop of Edinburgh (whose candour and fairness is universally acknowledged among all who know him) refrained, in the absence of the Bishop of Moray, from exercising the casting vote which legally appertained to him as *Primus*, the number on either side being equal.

but three of them put forth the following very remarkable document:—

‘Whereas, the minds of many devout Christians have been injuriously affected by recent statements on the subject of the SACRAMENT OF THE LORD’S SUPPER, wherein the doctrine propounded respecting the Oblation of the Bread and Wine, and also respecting the reverence due to the consecrated Elements, and asserted to be the doctrine of the Church of England, and also of the Scottish Episcopal Church, appears opposed to the teaching of both Churches.

‘We, the undersigned Bishops of the said Scottish Episcopal Church, do hereby declare as follows.

- ‘1. We hold and teach that the Body and Blood of Christ are not so present in the consecrated Elements of Bread and Wine as to be therein the proper object of such supreme Adoration as is due to God alone.
- ‘2. We consider such Adoration to be repudiated by the Declaration at the end of the English Communion Office; and we hold *the reasons* why kneeling at the reception of the consecrated Bread and Wine was enjoined, to be the reasons there assigned for the injunction, and no other.
- ‘3. Whereas, attempts have been made to show that there is no substantial difference between the Sacrifice of the Cross, and the Sacrifice of the Altar, and that the ancient Doctors maintain this view—We believe that thus a variance has been erroneously implied between the doctrine of the ancient Doctors, and the doctrine of the Church to which we belong. For the Eucharistic Sacrifice, if substantially the same with the Sacrifice of the Cross, would be “an offering of Christ for the quick and dead to have remission of pain or guilt;” and such view of the Eucharist is expressly condemned by the 31st Article of Religion.
- ‘4. We cannot understand the doctrine thus erroneously ascribed to the ancient Fathers in any other sense than as affirming that the Eucharist is either a *continuation* or a *repetition* of the Sacrifice which was *once for all* offered upon the Cross. Both of these views we hold to be in direct opposition to the argument of S. Paul in the 10th Chapter of his Epistle to the Hebrews;—to the Prayer of Consecration in the Scotch Communion Office, which describes the Eucharist as “a *perpetual memorial* of that His precious Death and Sacrifice;”—and to the Prayer for the whole state of Christ’s Church in the same Office, which describes the Eucharist as “the *Commemoration* of the most precious Death and Passion of our Saviour Christ.”
- ‘5. While we deny the propositions above alluded to, we steadfastly hold and teach with the Catechism “That the Body and Blood of Christ are verily and indeed taken and received by the faithful in the Lord’s Supper;” and with the first part of the Homily on the Sacrament, “That in the Supper of the Lord there is no vain ceremony, no bare sign, no untrue figure of a thing absent, but, as the Scripture saith, the table of the Lord, the Bread and Cup of the Lord, the memory of Christ, yea, the Communion of the Body and Blood of the Lord, in a marvellous incorporation, which by the operation of the Holy Ghost, the very bond of our conjunction with Christ, is *through Faith* wrought in the souls of the *faithful*, whereby not only their souls live to eternal life, but they surely trust to win for their bodies a joyful resurrection to immortality.”

‘C. H. TERROT, *Bishop of Edinburgh.*

‘ALEX^R. EWING, *Bishop of Argyll and the Isles.*

‘W. J. TROWER, *Bishop of Glasgow and Galloway.*’

The first point that strikes us in this paper is, its exceedingly dogmatic character. It is not like a homily, which may have been written *currente calamo*, and might be understood to contain some rhetorical expressions; but it is a list of propositions as trenchant as were ever issued by any provincial, or, perhaps, even Œcumenical Council. Nor are its *dicta* the less dogmatic, because they are in great part negative. There may be a dogmatism of negation, no less than of assertion; as all philosophers and theologians would admit. Kant, in his 'Logic,' states, very explicitly, the value of negative notions, provided they are correct, and employed in their proper place. One of the most rising metaphysicians of the day, Mr. Mansel, justly (as it seems to us) rebukes Bishop Berkeley for the employment of this negative dogmatism in a case where he had no right to use it, namely, the denial of the existence of matter. Again, the watchwords of the Arians (*ἀρέννητος*, &c.) required a denial at the hands of the Church; and the invention of counter-terms (*ὁμοούσιος*, &c.); which S. Athanasius himself says, might not otherwise have been needed. In a word, dogmatic negations may be right or wrong, true or false, wisely or unwisely put forth, but dogmatic they remain, despite their negativeness, no less than the affirmations which they contradict.

Let us consider the principles asserted or implied in the above manifesto.

1. It implies throughout a great deference to the ancient doctors of the Church. What is impugned is impugned, not as their doctrine, but as a doctrine erroneously ascribed to them.

2. It implies that there *is* a presence of the body and blood of Christ our Lord, which, however mysterious and supra-local, is yet truly objective, and properly described as 'in the consecrated elements of bread and wine.' This is, we need scarcely say, a great advance upon the teaching even of Hooker, who is herein sadly below his usual self.

3. It implies that the body and blood of Christ in the holy Eucharist demand some kind of homage, though not 'such supreme adoration as is due to God alone.'

4. It recognises the correctness of the terms 'Sacrifice of the Altar,' 'Eucharistic Sacrifice,' as applied to this Holy Sacrament.

About fifteen years ago, a sermon, containing far less dogmatism than the above statements, was condemned by six doctors of the University of Oxford, for going beyond the teaching of the English Church. What would those doctors, in 1843; have said to the above propositions? A simple consideration of this circumstance will show how much the standard of theology

has risen. It is, as a Scotch nobleman, Lord Lindsay, would call it, 'Progression by Antagonism.'

If dates did not prove the contrary, we might have almost imagined that these propositions were aimed at a recent sermon by Dean Ramsay, of Edinburgh, as well as at the Bishop of Brechin. The three bishops refer with deference to the ancient Fathers. Dean Ramsay thinks that all 'systems of doctrine must be unsatisfactory which depend upon ancient sources.' The three bishops imply a presence in the elements; the Dean teaches that it must be a spiritual presence in the heart of the faithful communicant.

The great majority, however, of the clergy of the diocese of Edinburgh, with Dean Ramsay at their head, thanked the three bishops, and signified their full concurrence with their statements of doctrine. A meeting of the laity followed, and an address was immediately signed by at least one hundred and four names, including those of four Earls, and some other persons of more or less distinction, social or professional. This address, while it might be fairly construed to admit all that the three bishops assert in reference to the Real Presence and Eucharistic Sacrifice, yet made no distinct mention of any acceptance of such positive teaching, but expressed satisfaction at the protest, and dwelt upon 'the Protestant Faith which we profess,' 'the fidelity of Protestant teaching.'

An extract from the *Scottish Ecclesiastical Journal*, of February 18th last, will show what followed—

'Letter by the Bishop of Brechin to the Earl of Wemyss and March.'

'The following letter has been addressed by the Bishop of Brechin to the Earl of Wemyss and March, as representing the laymen who have signed a memorial to the Bishops of the Episcopal Church in Scotland. The Earl of Morton, whose name appears first in the list of memorialists, is so seriously ill that it would have been ill-timed to address the letter to him, and hence its present destination :—

"Dundee, February 6, 1858.

"MY LORD,—I was informed yesterday by a gentleman to whom it had been sent for signature, that an address to three of the Scottish Bishops was being circulated, to which your Lordship, amongst others, had thought fit to append your name. I requested to have it shown me, but this was refused—a circumstance I cannot quite reconcile with that candour and openness which should distinguish any religious movement whatsoever.

"I, however, learnt so much, that the purport of the address was to thank the three Bishops who have lately put forth a certain statement of their individual belief on the subject of the Holy Eucharist, and to condemn me by name for certain doctrines which I have enunciated in a Primary Charge which I lately delivered to the Clergy of the Diocese of Brechin.

"While every symptom of interest in the affairs of the suffering Episcopal Church of Scotland, on the part of the laity, cannot fail to be gratifying to me, I must respectfully take leave to doubt whether such persons

as I understand have signed this document, however considerable from their position, are likely, from their mental training or habits of thought, to be able to give any opinion entitled to weight upon such abstruse subjects as are treated in the charge, and I think I have reason to complain of the manner in which this has been done, when there lies an actual remedy in the Code of Canons which regulate the conduct of the Governors of the Church of which the memorialists are members.

“By Canon XXXVI. provision is made for the trial of any Bishop, Priest, or Deacon, and ‘any three or more respectable persons, lay or clerical, members of the Scottish Episcopal Church,’ may take the initiative in proceedings against them.

“I have not seen the form of your memorial, so I know not whether that document fulfils the requirements of the canon. If so, there is no occasion for the agitation which has been made, since the delation of three communicants is sufficient.

“You may be sure that I court the fullest and completest investigation of my doctrine before the proper tribunals. I have no wish to decline from the consequences of any act of mine, nor to shrink from the ordeal of a fair trial. If my doctrine is not the doctrine of the Church of Christ from the beginning, if it exceed the wise latitude which the Anglican Church has ever allowed her children, I am quite prepared to take the consequences. I have the deepest conviction that what I have taught is the Truth of God, and therefore I feel sure that eventually that Truth will vindicate and assert its supremacy, even though at the cost of my personal comfort, and I confidently leave my cause in His hands, to whom for all my opinions I am responsible.

“Commending you to the keeping of the Almighty, I remain, my Lord, your faithful Servant in Christ,

“A. P. FORBES, D.C.L., Bishop of Brechin.
“To the Right Hon. the Earl of Wemyss and March.”

There is, we believe, no doubt but that this letter took the memorialists by surprise. What, indeed, they *did* expect, it is not easy to understand; but, it would appear, something very different from this firm and dignified epistle.

About this time there appeared also a paper of reasons for not signing the lay document; a sermon by the Bishop of Aberdeen, protesting against the unfair amount of popular excitement and pre-judgment raised against ‘one of the most hard-working bishops’ of the Church in Scotland; and a very thoughtful and excellent letter by Sir Archibald Edmonstone, which we would gladly transfer *in toto* to our own pages, if we could find room for it.

The Clergy of the Diocese of Brechin have, all but unanimously, expressed their confidence in their Bishop, and their conviction that his teaching, when rightly understood, would be found unimpeachable. The majority of those in the Diocese of Glasgow have signed a paper not wholly unlike that of their brethren of Edinburgh, but very much more temperately worded. The Bishop of St. Andrews, Dr. Wordsworth, has likewise issued a letter, not very clear in its statements, but decidedly intended to allay irritation.

There is, however, one allusion, both in the letter of the Bishop

of Glasgow and in his reply to his Clergy, and in that of Bishop Wordsworth, which demands some notice. Both refer to the danger of conversion to Rome, in terms which seem to intimate that, if not the sole danger, it is at any rate the worst and most pressing evil of our times. Both seem to intimate that a certain school of teaching is the sole cause of secessions, and the repression of such teaching a panacea for the evil.

Such a view of matters we cannot conscientiously accept. We think that Rationalism, not Romanism, is the great danger of our time: and we cannot regard what is ordinarily termed Tractarianism, as the sole cause of secessions, nor its repression as the sole remedy. It is true that the number of those who become Roman Catholics can be set forth in such a manner as to look very startling; and this for the very reason that they announce their change of creed by a positive act. But put against this the number who have become Mormonites, and then try to judge of the number of Rationalists, as evidenced, alas! by the tone of an able and increasing portion of our periodical press. Consider the tone of public feeling which the success of such publications, as a pecuniary speculation, proves, and ask residents at the Universities, or *habitués* of any of the leading clubs in London, what proportion of members, who think at all on such matters, may be set down as Romanizers, and what proportion as Rationalizers.

Another generation may be able to philosophise with less prejudice than we can, on the causes which in England, France, and Germany, have made the nineteenth century one of Rome-ward tendencies. Yet sure we are that the writings emanating from the authors of the Oxford movement of 1833, will not stand alone amidst those causes. The reaction of thought and feeling after the French Revolution will have to be considered; as also the influence of the schools of F. Schlegel in Germany, of Bonald and De Maistre in France, both long anterior to the issue of the Oxford Tracts. The reaction, too, from ultra-Protestantism, will then bear its due share. It will be shown how many children of so-called Evangelical parents rushed (according to the fashion of human nature from the days of Aristotle, and long before) into the opposite extreme; how the intellectualist leader towards Rome, Dr. Newman, confessed that when ordained in the English Church, he did not even believe in baptismal grace, and was partly brought to a better mind by the treatise of Dr. Sumner, the present Archbishop of Canterbury. Nor will there be forgotten the reaction necessarily arising from those histories of Fox and Burnet, men who (in the language of Sir Francis Palgrave) 'have tainted the nobility of our national mind;' who, 'instead of vindicating the Reformation by the advocacy of reverence for holy things, obedience, love, charity, sought to

'establish righteousness through vengeance, and in all ways rendering evil for evil.'¹ Nor will the effects of latitudinarianism be overlooked. It will be remembered that the London University was established as the avowed embodiment of the latitudinarian principle, and that one of its ablest professors became a Roman Catholic, and died in that communion. It will be seen how that acute Presbyterian traveller, Mr. Laing, remarked that where, in a German town, Strauss made a convert on one side of the street, the Roman priest made one on the other. It will be noticed that Professor Rogers, who is equally vehement against Tractarianism and Rationalism, declared that if England ever did nationally take refuge in Rome, it could only be as a consequence of the recoil from such teaching as that of Mr. Francis Newman. It will be pointed out how the Lutherans, in their noble efforts against infidelity, did not shrink from the employment of machinery in many respects resembling that of Rome, and welcomed with joy the anti-rationalistic work of a Roman-Catholic divine.² And, lastly, it will be asked, how many left the Anglican fold under the influence of an idea that they would not be allowed to hold views which were upheld by Queen Elizabeth and her lay and clerical advisers, and maintained by some of the ablest divines of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, as the teaching of the primitive Church?

These sentiments are not peculiar to ourselves; striking testimonies to the greater subtleness and danger of infidelity, as compared with Romanism, have been borne by the late and by the present Bishop of London, as by numbers more. But, on a Scotch question, we gladly cite the words of a member of that communion, Sir Archibald Edmonstone:—

'To attempt to confine minds to one narrow track on a matter at least so mysterious and inexplicable, could scarcely be wise were it practicable. The Bishop of Brechin appeals firmly and distinctly to the voice of antiquity, and in this he is supported by Mr. Keble. How eminently hazardous it would be to attempt to fix any teaching on the Church which cannot stand that test. I am quite prepared to admit that there are those among us whose minds are of that peculiar character, that while they do not see their way as to leaving the Church, yet are so much under the influence of Rome that (it may be almost imperceptibly to themselves) they endeavour to introduce both tenets and practices at variance with such as our Church sanctions. It is certainly incumbent upon our spiritual rulers to watch carefully against any tendency to break down the barriers with which our Reformers have wisely and necessarily guarded her. But biasses in other directions must be carefully watched also. Rome may be the most obtrusive and violent, but she is not the only, perhaps not the most dangerous enemy we have to fear. Popular feeling is strongly enlisted in our warfare with Popery, which we should find difficult to evoke

¹ History of Normandy and England, vol. i. Preface.

² Dr. Döllinger's recent publication, *Heidenthum und Judenthum*.

in our conflict with any other opponent. In the condemnation, too, of mediæval corruption, we must be quite sure what we condemn. Our Church is by circumstance Protestant. By position she is Reformed; but her essence, her strength, her vitality, consist in being Catholic. Show that she condemns what was approved by the ancient Church, or *vice versa*, and you do more to injure her than her worst enemies have ever been able to effect.

‘I confess, then, I view with the strongest misgiving the idea of bringing the Bishop of Brechin’s Charge judicially before the Synod. I can see no good that it can effect, and I apprehend very serious evil. I know not how it may be received among our Clergy here, but in England it will assuredly be looked upon as a great party movement—our Bishops will be held up as the great Protestant champions, latent animosities will be aroused, it may be fresh Clevedon commissions instituted; in short, a flame of controversy will be lighted up, which I do not stand alone in thinking may have the effect of hastening on, if not actually producing, the catastrophe which not a few, even of sober-minded men, believe impending, but which no one but the enemy can anticipate without dismay—namely, a break-up and division within the Church herself.’

We have spoken of the moderation of Bishop Wordsworth’s tone, and his evident desire not to prejudge the case of his brother prelate. Sure we are that one who has known what it is to have his teaching on the solemn subject of repentance charged with a Rome-ward leaning, and has appealed both to English divines and patristic sources for defence, cannot intend to hint that the mere cry of Romanism is sufficient condemnation; nor is he likely to forget the *dictum* of Bishop Butler, that ‘truth or right is somewhat real in itself, and so not to be ‘judged of by its liableness to abuse, or by its supposed distance from, or nearness to, error.’

It is with regret that we find ourselves unable to speak in the same manner of the conduct of Bishop Trower. His many claims to respect are well known in England, where his useful and practical commentaries upon the Epistles and Gospels are household works. His fearlessness has been shown by his controversy with the Duke of Argyll, some ten years since; reports of his munificence in his Scottish diocese have come southward of the Tweed, and even among those who cannot sympathise with his general line of thought and action during the last few years, there is, we believe, but one opinion respecting the fascination exercised by his personal intercourse. Nevertheless, if the rumours which reach us may be trusted, the position taken up by him in this affair almost resembles that of an *episcopus episcoporum*. He is commonly regarded as the author of that Declaration of the three bishops which places those who have signed it in the position of judges who record sentence before the commencement of a trial, and which can only (let us hope) have been intended as an expression of their private opinions, not as a strict definition of the limits within which the teaching

of every ecclesiastic of the Scottish Church must be limited. For if the Declaration be taken, not merely as an exposition of what the three prelates hold for truth, but likewise of what they intend to force upon others, it would render their position as Judges, either of the Bishop of Brechin, or of any Presbyter, one, to say the least, of extreme delicacy; inasmuch as the document, though not avowedly directed against the Charge of the Bishop of Brechin, is certainly levelled at the school of thought of which he is a distinguished representative.

But, after all, it must be remembered that bishop after bishop in England has refused to prosecute such teaching, even when stated in the somewhat defiant style of the Archdeacon of Taunton, instead of the temperate language of Bishop Forbes. The late Bishop of Bath and Wells refused; so did the present occupant of that see; the Bishop of S. David's has expressed his sympathy with such a course; even the Primate would fain have retraced his steps had not legal pressure compelled an advance. If Bishop Trower can obtain a judicial condemnation of his brother prelate, he may certainly proclaim that he has succeeded in obtaining a victory which cannot be won in England, that he has succeeded in rendering the Scottish communion one which allows less liberty of thought and speech than her sister in England.

But to return to the general question,

The *residuum* of difference between the declaration of the three bishops (accepted by the Protestant laity and about forty Presbyters), and the real or alleged teaching of the Bishop of Brechin, turns entirely upon—

1. The nature of the reverence to be paid to the real presence of the body and blood of Christ, admitted to be contained in and under the consecrated elements; in a word, whether, in the language of the schools, to such presence is to be paid *δουλέια* (such reverence as might be paid to any holy created being), or *λατρεία*, the supreme adoration due to God alone.¹

2. Whether the sacrifice of the altar is substantially the same as the sacrifice of the cross, by the presence in the Sacrament, of the body and blood of Christ *once offered* upon the cross of Calvary, and now still offered, though in a different manner, and under different conditions.

Now it must for the present suffice us to show that in narrowing the latitude of opinion on these great mysteries, by any Synodal dogmatic declaration, or Judicial condemnation of the Bishop of Brechin, the Scottish Church would so straiten her

¹ The authors of the Declaration apparently contemplating a Real Presence of the Humanity of our Blessed Lord, apart from his Divinity (if such were possible).

limits, as to exclude the doctrine taught by many of the greatest and most illustrious of our Anglican divines ; and we select only *a very few* among many passages to the same effect, for which we are mainly indebted to Archdeacon Denison's defence :—

1. Bishop Ridley.
[Disputation at Oxford,
1555.]

Poynet
[Diallacticon]
quotes and accepts
these passages from
the Fathers.

Donne.
[Sermon 68.
fol. 693.]

Andrewes.
[Answer to
Bellarmine, c. I. p. 11.]

Taylor.
[Worthy Communicant.]

Bramhall.
[Answer to La Miltiere,
Discourse I.]

Ditto,
[Reply to the
Bishop of Chalcedon,
part I. disc. iii. s. 7.]

*'We adore and worship Christ in the Eucharist. And if you mean the external Sacrament, I say, that also is to be worshipped as a Sacrament.'*¹

... Also, Eusebius Emisenus, 'When thou ascendest the reverend altar to be filled with spiritual food, behold, honour, and wonder at the holy Body of thy God.'

... S. Chrysostom. ... 'For, as in palaces, not the walls nor the golden roof, but the royal body seated on the throne is the most excellent of all. So also is the Royal Body in heaven now proposed to your view on earth'

'This Sacrament of the Body and Blood of our Saviour, Luther calls safely *Venerabile et adorabile*, for, certainly, whatsoever that is which we see, that which we receive is to be adored, for we receive Christ.'

..... 'We believe a true Presence no less than you. The king [James I.] acknowledges that Christ is truly present and truly to be adored in the Sacrament, that is the *res Sacramenti* and not the *Sacramentum*, the earthly part, as Irenæus calls it, the *visible* as Augustine. We also with Ambrose adore the flesh of Christ in the mysteries, and not *it*, but Him who is worshipped on the Altar. Nor do we eat the flesh without first adoring with Augustine, and yet we do not adore the Sacrament.'

'Place thyself upon thy knees and think not much in the lowest manner to worship the King of Men and Angels, the Lord of heaven and earth, Him whom all the Angels of God worship. Whom all the world shall adore and before Whom they shall tremble at the Day of Judgment.'

'..... And for the Person of Christ, God forbid that we should deny Him worship at any time, and especially in the use of this Holy Sacrament, we believe with S. Austin, that no man eat of that Flesh but first he adore.'

'The Sacrament is to be adored, said the Council of Trent ; that is, formally, the Body and Blood of Christ, say some ; *we say the same* ; the Sacrament, that is, the species of Bread and Wine, say others ; *that we deny*.'

¹ The last clause seems in entire accordance with the teaching of the Bishop of Brechin, as to the reverence, but not Divine worship, to be paid even to the *outward elements* after Consecration, which *Divine worship is alone* due to the Presence of Christ within them.

But far more important than these, or any aggregate of quotations, is the fact that (taking the *lowest ground*) the latitude which we hold ought to be extended to the teaching of the Bishop of Brechin, was *deliberately and advisedly* conceded in the book of Common Prayer at two distinct epochs, which together extend from the death of Queen Mary (1558) to the present time. 1. Queen Elizabeth and her councillors, ecclesiastical and civil, *desired to include within the national Church* those who adhered to the doctrine that adoration was due to Christ truly present in the Holy Eucharist, and accordingly they (a) restored the ancient form of words, 'The Body of our Lord Jesus Christ, &c.' [thereby confessing the Real Presence], and (b) removed from the Prayer-book the declaration which condemned the adoration of any *real and essential* presence of our Lord [thereby removing any restriction upon the belief and devotional instincts of individuals]; and 2. When the declaration was again appended to the Communion Office, it was (a) *materially altered* in expression, (b) restored by those who notoriously were the authors of changes in our Liturgy, all tending towards the highest views of the Eucharistic presence, and (c) perhaps appended as an *ἀντίδωρον* to the Puritan party, and in order to show them that the changes before referred to were not intended to imply any such corporeal presence as would be inconsistent with the session of our blessed Lord at the right hand of the Father; or might seem to involve the rendering of divine worship to the *outward part* of the Sacrament, viewed simply in itself.

It is not possible for us at present to dwell at the same length upon the question of the Sacrifice of the Altar.

Undoubtedly such a judicial condemnation as is sought, would for the moment give satisfaction to a party of the laity, and possibly to a few among the Clergy. But are the results always, in the long run, satisfactory in such cases to those who bring them about? In 1843, six doctors of Rhedycina condemned and suspended the Regius Professor of Hebrew. Then, as now, the press, and a portion of the public, cheered on the attack. But the condemned sermon, with its appendix, immediately gained an enormous sale, and produced a great and enduring effect upon the mind of England. Ten years pass away: the constitution of the Hebdomadal Board, which seemed so popular, is placed upon *its* trial before Parliament and the public; and in the hour of its humiliation, one voice alone is found able and willing to rescue it from total defeat and annihilation, and that voice the generous and potent one, which had once been so unjustly silenced. We do not pretend to prophecy; yet we do ask those who are conscious of the existence

of such influences as lay terrorism or love of popularity, for how long time such excitements last? Far be it from us to insinuate that there are not those who are unaffected by such motives; but if it were only to avoid the unseemliness of a judgment made in haste, it would be ground enough for a postponement of the question. If there be any who conceive it to be possible that hereafter on looking back they shall feel that their conduct might have been different in a calmer hour, let them think what reflections may be theirs, when the zeal for 'our Protestant faith' may lead to some fresh laic agitation, seeking for closer approximation to we know not what form of Calvinism, or Zuinglianism, or Rationalism.

One word to the distinguished judges and writers of the Signet who take part in this movement. Their constant doctrine is, that it is far better to pronounce an acquittal, than to convict any man against whom there is not a legal case. We plead for the application of that doctrine to the instance now before us.

Finally, let us cherish the hope that the Church in Scotland may not force upon men's minds the conviction that she is less free, less tolerant, less calm and patient than her sister communion in England. We feel much for those Bishops or Presbyters who may have for a season to endure something but too like persecution. We know how easy it is for those who are happily out of danger to give advice to the harassed and afflicted. Yet if it be permitted of God that a decision which will chill the hearts and affections of many a loyal and devoted priest and layman, should be pronounced by the Episcopal Synod, it will, we trust, be seen that the Church which outlived the persecutions of a William III., may again produce, if need be, her Confessors, and may again arise from the conflict with renewed purity and life and strength.

Postscript.—Since the above article was in type, there has appeared a second edition of the Bishop of Brechin's Charge, with elucidations, and quotations from Fathers and standard divines. As there is some degree of similarity, both in respect of quotations and general line of argument, between this article and Bishop Forbes' additions, it is due both to him and to ourselves to state that such coincidence is purely accidental. We were as utterly unaware of the prospect of this second edition of the Charge, as Bishop Forbes is of the composition of this short paper.

NOTICES.

'THE Funeral Oration of Hyperides,' &c. By Churchill Babington. (Cambridge University Press.) The desert of Egypt, thanks to the intelligent activity of modern travellers, bids fair to 'blossom like the rose.' The last gem from this sterile region now lies before us in all beauty of type and odour of scholarship, as certain fragments of the long lost λόγος ἐπιτάφιος of Hyperides, pronounced by him B. C. 322 over Leosthenes, and those Athenians who fell before Lamia, a small town three miles from Thermopylæ, where Antipater, after the death of Alexander, was besieged by the Athenians and their allies in the Panhellenic resistance to Macedonian domination. These fragments have met with an editor altogether worthy of them in Mr. Churchill Babington, Fellow of S. John's College, Cambridge, whose previous publications eminently qualify him for the difficult task of reducing such fragments to order, and supplying their *lacunæ*. A facsimile of the papyrus accompanies each page of the recovered text; for this we are indebted to J. O. Westwood, Esq. F.R.S. The work has been printed at Cambridge, in the beautiful Porson type of the University, and at the expense of the learned Editor, though aided by a grant from the Richardson Fund of the Royal Society of Literature. It is a truly magnificent and most curious work, bearing evidence in every page of the extensive and recondite scholarship for which the Editor is so justly famed. The history of these fragments is briefly this:—'Towards the close of the year 1856, the Rev. H. Stobart, M.A. returned to this country, bringing with him various treasures, which he had a little before procured in the neighbourhood of Egyptian Thebes.' Among them were some leaves of papyrus, written with Greek characters certainly not later than the second century of the Christian era. At the back also there are two kinds of writing referred by competent judges to this period. 'One of these,' Mr. Babington says, 'is in that almost illegible character which we find during the later period of the Ptolemies on certain dated charters, &c., and which extends itself, with various hideous modifications, into the early centuries of the Christian era.' It exhibits an astrological nativity, cast in Greek; and since the position of the five planets are given, a question suggests itself whether the *data* of this nativity may not attest the presumptive age of the MS. The other handwriting appears to be some modification of the Coptic in Greek characters, with barbarous symbols for barbarous articulations. These two writings, as may be supposed, were of real assistance in marshalling the fragments. The leaves having been purchased by the Trustees of the British Museum, Mr. Churchill Babington saw them in the month of January, 1857, and with a keen eye for Hyperides, at once perceived that he had before him portions, either of the lost masterpiece of this orator, or of some sophistical imitation. The relics, consisting of fourteen

columns, 'broken into many fragments, which were loose and in disorder, were soon transcribed; but a truly difficult work, and one that demanded scholarship of the highest order, remained to be executed—the task of arranging into one harmonious whole these *disjecta membra*, and of filling in the void spaces by a conjectural criticism. Any one who saw Mr. Babington at his work in the MSS. department of the British Museum, matching broken and apparently hopeless *laminae* of papyrus, and sketching out the relative positions they were to occupy upon cartridge paper, must have considered the chances of working out a connected oration from such materials to be truly desperate. But this has been performed, and in a most satisfactory manner; only one minute portion remaining as an outlying fragment, and 'unattached.' It should be observed that the genuineness of these *σωζόμενα* admits of no doubt. Stobæus has preserved the epilogue of this oration, which, together with the portions now made public, constitute, in all probability, four-fifths of the entire piece. But no part of the epilogue is contained in these papyri, and at first sight the reader may be disposed to regret the very decisive evidence of genuineness that its presence would have supplied. The same kind of proof, however, is given in another shorter fragment; fortunately, therefore, the full value of Mr. Babington's discovery is not qualified by the repetition of a long passage already in print. Given the dimensions of the Greek fragments, we would not willingly exchange the original value of any portion of these for a mere confirmation of the genuineness of the entire series. This is sufficiently established by other *criteria*. Hyperides was appointed by the Athenian people to pronounce a funeral oration over Leosthenes, and those who fell with him before Lamia. This we know from Diodorus Siculus, the pseudo-Plutarch, and Photius; while in a more general way he is mentioned as the author of an *epitaphian* oration, by Dionysius of Halicarnassus, Longinus, Harpocration, and Theon of Alexandria, whose eyes possibly may have rested upon this very papyrus. And here we have an oration that quite satisfies these terms. Further, Harpocration says that the Amphictyonic Council that met at Thermopylæ was called 'Pylæan,' and he quotes Hyperides, ἐν τῷ ἐπιτάφίῳ. But one of these fragments says that Lamia, from its vicinity to Pylæ, would for the future live gloriously in the traditions of the Hellenes, who, δφικνούμενοι ὁὖς τοῦ ἐνιαυτοῦ εἰς τὴν Πυλαίαν, would be perpetual witnesses to these heroic deeds. It is the passage that the grammarian had in view. Still more convincing is the testimony of Stobæus, who quotes as from Hyperides the words found in this papyrus, [φωβηγτέον] οὐκ ἀνδρὸς ἀπειλὴν ἀλλὰ νόμον φωνὴν κυριεύειν δεῖ τῶν [ἐλευθέρων]. The first word is inserted by Stobæus, and for the last we read in the MS. εὐδαιμόνῳ, though the words following account for the *varia lectio*; οὐδ' αἰτίαν φοβερὰν εἶναι τοῖς ἐλευθεροῖς, ἀλλ' ἔλεγχον. To the liberal mind what indeed is more vain than idle accusation? What could be more dreadful than the *ἔλεγχος* of guilt? Points of historical and philological interest will be found in the notes at the foot of each page; and altogether the varied learning and critical acumen of Mr. Babington leaves nothing to be desired in this unique edition of the *Δόγος ἐπιτάφιος* of Hyperides, for which the learned world owes him sincere and lasting thanks.

Mr. B. Harris Cowper has published a 'Letter to the Editor of the *Christian Remembrancer*' (Williams & Norgate), in reply to an article in the last *Christian Remembrancer*, entitled 'Analecta Nicæna.' We can only assure Mr. Cowper, that neither the *Christian Remembrancer*, nor the writer of the article, had any unfriendly feeling towards him. The little work was treated by us in its bearing on Church History; nothing was said in disparagement of Mr. B. Harris Cowper's knowledge of Syriac. Of his want of such acquaintance with ancient Church History as would justify his writing as he did, the letter he has now published only gives additional evidence; e.g. by suggesting that because the Council of Trent was continued after an adjournment of ten years, the same might occur to the Council of Ancyra. There are two errors in our article, the results of inadvertence, which we take this opportunity of correcting. 1. [*C. R.* p. 69.] Following Mr. Cowper, we spoke of the words about one Council reopening what had been decided by another as 'Athanasius'; they being really Pope Julius', in a letter recited in a work of S. Athanasius. 2. [*C. R.* p. 79.] We said that Eusebius Gadarensis ought to be Cæsariensis; whereas Eusebius of Cæsarea died before the Council of Antioch. Mr. Cowper has not noticed these mistakes. Had there been anything in his letter which showed the need of any further acknowledgment of error, that acknowledgment would have been as candidly made.

'The Salisbury Hymn-Book' (Salisbury: Brown) is the result of so much reverent care and affectionate loyalty to the Church of England, that it must commend itself to something more than our sympathies. It is edited by Earl Nelson, with the aid, especially in the musical department, of Mr. Heathcote, the Precentor of Salisbury, and is issued under the auspices of the Bishop himself, the Official Precentor of the Province of Canterbury. The Sarum Use is again likely to prevail; for in this manual, cheap and comprehensive, are more than two hundred of our best hymns. Of course there will be not unreasonable regrets that some hymns, much and deservedly prized, are absent: but the manual is intended for diocesan purposes, and to gain this end something must be sacrificed. The tunes recommended struck us as being somewhat eclectic; and the Directorium is complex, but not so difficult as it seems to be. This collection opens, as so many Hymnals do, a grave question, which involves other than literary questions. The Editor, or compiler, has felt himself to be at entire liberty to alter the received Hymns. This is no new thing; indeed, so far from being new is it, that it is almost as difficult to recover the original text of a popular hymn as that of a Greek play. It is said, and not without force, that as edification is all that is aimed at in such devotional and practical works, which Hymns are, we may take whatever compositions we please; and if we can add force or polish, or eliminate doubtful doctrine, or add religious point, we have an entire right to do so. Hence we have an improved 'Pilgrim's Progress,' an adapted 'Whole Week's Preparation,' 'Ken's Manual' improved, and 'Bishop Wilson' corrected. In Hymns this is done without the slightest acknowledgment; and while we are not altogether prepared to deny that there is some force in this argument for edification, yet it is impossible not to feel that, once admitted, this principle might be applied very dangerously to other fields of literature. We feel so

strongly the dangers of tampering with any author's text, that were it possible we should restrict much more rigidly than is the common practice this liberty in altering Hymns, and apply it to those only which are translations. We do not mean to say that Doddridge and Newton, or Milman and Heber, or Keble and Ken, are not susceptible of improvement; but have we the right to take any man's writing and alter it? or does the accident that the poem is anonymous make all the difference? Anyhow, liberty in this direction has a tendency to merge into licence.

We may be charged with some partiality in recommending, without hesitation, Mr. Neale's '*History of the Jansenist (so-called) Church of Holland*' (J. H. Parker), seeing that some portions of it have already appeared in our own pages. But we have reason to believe that our article on the Jansenists in 1852 excited some attention, and was generally received with interest. Mr. Neale has in the present work had a rare opportunity of displaying his various gifts: great reading on difficult questions, a picturesque and almost romantic story, a narrow corner of history, personal details, and the broader features of ecclesiastical principle: these are the groundwork of the volume. The Jansenists in some measure parallel our position in being an appellant Church; and the constitutional resistance which they offer to ultramontane pretensions and claims, invest their community with political importance. Their history is a curious chapter in the records of the Church; and it is impossible to speak too highly of the research, as well as of the cautious and loyal tone, of the author of a volume which we consider as among the most valuable contributions to our recent literature.

Mr. Neale advertises—or rather Mr. Hayes advertises, under Mr. Neale's editorship, and his name is a guarantee for the work being well done—the five Primitive Liturgies (we presume, in the original), for the unparalleled price of a shilling for each Liturgy. Their importance in the Eucharistic controversy it is impossible to exaggerate. The Liturgy of S. Mark is 'nearly ready;' and this addition to our theological stores deserves, as we are sure it will command, general encouragement.

The Bishop of Oxford, with that rare skill in reading the times which has always marked his Episcopate, has, as our readers know, organized during the present Lent revival services in his diocese, of which the importance can as yet be hardly appreciated. The '*Sermons*' preached at Oxford are in course of publication, and we trust to find an opportunity of reviewing them collectively. At present, it is enough to announce the series on '*Repentance*' preached at Oxford, and printed by Mr. J. H. Parker.

We are not careful to settle how much of the unquestionable interest which attaches to the '*Memoir of the late Rev. George Wagner*' (Macmillan) is due to the skill of the biographer, Mr. Simpkinson. It is of the nature, often unconsciously, certainly so in this instance, to give prominence to points of sympathy and to throw into shadow the weaknesses of the subject. All portraits are more or less ideal; and possibly many friends of Mr. Wagner might be surprised at finding him a hero. But he was this—a man of large mind, ceaseless activity, and great love. In many, and those

essential, matters he differed much from ourselves, and he professed a form of religion against the narrow shackles of which he was constantly struggling, while we suppose faithful to its watchwords. Without any unfair purpose, we suspect that the biographer has heightened his subject with the better lights of Mr. Maurice's theology. It is impossible to read this book without improvement; and while it is easy to say that Mr. Wagner was superior to the school with which he was nominally connected, it is truer to remark that his was not a scientific mind at all. Generally, he did not suffer from this: but readers must be warned against the mistake of concluding that his practical and dutiful character was in any way the result of his particular theological affinities. Mr. G. Wagner had none such, and he was an Arnoldian by accident. We recommend the volume highly.

Cheap editions of Miss Sewell's works are in course of publication by Messrs. Longman. As we have so lately and so fully entered into the merits of this lady's popular and deservedly popular works, it is enough to announce that of the collected edition, 'Amy Herbert,' 'Gertrude,' and 'The Earl's Daughter' have already appeared.

It is impossible to deny to Mr. Monro, of Harrow Weald, the merit of omnigenous reading. Aristotle says somewhere, that it is the mark of a clever person to detect resemblances in things unlike: Mr. Monro deserves this credit, if such it be. But we must protest against the rise of a school of homilists formed after Mr. Monro's type. We have received the third volume of 'Practical Sermons on the Old Testament' (Masters) from this prolific writer and discursive reader. Not being in the secret of Mr. Monro's method of composition, it seems to us that he uses the pulpit much as some do a common-place book. Everything that he has read comes out in church: the sermon is his vehicle for speculation, criticism, collection of parallel passages and historic fancies. Preaching about Solomon, he introduces his hearers to this curious Valhalla of literary celebrities—'Cyrus, Æschylus, Sophocles, Thucydides, Herodotus, Horace, the Samnites and Peloponnesians—the Archons and Roman tribunes—Curtius—Codrus—Guyon of Marseilles—Eustace of Calais;' and though there is scarcely a word about the Son of David, there is a great deal about S. Stephen. Elijah suggests Genevieve of Paris, Fra Angelico and Palestrina. And in preaching on Delilah Mr. Monro quotes, and we suppose in church, long passages from 'Othello,' 'Measure for Measure,' and 'Henry VIII.,' together with two sketches extracted from the daily papers, of a wife beaten by a drunkard overnight and pleading for him at Bow Street in the morning; and of another wife whose husband goes out on a burglary, and is concealed and defended by his partner. In a Sermon on Bezaleel we have some sensible observations on the impropriety of hanging a Venus and a Virgin in the same picture-gallery. Apropos of Tobit we have observations, not bad in themselves, on Hector and Andromache, Antigone and Prometheus; and a little essay on subjectivity and idealism comes out, apropos, we think, of Nebuchadnezzar. We should like to examine the mental condition of one of the Harrow Weald 'navvies' after the exhibition of one of Mr. Monro's Sermons, if they are all of this type.

Mrs. Stone's 'God's Acre' (J. W. Parker) is a beautiful book. We accord it the very high praise which we intend by remarking that it reminds us of the *Mores Catholici*. It is a historical monograph on churchyards and burials, composed in the most religious spirit and with considerable, indeed remarkable, research. In the chapter on Epitaphs we lack, what it must have cost one so intimately acquainted with the subject something to suppress, a closer recognition of the propriety of prayers for the dead, and of its use among ourselves in past reformation times.

The Quasimodo of our times is unquestionably Mr. Lukis. He devotes his literature to bells, and his 'Account of Church Bells' (J. H. Parker) is something more than curious, and Campanology, with this instructive writer, approaches the dignity of an exact science. But the qualities of mind and powers of investigation which Mr. Lukis has displayed require a larger field; his accomplishments and enthusiasm are such that he ought to be engaged in a county history.

'The Last Prior of S. Anthony' (Moxleys) is a tale of the evils of sacrilege, and certainly equals the average of fictions which have been devoted to a subject especially suitable to this form of instruction.

In Mr. Hayman's 'Form of Prayer for a Public School' (Skeffington), we find not only a useful model, especially in the responsive character of the office, but a pleasing proof that in all quarters the important subject of early devotion is making way. That a manual so liturgical should be even suggested is a good sign.

We are glad to welcome so tried and useful a writer as Mr. Paget. His 'Sermons on Special Occasions' (Masters), viz. Visitations, Choir Festivals, and the like, show his old powers, applied with great and happy skill to existing wants and the social and corporate action of the Church.

Mr. S. C. Malan's 'Letters to a Young Missionary' (Masters), are not only valuable in themselves, but, under existing circumstances, more particularly in connexion with certain popular cries, point to what is *the* want of Indian Missions, that of learned Missionaries.

We reserve for a more extended notice Mr. Robert Owen's 'Introduction to the Study of Dogmatic Theology' (Masters). Of the method of this work we can speak well at a cursory glance; on its matter and manner we reserve our judgment for future investigation.

Two movements of great importance, which rise out of each other, are due to Manchester: a systematic opposition to Pews and Pew-Rents, and a determined revival of the Weekly Offertory. Mr. Todd, of Hulme, an active and practical parish priest in Manchester, has preached a sermon on the subject, and a society, headed by Mr. Colin Lindsay, is at work. Mr. Smyttan, an able Nottinghamshire clergyman, also prints a Sermon, giving the results of his experience of the Weekly Offertory. We owe this chiefly to the opposition to Church Rates; and we are glad to find the spirit which in other days would have been attracted by a Corn Law League, taking the shape of a vigorous agitation in favour of the Church's liberty. We are not very partial to the multiplication of societies; but

the evil cannot be grappled with any other way. In London there are signs, at least in one or two churches, of an abandonment of pew rents.

We have many times expressed our conviction that the Psalms are incapable of a rhymed version. But we must assign to the anonymous author of a 'Metrical Version of the Psalms,' published by Mr. Bagster, the rare merit of a conscientious attempt to give the Hebrew spirit. He has apparently gone to the original source, and has spent great pains and study on his work. But admitting, as of course everybody must do, that the Psalms are metrical, we say that the Teutonic system of rhymes by no means conveys the power or quality of Oriental metre. The present translator does not pretend to have discovered, nor does he say that he can distinguish, the Hebrew metres. His rendering of them into various systems of modern rhyme is therefore entirely arbitrary. The novelty of the present version is in its attempting to apply Psalms in metre to the established antiphonal chants. They are in the form of hymns, but are intended to be recited only. We doubt the possibility of this; but the present author deserves the credit of originality. We subjoin specimens, by which what we think is the character of the whole collection, that it sacrifices poetry for a bald literalness, will be illustrated.

Psalm XXXV.

'Plead Thou my cause, O Gód of might!
With them that wár against me fight:
Fast hold of shield and búckler take;
Arise and hélp! no tárrying make!
'The spear and báttle-axe oppóse
Against my pérsecuting foes;
And to my trembling sóul reply,
"Thy help in every stráit am I!"'

Psalm LXIX.

'Save me, O God!—the floods my life assail;
I sink in mire, nor can my stánding keep:
The mighty waters more and móre prevail:
Where I am come, flóws óver me the deep.'

Psalm XLV.

'My heart with a rapturous thême overflows:
My song to the práise of the King I recite;
May the words of my tongue be unérring as those
From the pen of the scribe, who can faultlessly write.'

Psalm CXXXIII.

'Behold what pleasure ánd delight,
Where brethren áll in love unite!
'Tis like the precious óil that shed
Its balmy frágrance on the head,
And down the beard, e'en Aáron's, wended,
Yea, to his gárments' skirts descended.'

Some of our readers may be more fortunate than ourselves; but these chanted rhymes are to us entirely unintelligible.

The Incumbents of New Parishes and Districts will do well to possess themselves of the 'Case submitted, on the Rights of Incumbents of New Parishes, to Sir Fitzroy Kelly, Dr. Bayford, and Mr. Traill.' We hardly know whether this document is published; but it is to be had of Mr. J. M. Dale, 3, Gray's Inn Square. Among the important points of their opinion, we call attention to the judgment of these eminent lawyers, that 'the due publication of Banns between persons, both of whom are residents within the limits of the New Parish, can only be made in the Church of the New Parish; and that, consequently, publication of the Banns elsewhere would be illegal; and that a clergyman knowingly solemnizing a marriage upon such an undue publication would be subject to penalties, and that the Incumbent of the New Parish may recover in an action Fees received by the Incumbent of the Old Parish for the solemnization of such marriages.' We are aware that in most places it is believed that the inhabitants of District Parishes may be married in the mother-Church, and that the Incumbent of the mother-Church claims the right to celebrate the marriages of all inhabitants of the original parish, as though it were not divided. This opinion is fatal to those rights; and in order to allay or anticipate a good deal of the ill feeling which exists on this subject as to the mutual rights of several Incumbents in a large divided parish, it would be well for the Bishop at once to issue his prohibition against the present illegal practice.

An important paper has been circulated by Dr. Maitland, in the shape of a Proposal for a 'New Edition of Strype' (Rivingtons), in which, with his usual learning and wit, the writer points out the blunders of this voluminous writer and the miserable state of the present editions. It remains to ask why such a work, of which Dr. Maitland demonstrates the necessity, is not undertaken by the Clarendon Press?

Among important Sermons of the quarter, we select a set of four: 'Perilous Times,' privately printed, delivered in the Cathedral Church of Canterbury: three of them by Mr. Forster, and one by Mr. Penny, two of the 'Six Preachers' of the Cathedral. They are certainly controversial, and are theological lectures rather than Sermons, and rather suited for an academic audience. They are directed against Mr. Jowett's dangerous teaching. Mr. Forster is, we think, somewhat vituperative; but Mr. Penny's is a very able discourse on the doctrine of the Atonement, and exhibits much and sound reading.

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